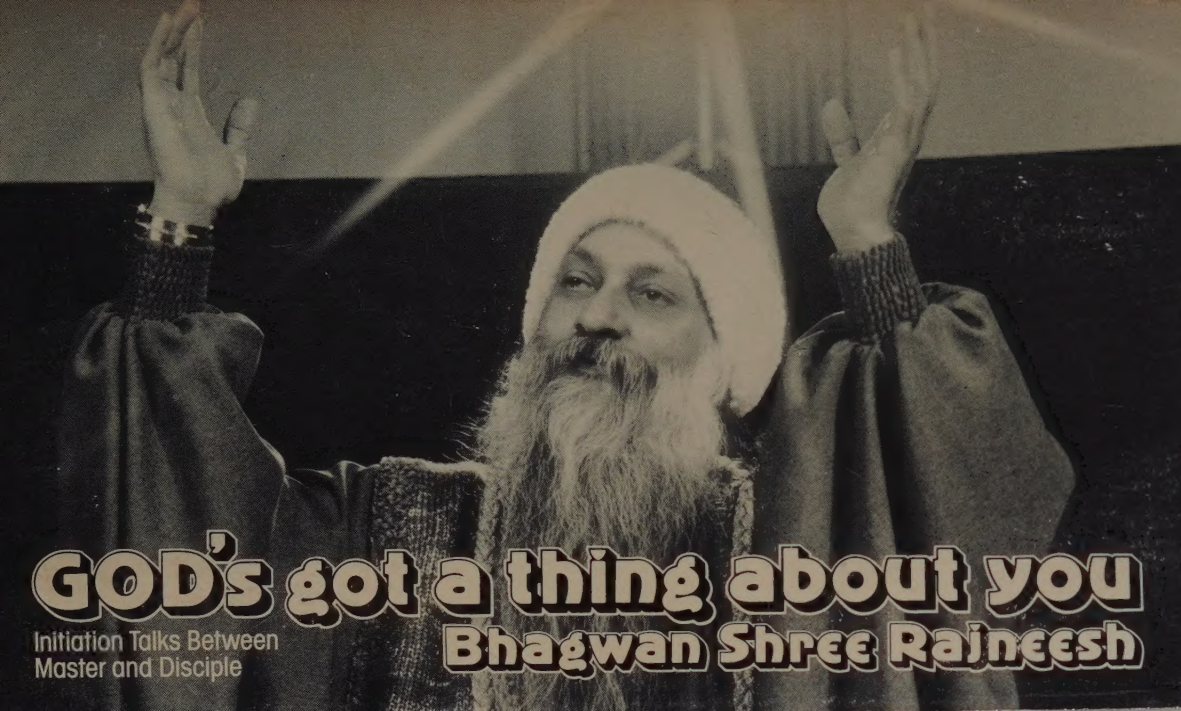

GOD's got a thing about you

Initiation Talks Between
Master and Disciple

Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh

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Initiation Talks
between Master and disciple
during the period
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given at the Shree Rajneesh
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Bhagwan
Shree
Rajneesh

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Introduction:

Bhagwan, Bhagwan! Fire and hammer and anvil, beloved blacksmith of my soul! In all my wild imaginings it never occurred to me, when I used to wonder "Where will I be in ten years time," that I'd be a disciple with his Indian Master on a ranch in Oregon, in a commune whose name means Sacred City of the Lord of the Full Moon.

In fact, Bhagwan, I was never very interested in the spiritual trip, and when the sixties phenomenon happened — rock music and LSD and gurus and "do your own thing" — it was the guru bit that I let pass me by. It just seemed, as it still does, too thin, too lacking in blood-and-gut vitality to sit lost up some remote mountain in remote communion with a remote old sage, learning how to be remote. And as for the Master-disciple relationship, nothing of that nature held any attraction for me — except that I was already on my way to becoming a psychotherapist. But I didn't recognize then that psychotherapy and the whole of the human potential movement are just mini-versions of the Master-disciple relationship where the therapists play *Master* and the clients play *disciple* — with limitations. Take the therapists, the mini-masters, for example: the blind-spots in their vision because of the fears and desires that still preoccupy them, the gaps between the way they are with their clients and the way they are in their private

lives, the investments they have in being mini-masters, and so on.

Then you turned up in my life, Bhagwan, and everything fell — I'm not sure whether to write *apart* or *into place*. Both, I guess. The real Master, the ultimate therapist. Awareness and love fused together in pure being, the gentle power that slowly, relentlessly awakens awareness and love in all who come with you. And boom! Sudden insight: this commune, those three hundred and fifty thousand sannyasins all over the world, this energy that happens around you, are all just features of the quantum leap beyond psychotherapy that we've all taken in choosing to be with you. Because what you've done is to take our own humanistic self-awareness trip and blow it up to gigantic total-life proportions.

Bhagwan, you've set us such an incredible challenge! "OK," you say to us, "so you've finally discovered that the sole purpose of your life on this earth is to wake up, to become all of your human potential, to embrace truth, to BE HERE NOW. And you've stumbled across this ancient tool — the relationship between the Master, who is awake, and the disciples, who want to wake up — and you've used it as best you can, with mini-masters helping mini-disciples in these mini-relationships called psychotherapy and personal growth. OK!" And you beam with enlightenment: "Now I dare you to go all the way with what you've found! I'm the Master, Sannyas is the workshop. It lasts as long as it takes you to realize your own enlightenment, to awaken the Buddha sleeping within you, to disappear into be-

ing and consciousness and bliss. The price of the program is your conditioned mind, your personality, your ego — whatever you want to call it — your dreams, fears, desires, illusions; everything that keeps you asleep. The workshop happens here, now, wherever you are, all the time, because the Master is always *herenow*. There is nothing you can do, no way of life you can live, that excludes you. The only requirement is courage. Courage to hear me and courage to act on what you hear."

You would never say it like this, but isn't this the message? You're just daring us to go all the way, to be for real in our claim to be seeking freedom, consciousness, individuality, and all the other values to which we lay claim.

In these meetings with your disciples and with those who have come to take sannyas, you talk to us about the tricks we use to keep ourselves in the dark. You show us, in the simplest terms, how afraid we are of letting our own light and joy and innocence blossom, and how cunning and artful we are in manufacturing plastic roses instead, and then fooling ourselves and each other into the belief that they are real.

Like, for example, our notion that the way we are living life is the way it has to be, and that to drop out or to go looking for an alternative is sheer escapism. Ah, Bhagwan, how I rejoice in your simple wisdom. "What's wrong," you ask, eyes bright with astonishment, "in escaping from a prison? Maybe you have to come out of the prison before you can even see what a prison you have been living in." Everywhere the

prison doors go on falling off their hinges, and the number of those coming to be with you goes on growing.

If I had to give this book a subtitle I would simply call it *Love*. It is your love that blows my mind, for the same reason that the fragrance of a real rose is overwhelming. Anyone who wants to get a glimpse of what it is like to be loved has only to read the dialogues between you and us, your sannyasins, in these pages.

But *God's Got a Thing about You* is not only a divine glimpse. It is your invitation, Bhagwan, extended yet again, to all who are tired of the world of plastic roses. Sitting here on this sunny May morning in Rajneeshpuram, I look around your vast garden where the sacred city slowly grows amidst all the bustle of preparation for the great festival in July, and what do I see? Roses, red roses growing everywhere!

Swami Anand Rajen

Friday, September 1st

Divya commentates. . . .

First called is Svante, a
little five-year-old sannyas aspirant,
and Subodhi, his mother.
Bhagwan tells him to shut his eyes
which he does, instantly, with
full obedience, tight and
very still, the little pouches straining
to do just right.
His knees are held by
two chubby-small intentful hands.
We all look
with the breathless stillness
surrounding an open rose as the
little swami emerges,
Prem Anando.

Next, Maren, in her forties.
She's from Germany, and
Chaitanya, interpreting tonight,
sits by her.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Ma Deva Aikanta.

Deva means divine, aikanta means aloneness. Self-knowledge is possible only in deep aloneness. Ordinarily whatever we know about ourselves is the opinion of others. They say "You are good" and we

think we are good. They say "You are beautiful" and we think we are beautiful. They say you are bad or ugly . . . whatsoever people say about us we go on collecting. That becomes our self-identity. It is utterly false because nobody else can know you, can know who you are, except you yourself. Whatsoever they know are only aspects, and those aspects are very superficial. Whatsoever they know are only momentary moods; they cannot penetrate your center. Not even your lover can penetrate to the very core of your being. There you are utterly alone, and only there will you come to know who you are.

People live their whole lives believing in what others say, dependent on others. That's why people are very afraid of others' opinions. If they think you are bad, you become bad. If they condemn you, you start condemning yourself. If they say that you are a sinner you start feeling guilty. Because you have to depend on their opinions you have to continuously conform to their ideas; otherwise they will change their opinions. This creates a slavery, a very subtle slavery. If you want to be known as good, worthy, beautiful, intelligent, then you have to concede, you have to compromise continuously with people on whom you are dependent.

And another problem arises. Because there are so many people, they go on feeding your mind with different types of opinions — conflicting opinions too: one opinion contradicting another opinion. Hence a great confusion exists inside you. One person says you are very intelligent, another person says you are stupid — now how to decide? So you are divided.

You become suspicious about yourself, about who you are . . . a wavering. And the complexity is very great because there are thousands of people around you. You come in contact with so many people and everybody is feeding *his* idea into your mind. And nobody knows you, not even you yourself know, so all this collection becomes jumbled up inside. This is a maddening situation.

You have many voices inside you. Whenever you ask who you are, many answers will come. Some answers will be your mother's, some will be your father's, some will be the teacher's, and so on and so forth. And it is impossible to decide which one is the right answer. How to decide? What is the criterion? This is where man is lost . . . this is self-ignorance. But because you depend on others you are afraid to go into aloneness, because the moment you start going into aloneness you start becoming very afraid of losing yourself. You don't have it in the first place, but whatever self you have created out of others' opinions will have to be left behind. Hence, it is very scary to go in. The deeper you go, the less you know who you are.

So in fact you are moving towards self-knowledge, but before it happens you will have to drop all ideas about the self. There will be a gap, there will be a kind of nothingness. You will become a non-entity. You will be utterly lost, because all that you know is no more relevant, and that which is relevant you don't know yet. This is called "the dark night of the soul" by the Christian mystics.

It has to be passed, and once you have passed it . . .

there is the dawn. The sun rises and one comes to know oneself for the first time. The first ray of the sun and all is fulfilled. The first songs of the birds in the morning and all is attained.

Be here as long as you can. Much is going to happen.

AIKANTA: Yes, I'm sure!

BHAGWAN: You are already on the way and things have already been happening; much more is going to happen. You have come in the right time.

Just be here as totally as possible. You have come home.

Lore, Aikanta's friend, comes forth.
A full body with generous soft brown eyes,
she sits side-saddle.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Ma Deva Paresha.

Deva means divine, paresha means the beyond — the divine that is beyond, the divine that is transcendental.

We can have it but we cannot understand it. Understanding is impossible. The instrument for understanding is very tiny and the reality is vast. Thought cannot contain truth, but the heart can feel it. Love can know it, but not knowledge. And the whole problem for a spiritual seeker is how to drop knowledge and how to become more loving. It is very difficult to drop knowledge. It is very difficult

because we have been, from the very beginning, conditioned by knowledge. In the very milk of our mothers we have been fed with knowledge. This whole society depends on knowledge, not on love — the schools, the colleges, the universities. And the misery is that even the churches, the temples, they also depend on knowledge. And knowledge is all garbage; it is not for the true seeker.

For the true seeker, the beginning is renouncing all knowledge and disappearing into the heart, moving from the head towards the heart. That brings transformation. The head is within you but the heart is not within you. The head is within you but *you* are within the heart; the heart is bigger than you.

When I am talking about the heart I am not talking about the physiological part called the heart. When I say "the heart" I mean God. That's why Jesus says: God is love. We are surrounded by the heart, the divine heart. Once we get down from the head trip, suddenly it is all ours. All the doors open and existence starts revealing its mysteries.

That is the meaning of the word "revelation." Knowledge is not possible — revelation is possible. Knowledge is *man's* effort to know, and revelation is God's will. Man can only remain available, that's all, and whenever one is ready, God reveals himself. The first step towards readiness is to drop all knowledge, even the so-called spiritual knowledge, because whatsoever we have learned from others is not going to help. It will become a barrier. You will have to go to God naked, like a small child . . . innocent, ignorant.

The state of not-knowing is the state of the real seeker. When you can say deeply, profoundly, "I don't know," then God is closest to you. That's what Socrates means when he says, "To know that I don't know is the beginning of knowledge."

This is the meaning of your name, Deva Paresha: God is beyond all knowing but is perfectly within loving. So change your gestalt from knowing to loving. Think less, feel more, and God is not far away, he is very close by. He is already searching for you, he is already groping for you. It is not a one-way affair — not that man is seeking God and that God is hiding — God too is seeking man. In fact, *man* is hiding; sometimes behind money, sometimes behind knowledge, sometimes behind power politics, and he has found a thousand and one ways to hide himself.

Be here . . . much is going to happen! Remain courageous, because when things start happening, fear arises.

Deva Wasi is leaving for Germany
and sits very tall, very young,
very clean-shaven and very properly
half-lotused.
Bhagwan suggests that he
open a center in Munich.

BHAGWAN: This will be the name for the center: Sadhana.

It is a very significant word and very difficult to translate. No single word in English exists which can be equivalent to it, but the meaning can be under-

stood. It means seeking, searching — but not only intellectually: existentially. One can seek only through the mind; that is philosophy. One can think about truth and God and great things sitting in one's armchair; that is speculation, that is not *sadhana*.

When one not only thinks but lives and transforms one's life also in order to seek, in order to search; drops everything in one's life which becomes a hindrance in the search and chooses only that which is a help — when the search becomes one's whole life, one's only life, one's only love, one lives for it and one is ready to die for it — then it is *sadhana*. So it is not just inquiry. It is not just intellectual speculation; it is not philosophizing *only*. It is philosophizing through the being, and the difference is great.

For example: David Hume is a great philosopher but only a philosopher. He has the same kind of intelligence as Buddha, the same penetrating genius, but no attainment. He just goes on thinking and thinking, goes on sharpening his intellect. But if you look into his life it is as ordinary as anybody's. You will not find that sharpness in his life too. If he argues, you will find he is sharp, he is a sword; it is very difficult to win an argument with him. But if you don't argue with him then he is just ordinary. If you don't know what he thinks you will not feel the presence of the person in any other way.

But when a Buddha passes by . . . he has not uttered a single word and suddenly you feel something of tremendous power; some silence starts enveloping you. If he looks at you, you know he has looked deep down into your heart. If he touches you, you know

he has touched your whole being: you start vibrating in a new way. He is not just a philosopher: he has lived his philosophy. The search has not been only of the intellect: it has been existential. Whatsoever he has thought, he has practiced. And whatsoever he has found through practice as true he has declared to the world, otherwise not.

Something may look very logical and true in thought, and may not be so in reality; the reality may be just the opposite. Reality has no obligation to follow logic — it has its own ways. One has to put aside all logic and look into reality. When reality is the only criterion . . . For example, if I speak about meditation . . . A philosopher can also say something about meditation, about what it is.

Once it happened: A Jaina nun wrote a beautiful book on meditation, a *really* beautiful book on meditation. When I passed through the book I was surprised. I was surprised because there were a few faults in it which are possible only if the person has never meditated. Just a few — three, four faults — not much in a book of four hundred pages. Otherwise, it appeared as if the person who had written it knew what meditation was experientially, not just intellectually; but those four faults were enough. Then I forgot about the book.

While I was traveling in Rajasthan, in one town the nun came to see me. I had completely forgotten about the book and the name of the nun; and she asked me how to meditate. Looking at her face I remembered that I had seen a picture somewhere, and then the

memory came, and I asked her, "Have you written a certain book on meditation?" She said, "Yes, I have." I said, "How could you write that book if you have come to ask me how to meditate?"

She said, "I have been studying meditation. I have studied *all* the books that are available on meditation, your books too, and that was a kind of thesis. I have accumulated material from every source; whatsoever looked beautiful, I chose it and I made a consistent whole of it. But as far as I'm concerned, I don't know what meditation is because I cannot get rid of thoughts."

This is not *sadhana* — this is philosophy. *Sadhana* means: whatsoever you think is right, you try to practice it. Unless your practice proves it, you will withhold the conclusion; you will not say whether it is right or wrong. When you have practiced it and when you have experienced it and tested it, then you will declare whether it is right or wrong; because the criterion is experience.

So *sadhana* is more like science than like philosophy. Just as science experiments in the outside world, *sadhana* experiments in the inside world. *Sadhana* is the inner science of the soul. One becomes one's own lab. One changes one's whole life into experimentation. Great risk is there, because one never knows what is going to happen. But only those who are ready to risk are ever able to attain anything in life; they are the fortunate ones who can risk.

So help people to risk, to search, to seek, to experiment.

Prem Gopura comes with Suryodaya
They're heading for Hanover and
seem somehow already there . . .
Bhagwan turns to Suryodaya
and speaks to him
through Chaitanya.

BHAGWAN: What about you? Something to say?

CHAITANYA HARI (translating): When he came five weeks ago he wanted to meditate . . . but his thoughts always go to his home, to the things he hasn't finished. Now he wants to go back to finish his things and then come back here.

BHAGWAN: Then are you coming forever?

SURYODAYA: I don't know.

BHAGWAN: Good. Go and finish things and come back. That will be very good; then it will be easier to drop the thoughts. It is always good to finish things. People go on accumulating incomplete experiences. Anything incomplete hangs around you and tries to attract your attention; that's why it has been difficult for you.

If a person lives every day, moment to moment, finishing things, never accumulates piles of incomplete experiences, never accumulates files, letters which have not been answered, problems which have not been solved . . . Then they stand in a queue and they all hanker for attention. They say, "Complete us!"

It is always good to finish things and it is good to finish them every day. *Never* postpone, never say,

"Tomorrow," because tomorrow you will not be free. When you say to a thought, "I will do it tomorrow," then tomorrow that thought will come like hammering and will say, "Now, you had promised — fulfill it." And you have been promising your whole life, so a crowd is waiting.

To live rightly means to live every moment so deeply, each thing without postponing it, so that either it is finished or you come to the understanding that this is not a thing to be finished, it *cannot* be finished — then too it is finished. You need not give any moment to it again. There are things which can be finished and there are things which cannot be finished, but to *see* it is of great help. Something cannot be finished, something is humanly impossible to finish. Then too it is finished; you put a full stop to it. There is no need to open the file again. Either you answer the letter or you throw it in the wastepaper basket, but don't go on accumulating.

I have heard that Albert Einstein had the habit of accumulating letters. For months together he would accumulate them. Just on his table above his head they would all be hanging, and people would ask, "Why do you go on accumulating them?" He would say, "Tomorrow, tomorrow." Then one day he said, "I answer a few and the remaining ones I have to throw, because the time has past — now the answer is not needed. My *not* answering them has already answered them."

But then why go on accumulating? If you don't want to answer something throw it right now! They are hanging there — they will be heavy on you, they

will continuously attract your attention, and the load will go on becoming bigger and bigger. So learn one thing: always finish things. The man who can finish everything by the time he goes to bed, who can say goodbye to the day that has passed and is ready to fall into sleep with nothing hanging around, is the most blessed man in the world. The next morning he will be waking up fresh, will open his eyes, look at the world . . . if there is something to be done, he will do it, but there is nothing pending on his mind. When nothing is pending, clarity is there and that clarity is of great significance. Then each morning he is new, fresh, available to existence, and existence is available to him.

So go and finish things and come back!

Amrito, Dutch psychiatrist, appears
eager-soft,
behind his newly-darkened eyes,
hands speaking
gratitude.
And now, the moment of
departure approaching . . .

BHAGWAN: Hello, Amrito! Come here. When are you leaving?

AMRITO: I leave on the fourth by train to Bombay.

BHAGWAN: Something to say to me?

AMRITO: The title of the book that I want to write will be *Coming Home*.

BHAGWAN: *Coming Home*? Perfectly good. That is the best title you could have found . . . and it *is* so.

And when will you be coming back?

AMRITO: I hope as soon as possible . . . when everything is in shape and contacts are made. December maybe.

BHAGWAN: December will be the perfect time, mm? Come before the eleventh of December.

AMRITO: Oh yes! I thought about that.

BHAGWAN: Just come close to me . . . Savita, come here. Just go a little back and put your hands up. Savita, hold his hands, and if something starts happening to both of you, allow it.

Bliss.
Moist eyes
much heart
his face
bespeaks
life's flowering
continually.

BHAGWAN: Good Amrito . . . perfectly good. Things are just beautiful! I am very happy. And I will be with you there — you will not feel alone.

Keep it (*a box*) with you and whenever you need me just put it on the heart. And you have to do much for me . . .

AMRITO: Yes.

BHAGWAN: . . . So remember it! Good, Amrito.

Now Diya's before him.
She's returning to school
in Germany and asks for an
explanation of her name,
which she said had been
translated as lamp of bliss.
(She took sannyas abroad.)

BHAGWAN: Lamp of bliss? Mm mm. The meaning is simple but the search for it is difficult. The meaning you already know, but the real meaning you will know only when you come across the inner light. The light is there — it has not to be invented, it has only to be discovered. It is hiding behind the clouds of thought. As thoughts start disappearing you will see the flame coming out, and when the flame is smokeless then the bliss is infinite.

To search for the inner light, to know it, to be it, is what religion is all about. A few religions have called it God — the inner light they called God; a few religions have called it enlightenment, a few religions have called it nirvana. That is only a difference in names. But one thing about which all the religions agree is that the inner experience is that of infinite light . . . light and light and light, and without any center.

We consist of light, we are made of light, and not only us: the whole existence consists of light. Each particle of matter is nothing but condensed light. The day one comes to know one's own light, the whole existence becomes full of light, all darkness disappears. Even in darkness one knows that darkness too is a form of light and nothing else. That's why there are a

few animals, a few birds, which can see in the dark night. Owls can see in the night. For us it is dark; for them it is not dark. They have more penetrating eyes, that's all; they can see perfectly well in the night. There is no darkness anywhere. Our eyes are limited, that's true, so we see only a certain part. If we can see the whole, then there is no darkness at all — there has never been any darkness, there cannot be.

You have a beautiful name, but you will have to live to find its existential meaning.

Sadhya, looking serious, a bit like
a very brave little girl, who knows
that she's afraid but also that
she must face it, somehow,
sits with back very straight,
hands openly resting on her knees.
She's been leading groups in
the West and is now here
for half a year, at least,
and asks Him what to do
besides the three groups she's
signed up for.

BHAGWAN: Do these three, mm? — then I will give you a few more. Then if you feel like it you can start leading a few groups here too. But first pass through groups so that you can feel the whole work that is going on here and then you can start doing something.

Anything to say to me?

SADHYA: Yes, I came together with my friend with

whom I was doing those groups. I know that we both have to go our own ways but I am very afraid to leave him.

BHAGWAN: Who is the friend?

SADHYA: He's not here.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. So something is not going right between you two?

SADHYA: I know that we are hanging on to each other too much and that each of us has to go his own way, but I am very much afraid.

BHAGWAN: What do you mean by going?

SADHYA: To stay on my own, not to cling to the other — what you were talking about today.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm mm. One can stay on one's own and still be loving to the other. It is not against love to be on your own; just don't cling. Clinging is not love. Love, enjoy the presence of the other. Share your joy with him; enjoy his being with you. Let each moment be of great sharing, but there is no need to cling. Clinging means you bring the future in. Whenever the future comes in clinging starts. Clinging means: "What about tomorrow?" Clinging is future-oriented; it prepares for tomorrow. It says, "We have to be together tomorrow!" Today is unimportant for the clinging mind. Today is okay but the real thing is tomorrow. And tomorrow never comes!

And whenever it comes it will be today again and you will be again thinking about tomorrow. So the

clinging mind never really lives; it only *thinks* that one day it is going to live, but it never does. It is continuously postponing life: preparing for tomorrow and missing today, and today is all there is. Tomorrow is not and is never going to be.

A non-clinging mind lives today, *this* moment, enjoys it and leaves tomorrow free. When it comes we will see. If we are together we will enjoy; if we are not together, so we are not together. Then I will enjoy something else; you will enjoy something else. We will be separate, and we will be enjoying separately. But why miss today?

The clinging mind is a foolish mind. It is the very core of stupidity. The intelligent mind lives this moment and waits for the next moment to come. When it comes we will see. What can we do right now? Who knows? — tomorrow you may come across a better person, he may come across a better woman. Tomorrow you may die, he may die. Tomorrow you may not be able to communicate. Life may disrupt you, throw you away into separate islands. Who knows about tomorrow? All that is certain is *this* moment; not even the next moment is certain.

Jesus says: Think not of the morrow. Look at the lilies in the field, how beautiful they are, because they live right now, herenow.

So I am not saying to be on your own, I am not saying to drop him or separate from him. There is no need to drop; that is going to the other extreme of clinging. Either we have to cling or we have to drop. Can't you stop in the middle? — no clinging, no dropping. Only a clinging mind can drop. How can a non-

clinging mind drop? — because he clings not, so there is nothing to drop either.

Be in the middle. The golden mean has to be remembered, otherwise the mind goes from one extreme to another extreme. It moves like a pendulum, and always remains in anxiety. Stop the pendulum in the middle and the clock stops. Stop the mind in the middle and time disappears, time stops.

You need not be separate from him — be with him — just don't cling. Can't you be together without clinging? That is the point! To be separate is easy, to be clinging is easy. The real work is to be together but without clinging at all . . . just being together like two trees standing side by side. They have their roots in the earth but are swaying in the sun and dancing in the wind and in the rain, and enjoying being together — not clinging to each other at all. Be like two trees together and you will come to know much joy that you have not known.

She laughs
beautifully wide.
Another Bhagwan miracle
before our eyes!

BHAGWAN: I can see from your face that you have suffered a lot, and you can be very joyous. And if celebration does not happen here with me, it cannot happen anywhere else. So don't miss this opportunity. Be together, enjoy being together; share your love, your poetry, your music, your silences — but don't cling. Let the future take its own course. If tomorrow you are together, share again; if you are

not together then you are not together. Nothing can be done about it.

We cannot plan and we cannot make it a guarantee. In trying to make the future guaranteed and secure, people destroy all beauty of life and all benediction. So I have not said to separate. This is how the mind goes on interpreting and hearing something which I am not saying. But you are new — just go on listening to me for a few days and things will be clear. Good, Sadhya.

The rain is tittering like
pellets on a
matted floor,
each drop so
individually
whole and syncopated
to the nuances of
leaves and earths
on Bhagwan's garden.

Savito too has just arrived
from England and sits
softly, a young beard already
showing.

Start feeling at home,
Bhagwan tells him. Forget
all about the past. These
six months give to me totally, and
you will never be
the same again!

Anand Sudha is leaving for California.
She looks like out of a
Tom Jones movie,
dark and lush with
full curly hair.

BHAGWAN: Hello, Sudha. When are you leaving?

SUDHA: On Monday.

BHAGWAN: Something to say to me?

SUDHA: I feel like I'm opening and I feel very fragile and scared and feverish.

BHAGWAN: It happens when one starts opening; it is a good sign, a confirmatory sign. Soon the fever will be gone and the fear also. It is just a toxic energy in the body that is being released. One certainly starts feeling fragile but fragileness in itself is not weakness; in fact, it is strength.

And in the beginning, He says,
it looks like weakness but it
isn't so, for water is stronger
than rock and woman is
stronger than man, and
man created the fiction of
masculine superiority
because of crude animal strength.
Fragileness is a totally different
kind of strength . . . and
we have passed the time of
muscles; now that work can be
done by machines.

BHAGWAN: The feminine energy has a great future ahead. And man will have to learn how to be more fragile, how to be more feminine, how to be more delicate and graceful. So don't be worried — something beautiful is happening, and soon you will start enjoying it.

When will you be coming back?

SUDHA: I want to come next summer and bring my children.

BHAGWAN: Good. Bring the children!

Nibbano is also leaving.
She sits excitedly happy.

BHAGWAN: Hello, Nibbano. When are you leaving?

NIBBANO: Sunday.

BHAGWAN: Good. Something to say to me?

NIBBANO: I can't say it.

BHAGWAN: That's good! When will you be coming back?

NIBBANO: As soon as I can.

BHAGWAN: Come back soon. Then you are coming forever or for a long period?

NIBBANO: Oh, as soon as possible. I just go back now to have a look at my life, and have to work to make money.

BHAGWAN: Good. Go and . . .

NIBBANO: I have a question.

BHAGWAN: Mm.

NIBBANO: I'm a bit afraid to lose my center, this being meditative. I want to ask you what I can do to make my life meditative. I have to work now a lot just to earn money . . .

BHAGWAN: Mm mm.

NIBBANO: . . . and it isn't always nice.

BHAGWAN: I will take care. Just do one thing: for fifteen minutes every night when you go to bed, just lie down on the bed and for five minutes, turn the light off and relax. Start from the toes: start feeling that they are going numb, heavy, getting sleepy, almost dying. And then go on. Now half the legs are dead, heavy, dull. Then the whole of the legs are dead, heavy, dull, asleep — completely asleep, numb. Go on. For five minutes going on bringing the sensation up to the head. The whole body is like a corpse.

This is just for five minutes. And within a few days you will be able to do it in two, three minutes. But go slow, so really the whole body becomes almost like a dead body.

Then start breathing deep and long breaths. Inhale deeply and exhale deeply. With inhalation, visualize light — create light, golden light entering from the head. When you inhale, just visualize light entering from the head, great golden light, as if a sun has risen just above the head. And within a few days you will be able to see it entering. It is coming like a flood, going in, going in. The body is dead, almost like a

hollow bamboo and the light is passing through, and it goes out from the feet. In one inhalation, this whole visualization. It enters as the breath enters in, it goes out from the feet.

And as you exhale, visualize again a dark, dark light entering from the feet — just darkness entering from the feet, coming up, going from the head out.

So with inhalation, gold light entering in from the head, going from the feet out. And with exhalation, darkness entering from the feet and going out from the head. This for ten minutes. And then just go to sleep. You will remain centered twenty-four hours a day. And whatsoever you want to do, you can do. There will be no problem at all.

This balances, this is a polarization of the feminine and the masculine inside. This is one of the most ancient methods to bring centering, balance, in the being.

Just this much continue, and whenever you can do some other meditation in the morning, you can. But this has to be done as a regular thing.

And finish things soon and come back!

Saturday, September 2nd

Christianne
is called for sannyas
wearing gauzy orange.
A bird shrills stridently
and another pecks and chirps near us
while Bhagwan records the birthing
of another soul.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Ma Deva Surupa.

Deva means divine, surupa means beauty — divine beauty. This is one of the most fundamental things to be remembered always — that the innermost core of everything is beautiful. Even when the circumference is not beautiful, then too the center is always beautiful. But because we cannot see the center and we become acquainted only with the circumference, sometimes we start thinking: this is ugly, that is bad, this is sin and that one is a sinner. That simply shows that we have not been able to penetrate to the very core of the person or the thing. If you look deep down in a sinner you will find a saint, and if you cannot find a saint that simply shows that you have not yet reached to the core of it.

When the eyes become really penetrating the whole existence becomes beautiful; even ugliness is transformed into beauty.

One has to go on working and digging and

transforming oneself to the point where *every*thing is known as beautiful, nothing remains ugly. When ugliness simply disappears, when one cannot see sin existing, and the whole existence takes on the quality of holiness, that is the moment of enlightenment. Then suddenly the joy is infinite, because then one lives surrounded by beauty; wherever one is there is heaven.

Even if you throw a man like Buddha or Jesus into hell, you will not be able to torture him there. You will not be able to make him miserable there; he will find something utterly beautiful there too. There too Jesus will thank God for the beauty of hell, and Buddha will be able to meditate amidst all the fire of hell; those flames will become petals of lotus flowers. It depends on the vision, it depends on how you look at things. There are people for whom even flowers are thorns, and there are people for whom thorns have become flowers.

Sannyas is an initiation into this art of transforming the whole existence into a beatitude. And that is the meaning of your name — let it become your life too.

She is
so very very pleased with herself
and full of her name, and
full of
Him!

Manny now arrives before
the Master also to

receive the confirmation
of his birthright
from the
mother of our souls,
Bhagwan.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Swami Deva Abhinavo. Deva means divine, abhinavo means new, newness, freshness — divine newness. The word "new" comes from the same root: *navo*. Life is constantly renewing itself; not even for a single moment is it the same. If it appears the same to us, that simply shows that we have missed seeing the change that has happened. Maybe the change was too fast and we could not see it; maybe the change was so quick, and we were not alert — we were asleep. Maybe we were occupied with something else. That's what is happening: because the mind is constantly occupied with the past or with the future, it goes on missing the change that is happening right now.

Everything is changing. Trees are growing, so are the mountains; rivers are flowing and so are the mountains. Everything is in a flow — nothing is stagnant. The child is growing, the young man is becoming old, the old is moving every moment into death. Death is becoming life, and life is becoming death; day's turning into night and the night is turning into day. It is constant — the wheel goes on moving, but we go on missing it because we are never herenow; hence the boredom. We think everything is the same.

In the morning you leave the home, and by the evening when you come back do you think that it is the same woman that you left in the morning? It is

not, it is not possible. Much water has flowed down the Ganges. The woman has become eight hours older so much has changed in her. She is not the same woman that you think you left, but because you are so occupied you never give her a look.

In fact, if a person is told to recall the face of his wife, he will not be able to remember it because for years he has not looked at the face of the woman. And if he recalls it at all it may be the face that his woman had thirty years before, when they got married, when they were in love, and when he had seen the woman for the first time. But it can't be contemporary, not at all. It cannot be of the immediate moment.

People start taking each other for granted. They start taking everything for granted — the trees and the stars and the sun and the moon — then life becomes a boredom. Then they are utterly bored and dragging and they don't see what the point of it all is.

Life can become a celebration, but one has to see the newness, the constant renewing energy of life. Each moment it brings something new into existence which was never before and will never be again. Each moment the old disappears and the new is born. Only in meditation can one see it, because in meditation one becomes unoccupied.

That is the definition of meditation: to become unoccupied, to be empty, not to be occupied at all. And these are the two occupations: the past and the future. The moment you are not occupied you are out of time; then you are herenow, in this immediate moment. And when eyes open to this immediate mo-

ment, it is simply unbelievably beautiful. It is a constant wonder. There are surprises and surprises at each step, with each breath. Then life takes on a new color, a new vigor. Then you are also fresh, because nothing ever gets old.

To remain in this freshness is to be spiritual. Then one is always young. Even in death one is young, even in dying one is fresh. Even the moment of death will bring only new surprises, that's all. New doors will open, new mysteries will be revealed. Then life is a joy, and death too.

This is the alchemy of transforming life. So start becoming more and more unoccupied and available to the present.

These minutes have been
a dance of fingers,
a symphony of
mudras
rising, falling, stretching, closing
upon the spacelessness
within His words.

Anubodhi driftingly appears
tall and fluffy-haired
with voice as soft.
She's off to California
and Bhagwan calls
her close to
pour the substance of His love
into a tremulous
receiving . . .

her hands saying: more
and more!
Good, Anubodhi, He says,
you are ready to come back and be
part of the family.

Then Krishna Deva
comes forth enthusiastically
sighing and talking meaningfully
with his hands.

BHAGWAN: Hello, Krishna Deva! When are you leaving?

KRISHNA DEVA: The sixth.

BHAGWAN: And when will you be back?

KRISHNA DEVA: I'm going to be back, I think, in December. You sent me on a journey to do a Ph.D. . .

BHAGWAN: Mm?

KRISHNA DEVA: . . . you suggested I finish my Ph.D. and so I'm going to come back every four or five months 'til it's over.

BHAGWAN: Finish it! Your work will be finished by December?

KRISHNA DEVA: No.

BHAGWAN: No?

KRISHNA DEVA: It'll be finished in maybe two years. And I'm hoping to have the school let me come here.

BHAGWAN: That will be very good. And what subject are you working on?

KRISHNA DEVA: Psychology.

BHAGWAN: The actual theme of your thesis?

KRISHNA DEVA: I haven't decided what that's going to be yet — I was hoping it could be on you.

BHAGWAN: Yes, that will be better, so you can come here and work here.

KRISHNA DEVA: I would love that.

BHAGWAN: Just make it — that way it will be perfectly good, and it will be helpful later on in the university too. Something to say to me?

KRISHNA DEVA: Today has been an incredible day for me and I wanted to share it with you. Something happened in the discourse this morning and I . . .

BHAGWAN: Mm mm.

KRISHNA DEVA: . . . it's been kind of building up for the last months, the last couple of months with Anubodhi, just letting go of my idea of what relationship is. I felt my strength and I've been feeling like a woman for a while.

BHAGWAN: Very good!

KRISHNA DEVA: And then this afternoon there were a lot of tears . . .

BHAGWAN: Very good.

KRISHNA DEVA: . . . and with you.

He gestures to Bhagwan and
seems to beckon Him on silken threads
into his heart . . .

BHAGWAN: Come close to me. Good. Close your eyes.

And the Master puts the
box over his brow,
while sighs and cries
and shimmerings of
love-pain fill another
being.

BHAGWAN: Good, Krishna Deva, very good. The energy is perfectly beautiful . . . so come back!

Ma Prem Lola gracefully
enters the presence
in harem pants
and sits carefully on her knees.
She smiles.

BHAGWAN: Hello, Lola! When did you arrive?

LOLA: Tuesday.

BHAGWAN: Good. And how long will you be staying?

LOLA: For three weeks.

BHAGWAN: Three weeks only?

LOLA: Mm mm.

BHAGWAN: Something to say to me?

LOLA: I wrote a letter . . .

BHAGWAN: Yes, I remember — just remind me.

LOLA: . . . about yoga.

BHAGWAN: How long have you been in yoga?

LOLA: Seven years.

BHAGWAN: And have you been teaching there?

LOLA: I've been teaching for three years.

BHAGWAN: How are you feeling teaching yoga?

LOLA: I'm enjoying it much more since I was here.

BHAGWAN: That's very good! And you are afraid to go to Iyengar?

LOLA: Yes.

BHAGWAN: What is the fear? He is too strict and rigid, that's why?

LOLA: Yes.

BHAGWAN: And from whom did you learn in the beginning?

LOLA: Oh, various teachers. I've had some Iyengar training in England and Perth.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm.

LOLA: I just felt maybe it was a conflict with the awareness that I'm feeling, which seems different from the rigidity.

She's been oscillating
from side to side

quickly, subtly.
As she comes close to Him,
she seems stiff to me,
belly tight, properly
rhythmic pranayama
through the nostrils . . .

Radha, called to assist, holds her hands
and breathes loosely
through her mouth,
face ecstatic, open,
ready . . .
making a sharp contrast
with Lola's contracting shoulders.

But the will cannot
fight long against
the rushing rapids
of the Master's source
and soon
Lola's mouth drops open
in spite of her years of training
and sounds come forth
as she breaks into
a flapping, trembling cry,
all control gone. . . .
Now waves flow through
and life weaves
lusciously
through a flushed and panting
Lola!

BHAGWAN: Your feeling is right. The energy is going so beautifully — not only fine but divine. Anything

forced on your body will create a split. No need to do anything like that. Go on doing the way *you* feel like doing; your yoga is also perfectly good. Your awareness is going well, your energy is going well. Iyengar can be a disturbance in this moment, because he has no insight as far as energy is concerned. He is a good teacher of body postures, but that is an outer form of yoga — not its internal spirit, not its interiority, but only the external. It is good for the beginner — a well-trained body is helpful — but now it will be a hindrance. Now you need a more fluid body, more flowing, no rigidity.

So just meditate, do a few groups, and continue your work as you are doing. Now my feeling is for you not to go to any teacher in yoga. It is very rare to find a yoga teacher and a spiritual man together. For centuries it has not been happening, because the people who become interested in yoga get lost in the physiology of it. They never reach the point where they should start meditating. They become too obsessed with the physical well-being that yoga brings, but that is just body. It gives good health, a good body, a good body feeling, but that is nothing if you don't use it to go somewhere else. Yoga is only a porch, not the real temple. And once you have started enjoying something of the inner temple, then it is better not to force anything upon yourself.

Now you will be able to develop your own yoga, so go on teaching and inventing and become more inventive, creative. A *real* yoga teacher has to be as inventive as a poet; he has to continuously devise. There is no need to always follow the old pattern. See

the person, listen to his rhythm, his body, his energy, and find something for him that will suit him. Because all those yoga postures and the whole system is just an outer form; it is not meant to be followed exactly, literally. One has to understand it and then one has to listen to one's own body.

And your feeling is perfectly right — it is good that you asked and you didn't go; otherwise your energy could have been disturbed. Anything enforced on you will create a split and will be a disaster. And you know more than enough; with that knowledge you can go on inventing. Now be a teacher on your own — forget all about learning from others. Learn from people you teach . . . learn from their experiences, learn from their growing energy, their changing energy, learn from their deepening awareness. Listen more to the disciples you teach, their experiences, their growth — watch it.

It is beautiful how
she continues to shake
during the whole time that
He talks to her,
as if expanded, released, freed . . .

BHAGWAN: A teacher has to be like a gardener: he has to look around the plants to see how they are growing, whether they have enough space or not, if more water is needed or less, if more sun is needed or less, if a little bit of pruning is needed or not. Look to each plant with no prejudice, with no fixed idea of how things should be.

That is what is wrong with all traditional yoga teachers: they have a fixed idea about how things should be. The man has to fit with their idea; they don't change their idea to fit with the man. They are disciplinarians; it is a kind of regimentation, and basically inhuman.

So you need not go anywhere — just meditate. Things are going perfectly well. Now teach yoga and teach more meditations to people. Let yoga be just the beginning and then slowly slowly persuade them towards meditation. And you can be of great help.

She goes back to her seat
like a child
entering the sea
for the first time.

I sing to myself
in the liquid darkness
after darshan,
and in the tender brushing
of fading raindrops.

Sunday, September 3rd

The human tide washes
over the auditorium
spilling
thirty breathless faces
into focus.
The waiting now congeals
and forms a nest
wherein . . .

Bhagwan drops softly
like a fine, wise, and
very ancient dove.

Mukti comes forward with
little one-and-a-half-month-old Amrit
for blessing.

BHAGWAN: Hello, Mukti. How is Amrit?

MUKTI: Fine, I hope!

BHAGWAN: Good. Bring her here . . . come closer to me.

The bundle is a baby girl and she looks
just like a little marigold
(the color of her jumpsuit!)
Bhagwan puts His right hand on
Amrit's tiny forehead,

while Mukti holds her,
little arms outspread.
A few tiny grunts and snorts
bubble out as she stirs
under His golden touch.
(To be a baby again,
and start all over
with Him there!)
Very solemnly He looks down
briefly, then
raises His eyebrows and ...

BHAGWAN: She has got a mala?

MUKTI: Yes.

BHAGWAN: Good! Something to say to me?

MUKTI: Yes. I'd like to know if I am doing all right with her. You know, sometimes it is difficult to know if I am. Her screaming is a problem for me; it makes me very angry.

BHAGWAN: That is part of being a mother.

MUKTI: Yes.

BHAGWAN: Mm, it is not an easy job.

MUKTI: No.

BHAGWAN: But now it is too late! Every woman wants to become a mother without knowing the responsibilities. It is a long commitment. And remember: never think of what is right and what is wrong. Do whatsoever is spontaneous. If you decide what is wrong and what is right you will go nuts. And

then *she* will suffer. Just be spontaneous. Sometimes to be annoyed is perfectly right.

MUKTI: She has been screaming sometimes, and . . .

BHAGWAN: No, that's perfectly good.

MUKTI: And then I am sorry afterwards.

BHAGWAN: Mm, that's perfectly good — nothing is wrong in it. The whole idea of right and wrong is wrong. You are a mother so you know from your inward core what to do and what not to do; this should not be decided by the mind. It is just like a cat knows how to catch the rat . . .

MUKTI: Yes.

BHAGWAN: . . . no school is needed for the cat.

So just be a good mother to her and by "a good mother" I mean a spontaneous mother. And sometimes screaming is good, because life will scream at her, so she has to be prepared for that. Her husband will shout, so she has to be prepared for that.

MUKTI: Yes. Afterwards she is always very relaxed.

BHAGWAN: Good. When she is relaxed, be relaxed; when she is annoyed, be annoyed, but don't make it a program — that you have to do this. Whatsoever happens, let it happen.

MUKTI: Okay.

BHAGWAN: Good, Mukti.

MUKTI: Thank you!

Floriano, a Daytop therapist
from Germany,
comes forth for sannyas.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Ma Anand Dharmo.

Anand means bliss, dharmo means religion — the religion of bliss. And my religion contains only one word: that word is bliss. To be blissful is to be religious. To be sad is to be irreligious. So whatsoever makes you blissful is right; that has to be imbibed more. Whatsoever makes you sad has to be dropped.

People have learned the ways of being sad because when they are sad and serious they look important. When they are playful, happy, joyous, they don't look important. The priest is serious, the professor is serious, the politician is serious, and they have become the models; people are following them.

Follow children — non-serious, playful. Become a child again, and then there is no need for any Bible or Koran. Then there is no need to go into any church or temple; wherever you are *is* the temple. Joy is the temple of God. Laughter is prayer. And if one can live in a laughing way, dancing way, one has known how to live.

Naomi comes, turbaned, plump.
She's from Israel.
She puts her hands into
the prayer mudra
while Bhagwan signs her name.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Ma Prem Abhijat.

Prem means love, abhijat means aristocrat — the aristocracy that comes through love. Love makes one an aristocrat because love is the greatest luxury in the world, the greatest richness. The person who knows how to love is the most affluent person; all others are poor, all others are living in ghettos. Only the person who lives in love lives in a palace. He is really an *aristo*; all others only brag. He may not have anything, he may not possess anything: he may have no bank balance, no security. He may apparently be a beggar, but the way he walks, the way he looks, the way he sits, is that of an emperor.

To attain to inner aristocracy is the whole effort that I am making here — to help you to become the aristocrat of the inner, to become spiritually rich, because no other richness helps. It may hide your poverty for a time being but again and again your poverty erupts. The truth cannot be forced down for long; it asserts itself again. And all your richness remains just like a thin layer around you and deep down — the black hole of poverty.

There is no need for this to happen. It happens because we have never made any efforts for the inner. The efforts that we make for the outer are so many and the efforts that we make for the inner are none. If we make the same efforts for the inner as we make for the outer, each person would be transformed into a Buddha. Each person has the potential of a Buddha. Less than that should not satisfy. One should not feel contented with less than that. Unless the Buddha arises in you, unless your soul awakens and the inner celebration starts . . . you have to work hard, you

have to dig deep. One has to find one's original face; that face is always the face of an emperor.

So I teach richness, luxury, affluence. And the outer is only a substitute; the inner is the real thing. Those who are lost in the outer and have forgotten the inner are to be pitied; they are simply wasting their lives. They will repent, but then it will be too late. They will repent at the moment that death knocks at their doors but then nothing can be done. It is good to become aware before death comes. It is good to be initiated into some inner journey before death comes and destroys all that you have made. It is good to create something that is beyond the grasp of death. And that's what sannyas is all about: a search for something deathless.

It is there. One just has to look for it, thirst for it. It is not far away either — just a one-hundred-and-eighty-degree turn and you are face-to-face with it.

Next is Yogesh, an Indian.

BHAGWAN: Your name is good so I will keep it: Swami Yogesh Bharti.

I don't ask you to change your situation: I ask you to change your psychology. Be in the marketplace and yet be not of it; live in the world, but don't allow the world to pollute you, poison you. This is *real* transformation — not of the situation but of the spirit.

Henry Thoreau has made a very significant observation, that birds in caves don't sing. They cannot — there is nothing to sing. They need the open sky and

the sun and the moon and the breeze and the trees and the color of the world . . . then they sing. If birds cannot sing in caves, the human soul cannot sing in caves either. The human soul also needs this tremendous multiplicity, this multi-dimensional existence, to sing. And when a man forgets how to sing, how is he going to pray? Because prayer is nothing but singing at the maximum. Prayer is nothing but singing come to its crescendo.

The old so-called sannyasins who lived in the caves lived like corpses. They were not alive people; they committed a kind of suicide. They lingered on, they were breathing and in a sense they were alive, but that life was more like vegetating than life.

Live totally, live joyously, live alert and conscious, but live in the world, accept its challenges. I am saying it to you because in the Indian mind the old sannyas concept has gone very deep; it is almost in the bones. It is not conscious any more; it has become part of our collective unconscious. The moment you hear the word "sannyas," the idea that arises is of escape. And to escape seems to be easy and cheap, but it is the way of the coward, and a sannyasin cannot be a coward. A sannyasin has to be courageous, a sannyasin has to be a warrior. He *has* to be in the world, struggling, accepting challenges that come every day, answering. And in those very situations, integration happens; one becomes more and more solid, crystallized.

Life is a school for crystallization, so those who escape life escape from the school itself. And God will be very angry with them, because God sends you into

life to learn something — and you escape! It is as if your parents send you to school and you escape; you say, "I have renounced the school." The school has to be transcended, not renounced. You have to pass through all those examinations. They *are* hard; the harder they are, the better.

So this is my message to you on your sannyas birth: change your psychology but don't be bothered about the situation outside. It's perfectly okay; as it is, it is perfectly good. Then the whole emphasis is on the inner change. Then you don't become occupied with outer changes — what to eat, what not to eat, where to live, where not to live, how long to stay in a place, how many things to keep — because if there are so many things you may become attached — to look at a woman or not, to touch a woman or not. Then there are a thousand and one problems, and one becomes so occupied with all that nonsense that no time is left to work for the inner journey.

So no need to be worried about those things. Put your whole energy into meditation. Let meditation explode in you and all else will follow of its own accord. All the changes come to the person who meditates, and they come without any effort. And when they come without any effort, they have a beauty. They are not forced changes.

How long will you be here?

YOGESH: Only today.

BHAGWAN: So whenever you can come, come for a camp — do at least one camp so you can do all the meditations.

And there you go to the center sometimes?

YOGESH: Yes.

BHAGWAN: Go to the center . . . and start meditating. Would you like to say something to me?

YOGESH: Only a small question . . . .

BHAGWAN: Mm.

YOGESH: When I am looking in the mirror I feel that the reflection is not mine. Why is it so? I am looking daily in the mirror. I feel that whatever I am looking at is not me.

BHAGWAN: It's perfectly beautiful, this experience —because you are not your body, you are not your face. Your body is just like your clothes, it is just your garment. Go on looking; the feeling will become more and more clear and loud. One day you will suddenly see that whatsoever you are seeing in the mirror is not you at all, and that will be a great insight. It is not you! People think that they are seeing themselves in the mirror because they are identified with their bodies.

Something is changing inside: the identification is breaking. It is a beautiful sign.

YOGESH: Every day it is giving me trouble when I look in the mirror.

BHAGWAN: No, no, it should not be thought of as a trouble but as a blessing. Yes, when you look in the mirror and you feel this is not you, it is very disorienting. Nothing to be worried about — enjoy it!

This is how it should be; this is truth. If you think *you* are mirrored in the mirror, that is a lie . . . although an accepted lie and everybody believes in it. You will feel at ease with it, because everybody also thinks that way. Otherwise this is a lie we have agreed upon.

You are *not* it. It is just a reflection of your body, not *your* reflection. Your consciousness cannot be reflected by the mirror; there is no mirror to reflect it.

If anything comes to reflect consciousness — the closest to the mirror — that is love. Only in very deep love do you sometimes feel some reflections of your being which are not of your body but of your consciousness. But those too are very rare, because love, to go that deep, needs great courage, great surrender . . . and people are not ready to surrender that much. They want the other to surrender; then it never happens.

But once in a while it happens to lovers; they can function like mirrors for each other. And when two lovers are in deep intimacy and have become mirrors reflecting each other, a great experience happens, because if two mirrors are reflecting each other nothing will be reflected. Infinity will be reflected. There will be no end to it. This mirror will reflect that, and that mirror will reflect this mirror, and so on and so forth, ad infinitum. If two mirrors are facing each other they will create an infinity. And that's the beauty of love: at its climax, when two persons become *really* intimate, they reflect each other and suddenly persons disappear; there is only presence and infinite presence. Only love comes a little bit close to the mirror, but the ordinary mirror cannot do that.

The experience is something beautiful, very significant. Disorienting, I understand, but if once you understand that this is right, the disorientation will disappear and it can become a meditation for you. *Make* it a meditation: whenever you have time, just look at the mirror and see that it is not you. Now see it consciously; don't avoid it. In fact, make it a meditation: sit before the mirror for as long as you can, continuously seeing that this is not you. And this can give you a great *satori*, a great insight, one day. Suddenly you will see that your body has disappeared: there is only consciousness, pure witness.

Make a meditation out of it. It has been used in the past as a meditation.

Good, Yogesh!

Anand Dharmen is from London —
a full-grown bearded hobbit!

BHAGWAN: Hello, Dharmen! When are you leaving?

DHARMEN: Tuesday.

BHAGWAN: Something to say to me?

DHARMEN: Here or in London I really have to go inside.

A few moments' silence go by
as if Bhagwan were reading a text
before Him . . ,

BHAGWAN: You have to go inside — that's true. Wherever you are, you have to go inside. That's

perfectly true. So make all effort to break the walls. Be almost like an army attacking a castle. It is really a castle, because the mind defends — it throws you out, it does not allow you in. It creates a thousand and one excuses to bring you out again. So one has to be very watchful; otherwise the mind brings distractions, allurements. The moment you start going in, the mind creates many allurements, and at the slightest hint you are distracted. You forget all about the inner journey and you have moved out, and as far away as possible. Each thought takes you away from yourself.

Whenever there is a thought you are away from yourself; when there is no thought you are in. That is the meaning of being in: a state of no-thought. Then you are in. There will not even be the thought, "I am in." If it is there, you are not in yet. If you are thinking, "Look, Dharmen, how beautiful — I am in," you are not, because this is a thought. When you are really in there is no Dharmen, no in, no out, no thought, no experience, nothing. Not even a spiritual experience is there. All has dissolved. Nothing is. One is in a state of no-where-ness. Then one is in.

But that's what has to be done, so whether here or in London, it makes no difference. All the difference that is possible is: here I go on hammering on you again and again to remind you; but that can be done there too.

Help my people there! Good, Dharmen.

Next, Shikhara, tall, clean-shaven and sincere . . .

BHAGWAN: Hello, Shikhara. When are you leaving?

SHIKHARA: Tomorrow.

BHAGWAN: Something to say to me?

SHIKHARA: Yes. I'm very afraid sometimes of what's happening. In my head it goes turning and turning and turning. It's happened before, before I came here. I don't know really what to do with it.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. It continues or once in a while it happens?

SHIKHARA: I'm aware that I'm quiet and then it comes up . . .

BHAGWAN: Then it comes up?

SHIKHARA: . . . and fades away, and comes up and fades away.

And then He calls him close
and places His left hand over
his third eye.
Shikhara stiffens a bit while
Neerjo, who is helping,
starts shaking.
Then there is a drop, a
peace, a stillness . . .

BHAGWAN: Good! Mm mm.

Whenever it happens, just watch it. There is no need to be worried about it. Worrying will make the problem worse. Trying to stop it will create more trouble. Simply be aloof and watch it happening as if

it has nothing to do with you. A kind of indifference — as if it is just the road and the traffic is passing by and you are sitting in your house looking at the road.

And that's exactly how it is: the mind is just the way along which the traffic of thoughts passes by. Sometimes there are rush hours and sometimes the road is empty, and you are sitting there deep in the heart watching it. And when I say "watch it," I mean don't judge — don't say it is not right, it should not be — because then the watching disappears. It has nothing to do with you.

In the fall the leaves fall. What can you do? In the spring the trees bloom. What can you do? So there are seasons in the mind. Sometimes it is empty, sometimes it is full, sometimes it is very noisy and sometimes it is silent; this is a rhythm. You are neither the silent mind nor the noisy mind — you remain the watcher of both. So don't choose.

That's where you are creating the problem: when it is silent you become identified. You think, "So this is who I am — so beautiful!" If you become identified with the silent mind, then of course when it is noisy you will feel troubled. Don't get identified even with the silent mind, because the mind is the mind; silent or non-silent makes no difference. When it is silent then too know it is just the mind so it's okay. When it is noisy, it is the mind; you are away from it.

Develop this aloofness, this distance, and things will change slowly slowly of their own accord. But whether they change or not is none of your business; just leave it. Leave it to the mind itself. Don't in-

terfere. Don't come in. Your energy is going perfectly well — only this watching has to be added.

And now he turns to me, to
ask how the Individual
Primal group went.
Good, I say, and Deepa,
the participant,
is called forth.
She is Italo-Romanian and has
led a very hard life,
being deprived of almost all kind
of emotional nourishment.
She's a pretty girl,
blonde, with emerald-colored
almond eyes.

He asks her how she is and she
tells Him she feels pain and
numbness through her left side,
including the tongue and leg.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. And how long have you felt that way?

DEEPA: Since I was seven, eight years old.

BHAGWAN: And do you remember how it started?

DEEPA: Yes. I fell off a bike and I was unconscious.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. And Divya, have you something to say?

DIVYA: Yes, there is a split in her. It must have started

at about that time. She was almost unreachable at times . . .

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. And you feel some other things also, or this is the only problem?

Deepa has great difficulty in expressing herself, speaking generally out of the side of her mouth, her voice trailing onto the floor somewhere. . . . (And her accent is also quite thick.) At this point she shrugged her shoulders, not really knowing if she felt some other things also.

DEEPA: Yes.

BHAGWAN: And this sometimes becomes more or less or remains the same?

DEEPA: No, this is all the same . . .

BHAGWAN: The same?

DEEPA: This side. Sometimes I'm writing, I want to write something, but when I read it, it's completely different.

Here she is referring to her desire to write and put down onto paper what a part (the other *part) feels but, of course, it didn't matter — for Bhagwan knew.*

BHAGWAN: No, no, nothing — both of the hemispheres of the brain have lost the bridge. It is there but not much traffic between both. But it will be put right.

He calls her close to
feel her with His hand.
He touches both the right side
and the left side,
and the third eye.
Deepa sits quite still.

BHAGWAN: Good. Mm mm. That falling off the bicycle has hurt deeply. Both brains have fallen apart; that's why Divya felt the split. They have to be brought together. A few things will be helpful. One is: acupuncture will be helpful. Have you tried acupuncture?

DEEPA: Not here — in Australia.

BHAGWAN: In Australia? No. Here you try acupuncture, one thing. Shiatsu, the second thing. And the third thing is: if you can manage, have a hot and cold bath together. Start with hot — a hot shower so that the whole body becomes hot, *really* hot, as much as you can bear — then a very cold shower. Two minutes hot, two minutes cold; two minutes hot, two minutes cold, four, five times. Begin with hot and end with cold. That will help immensely.

Something inside the brain has just stopped functioning — just the link. Both these brains are linked. Either some blood has become a clot there or something else, but this change from hot to cold,

from cold to hot, will help immensely. So these three things you do.

It will be okay — it will take two, three months but it will go. Nothing to worry about. It has been there so long, that's why it will take a little time. But there is no need to be worried. Good!

Now Purodha, who just did
the Awareness group,
is leaving.

BHAGWAN: Something to say to me?

PURODHA: In my last two groups — in Leela and Tao — I've been getting a lot of feedback about having energy blocked in my head, and I've been feeling tightness in my throat, in my chest and in my shoulders.

BHAGWAN: When did you start feeling it?

PURODHA: Well, I felt it for many years . . . but I've become more aware of it in groups.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. And have you done any body work?

PURODHA: Today I did a Rebirthing session.

BHAGWAN: That will be good, mm! And when will you be back?

PURODHA: I don't know.

BHAGWAN: There you can do Rolfing — that will be

helpful — or Postural Integration. Either one will do. Some work, deep work, on the body is needed.

Everybody carries many blocks but ordinarily we have repressed those blocks so much that they don't surface. But when you go through groups you start relaxing; your repression is removed and the blocks start surfacing. Nothing is wrong in their surfacing, because unless they surface you will never drop them; unless they really become a problem you will carry them for your whole life. And carrying those blocks is carrying an unnecessary load. But they are there — almost everybody has them, because our social conditioning and upbringing is such; we have not been brought up in freedom. We have been inhibited in so many ways that in fact it is a miracle how we survive all these inhibitions, repressions, taboos. How we are alive at all — that is a miracle, because there are so many rocks inside the being, and life is disconnected, disrupted.

The wounds are deep and it will be very difficult to see them, so the mind has learned a trick: not to look at them. Slowly slowly we forget all about them. They remain there because just by forgetting them they don't disappear. They go on working from the unconscious; they go on affecting your life. But you are unaware; you go on blaming others, and you don't see what is happening inside, how you are destroying your own life. But when you pass through meditations and therapy groups, slowly slowly you start looking at your own self. You are less afraid. You want to be acquainted with yourself, and then all those wounds and blocks start coming up. It is

frightening in the beginning, but it is good, because once you know them they can be dropped.

Rolfing will be of immense help. And at least one meditation you should continue — whichever you choose. Which one do you like the most?

PURODHA: Sometimes Vipassana, sometimes Kundalini.

BHAGWAN: If you can do both that will be very good, because they have different ways of working. In the morning you can do Kundalini, in the evening you can do Vipassana. Or in the evening you can do Kundalini, in the morning you can do Vipassana. If it is possible to manage two, then it will be perfectly good. If it is not possible, then choose one. But at least one meditation has to be a must. And next time you come, these things will be dissolved.

Monday, September 4th

Alan, clear-faced and
handsome
is already
trembling.
He sits far back
before the
Master,
eyes closed
awaiting . . .

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Swami Prem Amiro.

Prem means love, amiro means rich, richness — richness that love brings. And in fact, except for love nothing else ever brings richness. And all other riches are substitutes. People search for them because they have missed love. The person who is too obsessed with money is of necessity the person who is empty of love. The miser cannot love. In fact, because he could not love he became a miser; the miserliness is rooted in his lovelessness. He has to hold on to *something*. When love is there, you need not hold on to anything; love is enough unto itself. It gives you such richness that one can be poor and yet rich. Without love one can be very rich but remain poor.

The people who seek power are the people who are incapable of love. That's why it is very difficult to find a politician who has a loving heart. It is impossible.

ible. If he has a loving heart, why should he be in politics in the first place? Love would have been enough. Love gives power — such immense power; why should one go into politics? Because love is not there and love's power is missing, and one is feeling empty, impotent, one wants to fill that black hole with something or other — money, power, name, fame, anything. But nothing can ever fill it. It remains empty. It goes on asking for more and more and more. It cannot be filled by anything else, because it is meant to be filled only by love.

Only a loving person is a full person, overflowing. Love gives richness, and a richness that is inexhaustible, a richness that is eternal, a richness that even death cannot take away. Love conquers time and death both; love makes you immortal. In the moment of love one can easily die with no complaint on the lips. In the moment of love one is unafraid of anything; even death creates no tremor. The lover can die laughingly . . . because he has loved! Life has been such a boon, such a blessing, and death cannot take anything away — he has tasted something of the eternal.

The really poor people are those who are missing love; and the whole earth is full of those poor people who are starved. Sooner or later the outer poverty is going to disappear — now we have enough technology to make it disappear — and the real problem is going to arise. The real problem will be the inner poverty. No technology can help. The outer starvation will go — we can feed people, we are capable of feeding people now — but who will feed the spirit,

the soul? Science cannot do that. Something else is needed and that is what I call religion. Then science has done its work; then only can religion enter into the world.

Up to now religion has been only a freak phenomenon — once in a while a Buddha, a Jesus, a Krishna. These are exceptional people; they don't represent humanity. They simply herald a possibility, a future. But that future is coming closer. Once science has released the potential powers of matter and man is physically satisfied — has a shelter, has enough food, has enough education — then for the first time he will see that now a new food is needed. That food is love, and science cannot give it to man; science has no ways to understand love. That can only be done by religion. Religion is the science of love.

Sarito is here with the
whole family
before leaving for Germany.

SARITO: I would just like to say that I very much feel the desire to come here for good and still I'm scared to break everything and give up things.

BHAGWAN: It comes to everybody, that fear, because we are settled; to move into some new space is always a little frightening. But it has to be done. And you will have to do it — you can delay it a little longer, that's all. So the sooner you do it, the better; otherwise it will linger and remind you continuously. You cannot be there long now.

There is nothing to fear. In this life we don't have anything that we need to be afraid of losing. Even this life is going to be lost, so there is no need to cling to any security. And now the whole family is ready, so no problem.

Think of coming forever!

Sudheer is leaving for Paris.
He co-leads the Rebirthing Group here.

BHAGWAN: Something to say to me?

SUDHEER: Yes.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm.

SUDHEER: I am afraid of losing what is happening now. I feel this energy inside very delicate and it is very easily disturbed by other people. I catch a lot of things from other people and I don't know if I have to protect myself or just to let it happen. Sometimes I feel very bad.

Sudheer speaks fluid-fire,
passionately,
with energetic hand gestures.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. It happens when the energy starts changing and the new spaces arise. They *are* very delicate, very soft, and can be easily disturbed. They are like a rose flower, and the situations all around are like stones, so if you throw a stone at a rose flower, the rose flower is gone; the stone remains

the same. The higher the qualities that arise, the more one has to be alert, aware and watchful. But I will not say to protect, because that can become a dangerous thing again.

People know only one way of protection and that is to become hard on the outside, to create an armor, a hard crust so nothing enters inside. That's what many monks in the past have been doing. That seems to be the easier way. Inside is very delicate, very soft, feminine, so outside they become very masculine. But that too is dangerous because then you become closed. And that soft energy needs flow, that soft energy needs constant communion with the universe. All the windows and the doors should be open so that the sun can come in and the wind can come in and even rain can come in and you are constantly exchanging energy with the existence. Otherwise the inner energy becomes stagnant. If you grow a hard crust to protect it, that will destroy it. It will become stagnant, stale, and soon you will see that the hard crust has won over it and slowly slowly it has also become part of the hard crust. A constant exchange with existence is needed so that the energy continues renewing itself, remains fresh, just as flowing water remains fresh, alive; stagnant water goes dead and becomes poisonous sometimes.

So "protection" is not the right word. It is dangerous to use that word because that will mean to close yourself, to become hard, not to listen, not to be sensitive, to just bypass people, remain indifferent. Yes, in a way it will be protection — you will not be disturbed from the outside, but the inner has started

dying. You have become a prisoner, afraid of life.

That's how the monks have lived down the ages — Christian, Hindu, Jaina, Buddhist — all the monks. Why have they moved into the monasteries? So that they can protect themselves there. In the world they felt unprotected; they disappeared behind the monastery walls and they started growing a very hard crust. They became stony, and the more stonelike a monk was, the more he was praised. They became utterly insensitive, their poetry died. Their whole life became just a calculation — how to reach heaven — just a businesslike phenomenon with no music in it.

So I will not say that, to protect, no. Be watchful. That is a totally different thing, and that is real protection. Just watch. Something starts happening, starts affecting you — watch it. Let it affect you but remain watching; don't lose that consciousness. Something is affecting you — be alert about it. Let it affect you, don't protect against it, but just watch. Go on seeing that it is affecting you: somebody has insulted you and it hurts. Just watch that it hurts with no judgment of good or bad. Don't say that you are disturbed, don't say that he had done something wrong to you, don't say that you should have protected yourself.

Don't be worried that something is lost, your energy is disturbed, now how will you gain the old space again? No valuation at all, no judgment. Just watch it — that you are feeling hurt, so you are feeling hurt! And you will be surprised: the more you watch, the less you feel hurt, and still you remain open. The more watchfulness arises like a pillar, the

less and less you are affected. And there is no hard crust to protect you at all.

This watchfulness arises in the center of your being and the hard crust has to be put around the circumference; that is like a fencing wall. They are totally different, but you are watching, and in watchfulness nothing affects you. In the beginning when the watchfulness is not really deep, things will affect you, so nothing to be worried about. Watch that too — that you are affected. Somebody insults you and you feel insulted. Watch both, and when you see that watching is helping and that that hurt feeling is going, watch that too. Soon you will see that the wound has disappeared . . . watch that too!

Just go on watching whatsoever happens, so you will be able to avoid two extremes. One extreme is protection: that creates armor, makes a man insensitive, dull and dead; that is the way of the monk. The second extreme is to allow it to happen, to indulge in it; that is the way of the worldly. Somebody insults you, and you feel insulted, so you fight and get involved in the whole mess of it. People know only these two ways; they are cheap. Either they become part of the ordinary madness that exists around or they create a China Wall around themselves and become an island hidden behind the wall. Both are dangerous. In one way they lose their delicateness because of the wall; in another way they lose their delicate energy because they themselves become mad. The third is exactly the middle; neither indulge nor protect, just watch . . . a silent witness to whatsoever happens. And you will see: the witness

always remains unaffected. This will be a great experience.

And going will be helpful. Here you are protected in many ways. Here you live with people who are also growing like you — you get all the support possible. The whole atmosphere is full of a growing energy, and each understands everybody else. Sometimes because of this the new people who come to the ashram think that people are indifferent. People are not indifferent — they are very loving here. They look indifferent because they don't want to interfere in anybody's life. They know the other is growing into a delicate space; it is better to bypass, not to disturb.

For the newcomer, for the spectator, it looks as if people are just living their own lives unconcerned about others. That is not true. In fact *because* they are concerned they are not interfering. But back in the world nobody will consider you, nobody will be concerned. They will all be throwing stones at you, in many ways — unconsciously. Not that they want to hurt you; they have just become accustomed to throwing stones at each other. That is just the way life is; they do it out of habit.

One day I was staying in a temple and a bird entered. All the doors were open and all the windows were open, and the windows were so high that they were almost touching the ceiling . . . just one foot below the ceiling. But the bird would not go out of the windows or out of the doors. The bird was trying to fly upwards and was clashing with the ceiling and hurting his wings. And I helplessly watched. "What

has happened to that bird — can't he see the windows open and the doors open?" I wanted to say to the bird, "Just one foot below the window is there," but the bird was fighting madly with the ceiling.

He knows only one thing: he knows how to escape upwards; that has become habitual. The sky was always available to him: if there was some danger he has always escaped upward. Here also he is trying the old instinctive pattern, but now there is a ceiling, no sky. Not that he is knowingly doing it. . . .

Nobody is knowingly doing things to himself or to others — people are just doing things habitually.

So go into the world. They will be throwing stones and you will find many situations very difficult. Just watch, and you will gain much through that watching. And when you come next time you will find that your energy, the delicate energy, has become a settled phenomenon. It becomes crystallized through witnessing. Then it is delicate and yet strong; and the miracle is that the more delicate it is, the more strong it is.

When will you be coming back?

SUDHEER: One month . . . in one month.

BHAGWAN: Mm, so nothing to be worried — I will take care.

Yatra sits demurely before
Bhagwan, her face
a play of angles, with
her smile sliding upon it . . .

YATRA: I feel something coming up in me but I don't know what it is. I feel very excited.

BHAGWAN: Enjoy it! It is something good coming up. It is the same energy that moves downwards through sex. It is the same energy which, when it starts moving upwards, has a totally different quality. And in the beginning one cannot understand it because one has always known it flowing downwards. It is strange to feel it coming up in waves. If you allow it, if you don't repress it, it will soon reach to the highest center and your whole being will feel really ecstatic. In the beginning it will be exciting; in the end it becomes ecstatic. Allow it, help it. When it comes, sway with it, dance with it. Help it in every way . . . cooperate with it.

The mind will tend to repress it because the mind always represses anything that is new. The mind is always in favor of the old, so whatsoever new happens, the mind immediately jumps upon it and tries to kill it then and there. It is very afraid of the new because it does not know how to tackle it. The old it knows, the old it has tackled; it has become acquainted with it, it knows all the ins and outs of it. With the new the mind is impotent, utterly ignorant. So remember that — that there is always a conflict between the mind and the new, and life is always new and the mind is always old. That's why life and the mind never meet.

So when life brings some new energies to you, enjoy, cherish — put the mind aside. Feel exhilarated. Dancing, swaying, singing will help very much and

the energy will start finding more and more paths upwards. The higher it comes, the more ecstatic you will feel. When it comes to the third eye center, for the first time you will start feeling exactly as if you are moving in a deep sexual orgasm, with no sexuality in it — just orgasmic. Your whole body throbs with some unknown blessing.

So allow it, Yatra. This is the journey that is the meaning of your name, mm? This upward journey . . .

She nods a deep
knowing
helplessness.

Prabhati looks like she has
become older
before her time.
Her complexion is the
kind
that blushes
easily.
Her hands bear the pain
of veins.
I sense a hopelessness
about her.

BHAGWAN: Something to say to me?

PRABHATI: It's about relating. I feel the deeper I go into my feelings without concern for where the other is, the more I feel lost, unloving and alone. Yet the feeling stays and there is nothing, but it's all.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. You have to explore it. If you feel lost, feel lost; if you feel nothing, feel nothing. If you feel utterly empty, alone, go into it — don't be afraid. This is how it happens in the beginning: the first experience of the inner world is negative. There is a reason why it is negative in the beginning. In fact it is not negative, but our interpretation is negative.

We have always lived with others. From the moment the child leaves the mother's womb, he is never alone — he is with the mother, with the family, with friends, with people. The circle of acquaintances, friendships, relationships, goes on becoming bigger and bigger, and a crowd gathers around him. That's what we call life. And the more people are there in your life, the more you think you have a rich life.

When you start moving inwards all those faces fade away, all that crowd disperses. You have to say goodbye to everybody: even to your closest friend, your lover, you have to say goodbye. A moment comes where even your lover cannot be with you. That is the moment when you are entering again the same space as you were in the womb of the mother. But then you were not acquainted with the crowd so you never felt alone. The child was perfectly happy in the mother's womb because there was no comparison, all was joy. Because he never knew the other he could not feel lonely or alone — he had no idea. That was the only reality that he knew.

But now you have known the crowd, relationships, the joys and miseries of relationship, and both are there. Moving again inwards the world starts disappearing, becomes like an echo, and soon even the

echo disappears and one is utterly lost. But this is just an interpretation. If you can go on a little bit more, suddenly you will find yourself — and for the *first* time you will find yourself. Then you will be surprised: you were lost in the crowd; now you are not lost. You were lost in that jungle of relationship and now you have come home. Then again you can come back into the world, but you will be a totally different person.

You will relate but you will not depend; you will love but your love will not be a need. You will love but you will not possess; you will love but you will not be jealous. And when love is without jealousy, without possessiveness, it is divine. You will be with people. In fact only then can you be with people because you *are*; now you can be with people. First you were not, so the whole idea of being with people was just illusory, a kind of dream.

Unless you are, how can you relate? Unless you are, how can you be with the other? It is just a fiction that we create; it is a delusion.

PRABHATI: I didn't understand that sentence.

BHAGWAN: Unless you are centered, unless you know who you are, you cannot really relate. All the relationship that goes on without self-knowledge is just an illusion. The other thinks he is relating to you, you think you are relating to him; neither do you know yourself nor does he know himself. So who is relating to whom? There is nobody! Just two shadows playing a game. And both are shadows so there is no substance in the relationship. That's what I observe con-

tinuously: people relate but there is nothing substantial. They relate because they are afraid that if they don't relate they will fall into loneliness and feel lost, so they jump again and start relating. Any kind of relationship is better than no relationship; even if it is enmity it is okay; at least one feels occupied. Your so-called love is nothing but a kind of enmity, a polite way of fighting, struggling, dominating, a civilized way of torturing each other, nagging.

So you have to go into this space. Gather courage and go into it. Even if it feels very sad and very lonely, nothing to be worried about; we have to pay this price. And once you have reached your source the whole thing will change completely, and you will come out of it as an individual. That is the difference I make between an individual and a person: a person is a false phenomenon, an individual is a reality. Persons, personalities, are masks, shadows; individuality is substance, it is reality. And only individuals can relate, can love — persons can only play games.

When will you be coming back?

PRABHATI: Christmas.

BHAGWAN: Good. That is the right time to be here.

PRABHATI: Yes!

BHAGWAN: But it is always Christmas here!

Next, Prem Chinmayo.

PREM CHINMAYO: Bhagwan, I wanted to ask you — I

had an accident three years ago, a skiing accident, and recently I feel a pain when I talk. I feel like I'm hurting someone or something doesn't feel right, and I suddenly get a pain shooting through me.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm.

PREM CHINMAYO: And then I become very sensitive to the pain which comes occasionally, and I was wondering how to get away from it.

BHAGWAN: And what actually happened in the accident?

PREM CHINMAYO: I did the splits on the slopes . . . I lost myself and I fell and the tendon was broken in my leg and then it was stitched back again, but I'm not balanced any more. This pain comes and it's becoming a psychological pain as well. I don't know what to do.

BHAGWAN: It comes once in a while or it is always there?

PREM CHINMAYO: Not always.

BHAGWAN: But when you are talking, then it comes?

PREM CHINMAYO: In situations where I have to . . .

BHAGWAN: You become emotional, then it comes?

PREM CHINMAYO: I think so. I'm not sure.

BHAGWAN: Just come close to me.

Aneesha, come here. Close your eyes. Just hold her hands and be on your knees. Keep holding her hands and if something starts happening to both of you . . .

Really allow, Bhagwan added.
I witness a fighter, a doer . . .
Her face twists and writhes,
her nose wrinkles,
she holds her breath and
tightens her jaw, as if
holding on to dear life . . .
And then, then the drop which
inevitably
comes at the end of His
downpour,
for nothing can resist for long
the torrent of
the Master's
love-will.
A peaceful smile is
uncovered and
Aneesha's hands fold over
her heart.

BHAGWAN: It is just that your body energy has lost balance. It is not yet balanced. And it can affect the mind too. It works both ways: the mind can affect the body, the body can affect the mind. But when something is in the mind it is more difficult to change it. When something is in the body it is easier to change it; because it is in the gross it can be tackled more easily.

Have you done any body work?

PREM CHINMAYO: Anatta, the group.

BHAGWAN: And when will you be back here?

PREM CHINMAYO: I hope at Christmas time.

BHAGWAN: Christmas? Because Rolfing will be of immense help, and acupuncture. But I would like you to do it here. It is a totally different experience, mm? — one can relax here more easily with sannyasins. And unless you are in a let-go nothing reaches to the deepest core, because a subtle protection goes on. When you are being Rolfed by a stranger, unknowingly, unconsciously, deep down you resist. When you are being Rolfed by a sannyasin you can relax more easily, and the deeper your relaxation, the deeper the Rolfing process will go. It is so with acupuncture and it is so with all body work: a great trust helps immensely.

So nothing to be worried about. Simply accept it for the time being, and don't make it much of a problem, and when you come back remind me again. Rolfing and acupuncture — two things have to be done. And it will be gone. . . .

And He rises from His seat,
this living flower,
and folds His hands into
a fragile prayer
of namaste . . .
His eyes shining with
the waters of life.
He walks with footsteps
not of this earth.

A living promise . . .
a proof that
it can be done:
a living human can *become*
a living God.

Tuesday, September 5th

Maneesha continues the commentary . . .

Back in darshan once again
I glance at Prasad
in the front row
gazing dewy-eyed
at Bhagwan, totally enthralled
as though he doesn't live
right next door to Him at all!

Yoran, French painter,
is being sannyassed . . .

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Swami Veetjay.

Veet means beyond, jay means the idea of victory — one who has gone beyond the idea of winning. The idea of winning is the basic problem. It creates the whole politics of life. It creates violence. And one suffers infinite misery because of it, because this game of life is not a game in which anybody can be a winner. There is no question of winning and no question of losing. All is as it is; we are not going anywhere. And because it is one energy, who is going to win and who is going to be defeated? The whole idea of winning is as stupid as somebody trying to defeat his left hand with his right hand. You can pretend, but you know that it is utterly ridiculous; the same energy is behind both hands.

That is the meaning when Jesus says, "Love your enemy as yourself," because he *is* yourself. This whole existence is a unity. And the moment we start thinking in terms of winning, we create conflict. It is fighting with our own energy; that fighting brings frustration and life becomes unnecessarily bloody. It loses joy because you cannot win, and without winning you cannot be joyful.

Once this idea of winning is dropped, life takes on a new dimension. Then it is a festival, then it is just play. It is delight.

Would you like to say something to me?

NEERJA *(translating)*: He says he doesn't know how to say it but one day he would like to do some painting work in the ashram.

BHAGWAN: Perfectly good — do it! Good, Veetjay.

Veetjay laughs
so Bhagwan chuckles
and makes us laugh
because His enjoyment is
so juicy and infectious.

An air of apology
about him, Warren
comes forward at the invitation,
and sits down, nodding acquiescence
before anything is said.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Swami Prem Utsavo.

Prem means love, utsavo means celebration. Life is love and love is celebration. Celebration is the very core of religion, the soul. Without celebration religion becomes a corpse. And that's what has happened to religions in the past again and again: they become serious. And the moment they become serious, only the dead body is there.

Religion remains alive only through celebration. When Buddha is there, there is celebration. When Krishna is there, there is celebration. When Jesus is there, there is celebration. The moment the Master leaves the body the disciples become very serious, they become fanatics, and they start becoming missionaries: they want to convert the whole world. They start arguing, proving, disproving; they create theology. And slowly slowly the soul dies — they become too engaged with other things. Religion lives only through celebration, as celebration. But this point has been missed again and again; that's why so many religions were born but they all died, and they all died a premature death. It was not necessary to die; they could have lived and served humanity.

I want to make it very conscious in my sannyasins not to be serious; be sincere but don't be serious. And remember continuously that existence is in a constant celebration. When you are in celebration you are in tune with existence, in tune with God, in tune with Tao. When you become serious you fall apart.

The old proverb is right: When you laugh the whole world laughs with you, but when you cry, when you weep, you weep alone. People are ready to share with you if you are happy. They themselves are

in enough misery — who wants to be with a serious man? The serious man is heavy.

It is said that you cannot live with a saint twenty-four hours a day: you will die of boredom. But of course, these are not saints about whom that is said; otherwise you can live with a saint for eternity and you can go on celebrating. But then the saint has to have a different taste, a different flavor to him. That flavor is called "utsavo."

My sannyasins have to be laughing, dancing, singing. That is their prayer. If you can laugh a heartful laugh, it is prayer. If you can dance to abandon, it is prayer. If you can sing your being, that is prayer. And there is no need to take religion seriously. Seriousness is pathological. Children are not serious, because they are very close to the source of life. The birds are not serious; nobody has ever come across a bird who is serious. The trees are not serious; nobody has ever seen a tree serious. It is all joy . . . it is continuous celebration.

Even when a flower is dying and the petals are falling there is no seriousness at all; even in the dying flower you will see joy and beauty and thankfulness. And that's how a man should live and should die. Dancing one should live, and dancing one should die. I teach the dancing God.

Deva means divine,
abhar means gratitude,
Prasad translates for Ursula
from Germany.

BHAGWAN: To live in gratitude is to live in God. To live in gratitude means to see the gift that existence has given to us. It is so immense, so invaluable. We have not earned it . . . we are not worthy of it. It has been showered on us for no reason — it is very unreasonable! Because it is unreasonable, gratitude has to be there. If we had earned it there would be no need to be grateful. We have not paid for it; it is just out of God's overflowing energy that we live, that we love. It is so mysterious to be.

It is not the "how" of existence that is a mystery, but that it *is*. It is almost unbelievable that I am, that you are, that these people are, that these trees and these stars are. There is no reason for it to be. It is very unreasonable, it is very illogical. If it were not there we could not have complained about it. It is there but we have not given thanks for it.

To see it and to start feeling grateful is the beginning of sannyas. Feel grateful for everything that has happened to you and that is happening and that is going to happen. Feel grateful for very small things, because they are not small. Just a rose flower you have seen in the early morning . . . . It looks so small but it contains the whole existence, the whole universe. And what beauty, what benediction! A child has laughed looking at you. It is *God* laughing — it is his gesture. You see the sunset in the evening. . . . It seems impossible that people don't bow down when they see the sunset. It seems they have become hard stones. It seems their hearts beat no more; otherwise they would have cried out of joy. Tears would have come to their eyes, tears of bliss and gratitude.

This is my message to you: learn to be grateful, and once you start being grateful you will be surprised — every day there are a thousand and one occasions to be grateful. Then each moment, each occasion of being grateful, becomes a contact with God.

Assigned some groups
she nods that, yes,
there is something to say.

ABHAR: I have had such a block in my throat for years already.

BHAGWAN: Can you remember when it started?

ABHAR: I had it the first time I was pregnant. Then it faded and came back after my divorce about three years ago.

BHAGWAN: And then it remained?

ABHAR: Yes.

BHAGWAN: And does it remain the whole time or does it come and go?

ABHAR: It is there nearly all the time.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. It will go . . . it will go. No need to worry, not at all. Just do these four groups and remind me after four groups. Many more things will go of which you are not even aware, but which are all hanging around. You will be unburdened!

She laughs and looks
much lighter, feeling
the work begun;

then moves aside
to make way for
a fellow countrywoman.

BHAGWAN: Something to say?

SANNYASIN: Yes. I get angry with my son so very easily about just little things. With my daughter it's not so.

BHAGWAN: How many children have you?

SANNYASIN: Two.

BHAGWAN: And are you only angry with your children or with other people also?

SANNYASIN: With my son especially; he suffers a lot.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. And with your husband anger is there?

SANNYASIN: Not so much, but we don't live together.

BHAGWAN: Because of anger or something else?

SANNYASIN: I didn't love him. I married him because I was pregnant with my son, but I didn't love him, so we separated.

BHAGWAN: And what groups have you done here?

SANNYASIN: Centering, Sarjana, Tathata and Enlightenment Intensive.

BHAGWAN: And how old is your son?

SANNYASIN: Ten years.

BHAGWAN: What happens in anger? You start beating him?

SANNYASIN: I have done it, yes.

BHAGWAN: And he fights back?

SANNYASIN: Yes, he does.

BHAGWAN: Has it remain continuously so for these ten years?

SANNYASIN: I wasn't aware of it before, but when my daughter was born then it started; before it was not so. I found that I didn't love him as much as I love my daughter.

Bhagwan gazes at her unblinking
then jerks Himself back
with a thoughtful, Mm mm . . . .
His eyes fixed on His lap
He slowly rotates
the small box He will give her
as a going-away gift.

BHAGWAN: Do one thing: whenever you feel angry with him, go into the room and instead of being angry at him, throw the anger on a pillow — beat the pillow, bite the pillow. Try it for a few times and you will be surprised: it will change your relationship with the child.

It is not really a question of loving or not loving. If you don't love him then it is even more essential not to be angry. If you love him, then anger can be tolerated because you compensate with love, but if

you don't love him then your anger is just unforgivable. You follow me?

SANNYASIN: Yes.

BHAGWAN: If one loves then, yes, anger also can be accepted, because you will compensate for it: you will love him more after anger and there will be no problem and the child will understand. But if you don't love the child and then you are angry, it is really unforgivable.

All that you need is expression of anger. It accumulates in you, and he has become just an excuse: you don't find anybody else there to throw it on so you just throw on him. Children generally become scapegoats because they are helpless. You may have been angry with your husband but he was not helpless. You may have been angry with your father but he was not helpless. All that anger has accumulated; now it is channelized towards this helpless child, because he cannot do anything. You can be angry, you can *afford* to be angry. And you are feeling guilty because of it, because this is irrational. But simply stopping won't help, because you gather anger in you and it has to be thrown out.

So make it a point for one month: whenever you feel angry with him just leave him there, go into the room, beat the pillow, throw the pillow, bite the pillow. Within five minutes you will feel that the anger has gone and you will feel after that anger much compassion coming for the child. So just for one month try and then it will be so simple. For one month it will be an effort, mm?

because that habit will say, "Be angry at the child," and the mind will say, "This is foolish, mad, to be angry at the pillow." Just for one month . . . . Once you have seen the beauty of it — that nobody is hurt, anger is released, and on the contrary you feel compassion for the child, and love will arise . . . .

And your understanding is not accurate when you say you don't love the child. If you don't love him you will not be so angry either; they go together. So once this anger is expressed — not on the child but somewhere else, in a vacuum — your love energy will surface and you will start loving the child. First it will be compassion, then it will be love.

Anger is nothing but love upside-down, love gone sour, that's all. It has to be put right-side-up and it becomes love. You can't be angry with a person you don't love at all. Impossible. There is no point in being angry. So anger and hate are not really opposites of love. The real opposite of love is apathy, indifference. If you don't love the child you will be indifferent — who cares? Anger means care. You would like the child to be like this and he is not and you become angry. You would like him to do this and he is not doing it and you become angry. If you don't care, then let him do whatever and go wherever he wants, and whatsoever happens to him doesn't matter to you. Mm, deep down there is love but something has gone wrong.

And my feeling is that it has nothing to do with the child; it has something to do with your husband, with your father, with your mother . . . but all that accumulated anger. For example, think of this child: he

is suffering your anger for no reason at all. He cannot afford to be angry with you right now because he knows he will be defeated, he will suffer more. You can *make* him suffer. He will go on suppressing the anger and this anger some day or other is going to be thrown on somebody. If he can find a woman he will torture her. But if the woman is powerful, as women always are, then he will not be able to torture the wife; he will torture the son. He will have to look somewhere for some excuse, and he will have to throw it. If he cannot throw it on the child, on the wife, then on the servants or in the office — if he is a boss he will torture somebody who is just below him. And that will be unjustified, because really he wanted to torture you but that he could not do. This is how things go.

There is a famous story about an Indian king who had a joker in his court, as in the ancient days every king used to have — a fool in the court to bring balance. They used to have wise people in the court and to bring the balance a fool too. That was part of great wisdom, because sometimes the wise man might not say the thing that was needed. He might think about whether to say it or not, about how it is going to affect him, his future. But the fool would not bother and he would simply say it; and sometimes fools have saved great situations.

The king was standing in the court talking to his courtiers and the fool was standing by his side. He did something or said something and the king was very angry, so he hit him on the head. Now, the fool wanted to hit the king back. Although he was a fool

and he could have done it he was not that much of a fool. So he hit the person who was standing by his side — it was the Grand Vizier — and the Grand Vizier said, "But why are you hitting me?" The fool said, "I cannot hit the king and I have to hit *some*body. If you are too disturbed you can pass it on to somebody else." That's how it happens in the world: you pass it on! "The king gave it to me, I have given it to you, you pass it on."

This is how from generation to generation anger passes, hatred passes, jealousy passes; all kinds of poisons go on accumulating and one generation gives it as a heritage to another generation. That's why humanity becomes more and more burdened every day. Don't do it to the child because you will spoil his whole life, and he has not done anything wrong to you. Somebody must have done wrong to you but that is not *his* fault.

Just try for one month and you will be surprised: this one month will change the whole pattern.

Vadan, leaving, wonders why
she's always afraid of Bhagwan.

BHAGWAN: That's a good sign, a very confirmatory sign!

He chuckles. In the discourses
He's been telling us
of the confirmatory signs
that the golden flower is opening.

ANAND VADAN: I feel that I'm leaving because I'm running away from you.

BHAGWAN: No, not at all.

ANAND VADAN: No?

Her body pauses
in its trembling,
a tear hangs
in mid-descent.

BHAGWAN: You cannot run away, because I will follow you wherever you are and I will not leave you so easily! That is not possible. Each escape will bring you closer to me. Soon you will understand that escaping is futile.

And fear is very natural. Something is going to happen — something so tremendous and so unknown to you that the mind is afraid and frightened. I can see it coming. So fear is very natural. When the beyond starts penetrating, when heaven penetrates the earth, fear arises, great fear arises. But now you cannot do anything. You can be afraid — it is going to happen, *in spite* of all your fear, so why not enjoy? Why bother about it? *(laughter)* When it is going to happen it is better to enjoy it.

She laughs with us
uncertain whether to be
alarmed or reassured.

BHAGWAN: Soon the fear will also disappear. It is the first reaction of the mind. When facing the unknown

the mind always becomes afraid. The unknown brings a risk. Who knows what will happen in the unknown? Nothing can be predicted and the mind is incapable of seeing into it. It shrinks back. It says, "Better to be with the known, at least it is familiar — maybe it is miserable but it is familiar." That's why people prefer misery rather than bliss, because misery has one good thing about it: it is known. Bliss is unknown. And to choose the unknown against the known is the meaning of courage.

Courage means nothing else, just this: choosing the unknown against the known. And the known has everything in its favor because it is known — you have lived it, you have tasted its joys and its miseries, its pleasures, its pains; you are perfectly acquainted with it. It is secure, familiar. You know where you are moving, you are acquainted with the ground; the whole map is known. It is almost like your home. Even in the dark night you can move without stumbling and can find the door. The known has everything in its favor. The unknown has only one thing in its favor — that it gives growth, nothing else; but that is more than enough. With the unknown is growth; with the known one is stuck, stuck in security. With the unknown one grows — in *insecurity*; all growth is in insecurity. All growth is in risking.

And I am the greatest risk you can find upon the whole earth. I am not a consolation, as other so-called saints are. They console you, they are like lullabies: you go on suffering and they console you and say, "Don't be worried — the soul is immortal

and God is looking after you. Everything will come out right ultimately. You are safe — just pray and believe in the Bible or in the Koran, and Jesus Christ will take care of you." They console you. I take all your consolations away, I take all your props away, because the moment all your props are gone and you collapse is the great moment of your birth, rebirth.

So fear, Vadan, is absolutely understandable. But you have crossed that point from where one can go back. You cannot go back, so it is better to enjoy the journey now. And don't hanker for the past and the old. The gone *is* gone. Let it slip out of your hands. Don't waste time,because you don't know what is going to happen to you. *I* know, and I say, "Don't waste time," because once it has happened you will cry and weep — because how much time you wasted unnecessarily! — it could have happened long before.

So you can go and come back. Good!

BHAGWAN: Hello, Parigyan. When are you leaving?

PARIGYAN: The day after tomorrow.

BHAGWAN: Something to say to me?

He feels very vulnerable
and unstable,
explains Radha, translating for him.

BHAGWAN: It is good! It's how it should be. Stability is death. Instability is life. How can you feel stable if you are growing? A growing thing cannot be stable.

Only a dead thing is stable. So when a person starts growing he becomes unstable. And the other thing is also part of it: vulnerability.

Growth means that you are absorbing something new every day, and that absorption is possible only if you are open. You have lived closed your whole life; you were not available to the sun and the wind and the rain. Now your windows are open and the doors are open: sometimes the rain comes in and the wind comes in, the sun comes, and life moves within you. So you will feel a few disturbances: your newspaper will start moving in the wind, the papers on the table will be disturbed, and if the rain starts coming in, your clothes may be wet. If you have lived always in a closed room you will feel, "What is happening?"

But something beautiful is happening. It is good to be available to the wind, to the rain, to the sun, because this is what life *is*. So rather than becoming worried about it, dance! Dance when the storm comes, because silence will follow it. Dance when challenges come and disturb your life, because in responding to those challenges you will be growing to new heights. Remember: even suffering is a grace. If one can take it rightly it becomes a stepping stone.

People who have never suffered and have lived a convenient and comfortable life are almost dead people. Their life will not be like a sharp sword — it will be blunt. It will not even cut vegetables. It will be of no use in the war. Intelligence becomes sharp when you face challenges. Pray every day to God, "Send me more challenges tomorrow, send more storms . . ." and then you will know life at the optimum.

BHAGWAN: Hello, Veetkam! When are you leaving?

VEETKAM: The day after tomorrow.

BHAGWAN: Something to say to me?

VEETKAM: I have changed very much in the days I have been here, this month . . .

BHAGWAN: You *have* changed — I can see it.

VEETKAM: . . . but I feel like an instrument that cannot be tuned.

BHAGWAN: Mm?

VEETKAM: Something is missing — I feel like an instrument which cannot be tuned.

BHAGWAN: There has never been any instrument which could not be tuned. It takes time and patience, that's all. But if you don't want to be tuned, that is another thing; otherwise there has never been an instrument which could not be tuned. Maybe, also, you expect too much too early.

Life is a very very patient affair. Things grow slowly, and everybody has to follow *his own* pace. Whatsoever has happened is perfectly good. Much more will be happening, but don't ask for perfection — that is a neurotic desire and it makes the person feel very very sad unnecessarily. Feel grateful for that which has happened and go on working on yourself; much more will be happening, but don't ask for perfection. In fact there is no perfection ever. Even when the instrument is tuned it can be tuned more.

There is no limit to growth. You can never come to

a point where you can say, "Now I can put a full stop." And that is the beauty of life, that there is no possibility to put a full stop anywhere. It goes on growing . . . waves upon waves go on rolling. It is an unending process. People who become too interested in perfection miss much. They miss the joy of gratefulness, they miss the joy of thankfulness.

Don't be worried about the instrument — it will be tuned. But I am not saying that you will come to a point where you can say, "Now there is no need to go anywhere, there is no need to grow." That point never comes. Life is an eternal pilgrimage. Each goal that you attain becoms the beginning of a new journey. All goals ultimately prove only resthouses for an overnight stay and in the morning we have to go again. . . .

Danish Nayano
reminds Bhagwan of a letter
she wrote about her studies,
the essence of it being,
she explains at length,
that if she continues psychology
it will take her perhaps seven years;
but she feels to do
something with her hands instead.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. My feeling is that you finish psychology. If you have not started the other course yet, finish psychology. You will not be satisfied by something with the hands. You have the intellectual

type in you. So nothing is wrong in it — you will be satisfied. Continue studying psychology and finish it as fast as you can. That can be of much use later on.

Psychology has many insights which can be used and developed, and particularly right now psychology is in a growing mood. Mm, many branches are growing and much can be done. It is not yet a fixed science so there is much possibility for innovation. Once a science becomes fixed then there is nothing much left: one has to study it, information has to be collected, that's all. But psychology is still growing and has to grow much. It will take centuries for it to become a science, so there is much possibility to discover, to invent, to innovate, to explore — much possibility, and you will enjoy it.

Do it!

NAYANA: What do you think? — is it better to study at this Rajneesh University or to study in the West?

BHAGWAN: It will be good if you finish your studies there and then come and be part of the university. That will be good. You can come in your holidays sometime and go again. But this will be good: first finish your studies there, then you can become part of the university, mm? Good!

Sonoko, a student, says that she intends to continue meditating in Japan, but can Bhagwan give her some advice on how to live her day-to-day life?

BHAGWAN: What are you studying?

PRABUDDHA *(translating)*: She wrote you that she is going to study Oriental art.

BHAGWAN: Yes, that's perfectly good — I will need you, so finish it. And put your whole energy into learning it . . . not just for the degree's sake, because to get a degree is very easy. Mm? any mediocre person can do that. Put your whole energy into it, make it your life work, because I will need many people in the new commune, and you will be needed for the Oriental art. We are going to make it multi-dimensional, and art is going to be the most important thing that is needed there.

So make it your life work, your devotion — not just for the degree; the degree is immaterial, mm? Drown yourself in it completely. Continue to meditate and let your learning about Oriental art be your full-time meditation.

Her small but mobile
and immensely expressive hands
accompany her whispered
conversation with Prabuddha.

SONOKO: Another thing I wanted to say is that when I was in Japan I didn't know what Japan was but I discovered Japan here.

BHAGWAN: That's true! That is true.

SONOKO: The university I am in now is very mind-knowledge-oriented. I want to study more with the hands.

BHAGWAN: Yes, study more with the hands, mm? — because art is something which one should be able to do. Don't learn about art, learn art itself . . . so that's right. And this is a Zen place, so you can discover the real Japan here! Now you will be able to see Japan with new eyes.

Nalini, elderly French sannyasin,
hands and feet bent with arthritis,
sits in a chair opposite Bhagwan
and with Neerja translating
begins to tell of all
that's happened for her
in the groups she did.
After each group was over
she felt nauseous, we're told,
had pains in her spine,
a choking feeling
and the sensation that she's dreaming,
that she herself is a dream.

Divya is called
to kneel before her,
her therapist's hands on
Nalini's thighs,
while Radha, standing behind,
is to place her hands
on Nalini's shoulders.

Divya and Radha's energies
move almost imperceptibly,

but Nalini, sandwiched between the two,
is shaken a bit
so that she slips
down her chair a little.

BHAGWAN: The energy is perfectly good; don't be worried at all. There has been a change in the circulation of the energy, and whenever a great change happens one can feel nausea because the whole body feels very disturbed. It can feel almost like one has gone through surgery. But it is something good. Within a week it will settle, and you will feel such a well-being as you have never felt before. It will take a few days to settle, but the energy is going perfectly well; the group has been helpful.

And this feeling that all looks like a dream and you yourself look like a dream is of great value. This is the truth. We *are* living in a dream and we *are* dreams. This is the beginning of seeing what reality is. Before one can know the real as real, one has to know the false as false. Before one can realize the light, one has to see the darkness and realize it. The negative has to be experienced first; then only can the positive be felt. The experience of the negative prepares one for the experience of the positive.

The Christian mystics have the right name for it; they call it "the great dark night of the soul." Before the morning a dark night of the soul passes . . . but the energy is perfectly good.

When will you be coming back?

NALINI: Next year, during the vacation.

BHAGWAN: Good, Nalini . . . good!

A see-through shirt
and skin-tight trousers,
Anil Satyarthi from Bombay
begins to talk in Hindi
to Bhagwan, then switches to English.

ANIL SATYARTHI: I am fully aware when I get up and then I go to the bathroom and then it happens. I don't know what grips me — I lose awareness.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. And how long has it been happening?

ANIL SATYARTHI: It's been since '73.

BHAGWAN: How do you feel afterwards?

ANIL SATYARTHI: I don't remember anything. Sometimes, once, I had a loss of memory. I ask very ridiculous questions . . . I don't know where I am.

BHAGWAN: And are you doing some meditations?

ANIL SATYARTHI: No.

BHAGWAN: Do you feel good afterwards, or bad when you come back?

ANIL SATYARTHI: I can't say.

BHAGWAN: Mm, difficult to say? Do you feel rested afterwards . . . as if you have been in deep sleep and rested?

ANIL SATYARTHI: Yes . . . yes.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. And you don't have any

premonition? Before it comes you don't feel that it is coming?

ANIL SATYARTHI: No, absolutely not.

BHAGWAN: It comes suddenly?

ANIL SATYARTHI: Suddenly.

BHAGWAN: So you fall or . . . ?

ANIL SATYARTHI: Yes. It's always in the bathroom and in the morning.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm . . . mm mm. Just come close to me . . . raise your hands, close your eyes.

Perhaps he trembles
but it's not very strong.

BHAGWAN: Good, Anil. Mm mm. You need not worry — it is a very good meditative space; it is not harming you at all. So rather than worrying, enjoy it. It is not harming you, and if you go to the psychiatrists they will not be able to find anything. But experts have one difficulty: even if they can't find anything they will do something; otherwise they look fools. So they will give injections and medicines and they will disturb the whole thing. This is something like meditation . . . a natural meditation is happening.

You need not be worried. Enjoy it — forget thinking about it as illness. It is *well*ness, it is a fit of wellness. Drop that interpretation and you will be surprised: once you drop that interpretation you will come out of it so flowing, so energyful, so rested, as if

you have gone to the deepest core of your being. And that's what *is* actually happening.

This is what was happening to Ramakrishna and the doctors were thinking that he was having fits. These are not fits. It must have something to do with your past life: you must have meditated deeply and something of that meditation has been carried in your deep memory. And because in India the meditation time is early morning, it still carries the same program. That's why it happens in the toilet every day — no other time.

Just enjoy it, and after two, three months report to me again. You will become flowing, more healthy than you have ever been.

Have you a box? Keep this box under your pillow in the night, so I will continue to work on you. Good, Anil!

Wednesday, September 6th

Hartmut is here
as a member of the Primal group
. . . and a would-be sannyasin.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Swami Sagar Sundar.

Sagar means ocean, sundar means beauty — oceanic beauty. And remember that beauty is something of the wild; beauty is never civilized. The moment you civilize it, it becomes ugly. There is no way to civilize beauty. Beauty has to be intrinsically wild, because beauty is part of nature. It is not nurture; it is nature. That's why trees are beautiful, animals are beautiful, birds are beautiful. It is impossible to find a bird which is ugly or a deer which is ugly. Nature is spontaneously beautiful.

Only man becomes ugly. And the dilemma is that it is only man who *tries* to be beautiful. In that very effort to become beautiful, ugliness enters. The very idea to be beautiful shows that you have accepted that you are ugly; the idea is oriented in your self-condemnation. One thing is certain: the person who is trying to be beautiful has accepted his inferiority, his ugliness, his worthlessness. Now he is trying to hide it, to cover it, to improve upon it. Man is the only animal who tries to be beautiful and man is the only animal who is ugly.

So the first thing to remember in life is that the more close to nature you are — to the wild aspect of it, the wild ocean or the wild mountains or the wild jungle — the more beautiful you are. In beauty there is joy. And out of beauty arises love, out of beauty arises expression, creativity.

Only a beautiful person can be creative, because he accepts himself. He is so glad to be himself, he is so grateful to be himself, that out of this gladness and gratitude and acceptance, naturally creativity arises. He wants to do something for God because God has done so much for him. He would like to paint a picture or to create music or to make this world a little better or to help human beings to grow. But he would like to do something because God has done so much for him. Just out of thankfulness creativity is born — that is the *real* source of creativity. But that is possible only when you accept yourself, when you are not trying to hide behind masks, when you are not trying to create a camouflage, when you are not creating a personality but are allowing your essence to have its say.

Animals don't have any personality. I am not talking about *tamed* animals; they start having a personality. A wild dog has no personality, just essence; but once the dog is tamed he starts becoming political, he starts becoming diplomatic. He starts being a person; he is no more an individual. He pretends: you hit him and still he goes on wagging his tail in your praise — this is personality. He would like to tear you into pieces but he knows that you are the boss and he knows his limitations. He knows that soon it is going to be suppertime and he will be in dif-

ficulty; he will be beaten, punished. He knows his helplessness so he creates a *persona*, a mask. He becomes false, he starts pretending, he becomes civilized, he becomes educated . . . and loses beauty.

Beauty is of the wild and beauty is of the vast. The ocean is wild and vast. You cannot see the other shore. You can never see the other shore of beauty. You can feel it but you cannot grasp it. You cannot hold it in your hands. You can live it, you can enjoy it, you can dive deep into it, but you will never be able to fathom it; it is unfathomable, it is immeasurable. Beauty is oceanic, vast, tremendously vast. Beauty has depth, just like the ocean; and the deeper it is, the more divine. Depth means divine. Depth is the dimension of the divine.

The civilized person lives on the surface: he is a swimmer, not a diver. He knows perfectly well how to manage himself on the circumference. He is very well acquainted with the circumference — its ways, manners, etiquette and all. Just below him there is immense depth but he remains oblivious of it.

Beauty is of the depth: the deeper you become, the more beautiful you are. And then the beauty is not of this world, because depth is the dimension of the divine. The deeper you go, the more something from your innermost core starts welling up. Beauty is not a make-up, it is a *welling*-up. Make-up is on the surface.

Just the other day I was reading about a man who was saying to his friend, "I have found the best contraceptive in the world." The friend asked, "What is that?" And the man said, "I simply tell my wife to

remove her make-up. Once she removes her make-up I am no more interested in making love to her."

So people are making love to the make-up? That is exactly what is happening: people are making love to the personality — which is make-up, which is just a garment around you; it is not you. Hence even love becomes ugly, superficial, mundane, has no more the quality of prayer, intimacy, has no more the quality of eternity.

So these three things I want to remind you of by giving you this name: beauty is wild like a wild ocean, beauty is vast like the vast ocean — you cannot see the other shore — and beauty is of the depth, never of the surface. If one attains to beauty, one has attained to beatitude, one has attained to benediction.

This is what is called "preparing oneself for God": become beautiful.

Something you would like to say to me?

SUNDAR: I feel I've come home.

BHAGWAN: It is your home!

SUNDAR: I'm very grateful.

BHAGWAN: Help others also to find the home. In Germany much has to be done, so when you go back, help my people!

Veereshwar, groupleader
from the West, is leaving.

BHAGWAN: Something to say to me?

VEERESHWAR: Have you read my letter?

He'd written of a conflict
between his partner's desire —
to share totally — and his — to
sometimes be alone.
He had mentioned too his
other lover, Ram, a man;
and concluded saying he had many
workshops in the West
and that Bhagwan's presence
channeled through him.

BHAGWAN: Yes, I have read it but remind me.

VEERESHWAR: I would like you to bless us, and to give me whatsoever I need to take to the West.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. It is happening, and now you have to be very very conscious of it, mm? I will not say *what* is happening, because giving it a name destroys. Labeling a thing creates a limitation, so I say, "It is happening." Now you have to be very very cautious, because when one has something that is just growing, one has something to protect. There are millions of people who need not be cautious, need not be careful, because nothing is happening; they don't have anything to lose. They can live in a reckless way, they can live accidentally. Now you cannot live accidentally, and if you do you will destroy great possibilities which are just coming closer and closer every day. You will not be able to know what is going

to happen unless it happens. But I can see that they are coming closer, and the first rays of the light have already dawned. So now be very careful — you have something to lose. And that is a great fortune, to have something to lose.

One day it happens that you cannot lose it. Once it has settled and become crystallized and has become part of your being, then there is no need to be careful about it; then there is no way to lose it. But in the beginning it is just like a small sprout, just two leaves sticking out of the ground — tender, soft, can be crushed very easily. And the world *is* hard and the world *is* stony. It is a miracle if those two leaves can save themselves and can one day become a great tree. It is a miracle, because out of one thousand chances, nine hundred and ninety-nine point nine chances are that they will be crushed.

It is said that if one thousand people start searching, sooner or later nine hundred leave the search because they are very impatient. The hundred that continue start achieving something, but ninety out of the hundred are not careful enough, so whatsoever they achieve is crushed by the circumstances. They are far worse off than they were before because now they have tasted something. Now they cannot be happy in the ordinary life — they have seen something of the extraordinary, so they will remain miserable, more miserable than the ordinary person who has never searched. And out of the remaining ten who go on working, go on growing, nine go astray, because there are a thousand and one labyrinths that can take

you to dead ends. So if one thousand start moving towards God or truth or whatever you will, one arrives! It is a rare phenomenon. Once something has started happening, be very alert.

And remember another thing: the new energy that happens is always delicate compared with the old personality. The old personality is very strong because you have been feeding it for so long. So you have to consciously feed the new and you have to consciously stop feeding the old. And the best way will be: if you can disappear completely and allow me to work, you will not feel burdened; otherwise you will feel burdened. Just disappear . . . just say goodbye to yourself.

Now work for me, and don't bring yourself in. That will be the greatest protection for the energy that is growing. And when you start working for me, when you allow me to work through you, then don't be afraid of whatsoever happens, because with me risk is continuously there. But through that risk you will grow, you will mature. Risk is the fire that ripens the inner being. So no more hiding!

He'd not been wearing
his mala in the West
we learned earlier.

BHAGWAN: Sometimes it looks very logical, convenient to hide, and the mind can say, "Bhagwan is within and why bring Him out? I am working for Him, but silently I will work, indirectly I will work" . . . but then you will come in.

Now you have to work very directly — you have to function as a sannyasin, *absolutely* as a sannyasin, and whatsoever the cost it has to be paid. You will feel sometimes ridiculous, sometimes you will feel very odd. Sometimes circumstances will force you in every way to yield . . . circumstances in your mind too will conspire against you, but now you have to stick to the new that is happening. That is the meaning of risk: choosing the insecure against the secure, choosing the inconvenient against the convenient, choosing the unknown against the known. But it is only through risking that one learns living and loving.

Life has to be not a convenience but an adventure and a deepening adventure every day, an exploration — for no other reason than for exploration's sake. This is my basic meaning of sannyas: to live a life of exploration, an open-ended life, not oriented out of the past, not oriented in the past but oriented in the future, not pushed by the past but pulled by the future.

One Indian mystic, Ramateerth, used to say that he was sitting somewhere and he saw a man pushing a door. The door was not opening and Ramateerth started laughing, so the man asked, "What is the matter?"

He said, "Why don't you read what is written on the door? On the door it is written 'Pull' and you are pushing — it will never open!"

Life's door is such that nothing is written on it, but only those who understand this secret, that there are two possibilities to live: one is being pulled by the

past, pushed by the past, manipulated by the past; the other is being allured by the future, enchanted by the future. . . .

So now you have to risk a little more than you have risked up to now. And you will enjoy it, because each risk brings so much joy, each risk brings so much integration. One starts feeling aflame, and now the right time has come to become aflame!

So this time go like a mad sannyasin — not hiding, not working indirectly but *directly*. Jesus says to his disciples: Go and climb onto the tops of the houses and shout from there — because people are deaf. Unless you shout they will not listen. Even if they listen when you shout, that too is a miracle.

And the last thing: if you start working directly, many things in you which need to be changed will change. More clarity will arise. And helping people to meditate, helping people to understand, helping people to become more vulnerable and open, will help *you* to become more vulnerable and open. It is a fundamental law of life: whatsoever we do to people returns to us one thousandfold.

Buddha is reported to have said, "If you really want to meditate help people to meditate, and you will find your meditation becoming deeper, easier, more spontaneous." And the best way of learning is always to teach. So you have to become a teacher on my behalf and let me function through you. And more and more will be reaching to you . . . .

Bhagwan turns to Vivek,
"A robe for him . . . ."

Then to Veereshwar's partner,
Hasya . . .

BHAGWAN: Hasya, anything about you? You are staying?

HASYA: Yes, I'm staying.

BHAGWAN: That's very good. Something to say to me?

HASYA: I have not been celebrating the three months I've been with Veereshwar, and I don't feel very good about myself right now.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. What exactly is the problem?

HASYA: I have wanted to have a closer communication with him and it's been a very difficult struggle. And I don't know whether you approve of my relationship with Veereshwar.

BHAGWAN: Mm?

HASYA: I don't know if you approve of my process, my relationship with him. I need to have a clarification from you.

BHAGWAN: What exactly creates the problem between you?

HASYA: I don't know, other than what I feel is my wanting to be in a spontaneous, open space with him, and Veereshwar's need for distance. And that creates a conflict.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. It has to be understood, and it is not only with Veereshwar: it happens to every couple. It is one of the most important things to be

understood in a relationship; if you don't understand it then the relationship is on the rocks.

And this is very fundamental: people have a need to be together as much as they have a need to be separate and on their own. It is a rhythm. To be together too much is tiring. To be together too much is nauseating. And it doesn't mean that the other person does not love you; that is a misunderstanding. If Veereshwar wants to be alone for a few hours, wants to be just left to himself, it does not mean that he is not in love with you. It simply means that he *loves* you; that's why he needs the space.

HASYA: That does not seem to be the problem.

There seems to be
some measure of restraint
that cools her voice.

BHAGWAN: It *is* the problem — I will tell you how it is the problem. That *is* the problem! Whenever one partner wants to be left alone the other feels rejected. The other feels, "I am not needed. There are moments when he wants to be with himself more than with me." And lovers cannot understand that. "How can it be? — that he needs to be with himself more than he wants to be with me? If he loves me, then he would like to be with me."

This is a very ancient misunderstanding created by the romantic poets, and those are the *last* people to understand anything about love. *Never* understand anything about love from the poets; they are the last people to have any insight into love. In fact, they

write poetry about love because they have missed love in life; it is a substitute. They romanticize it.

The idea has penetrated deep into human consciousness that if you love a person then he will love you twenty-four hours a day. That is utter nonsense. If you really love a person then there will be moments when you would like to be absolutely alone. If you don't love, you can live together twenty-four hours a day — then there is no problem, because even with the person you are alone. There is no problem. One can live in the crowd twenty-four hours a day and there is not much of a problem, because one *is* alone in the crowd. Where else can one be more alone? Commuting in a train with thousands of people you are alone. In New York, in Bombay, in London, walking on the streets you are alone. The moment you are with a friend whom you love, you are not alone.

That is the meaning of love: you are together. When you are together then you would like to be alone sometimes, because each thing moves in a rhythm. It is just as you take food but you cannot take food twenty-four hours a day; you have to have a six, eight-hour gap. You have to fast for six, eight hours between two meals.

Love *is* food, it is nourishment. So when you are in love with a person a moment comes when you are saturated, satiated. Now that is the moment to get up from your dining table. In fact, before that — if lovers are conscious, as they should be, at least my sannyasins should be — before your stomach is absolutely full get up. Leave a little space in your

stomach. And the same should be the rule with your lover: when you start feeling that now it is coming to a point of satiation, leave each other alone; otherwise beyond that point it becomes nauseating.

Nobody says so, because it looks so hard and ugly to say to the lover that being together becomes nauseating. But I have to tell you the truth. The truth is: there is a point when being together becomes nauseating and it only becomes nauseating when you *are* in love, otherwise not. Because in love you are eating each other, *actually*, literally: you are feeding on each other's energy. That's why love is so nourishing. But then a point comes beyond which, if you go on eating, you will have to vomit. That vomit is the fight, the clash.

And the problem is more so with men than with women; that too has to be understood. A man's love is only part of his life; he has many more things to do. A woman's love is her whole life. If she does something else that is only because she loves — she cooks, she prepares the home, she cleans; she does a thousand and one things. Maybe she composes music, poetry, paints, but deep down she is doing all this because she loves. These are just her expressions of love. If she loves the man then she will paint the walls and put paintings on the walls and she will make the house beautiful. But her whole concern is not the beauty of the house; her whole concern is the man she loves.

Love is a woman's whole life. For man, that is not so. For man love is one of many things. He would like to write poetry, not because he loves; he would like

to paint, not because he loves — painting has its own value utterly separate from love. Tired from painting, from music, he would like to fall deep into love in a kind of oblivion; that is his rest. See the difference: man's love is his resting place. When he is tired of the world, of a thousand and one things, he wants to fall into a woman's energy, into her warmth, and disappear.

But remember: he loves only so he is rested and can paint again and can write poetry and can play music or dance. Love is a basic need for him to do other things. For women it is just the opposite: she will do other things because she loves. If she does not love she will stop doing everything.

With man, if it becomes a choice of love or poetry, he will choose poetry; he can renounce love but he cannot renounce poetry. It is not a coincidence that all the great scientists, all the great poets, all the great mystics, were unmarried people. Out of necessity they had to remain unmarried, because the demand of the woman is one of total love and they are already committed to something totally. They can love the woman and they will enjoy the love but they cannot choose the woman against painting — that is impossible. They would rather choose painting and let their love suffer.

It happened to Soren Kierkegaard, one of the great Danish philosophers: he renounced his love. He was in great love with a woman and they were just on the verge of getting married. Suddenly, for no reason at all, he escaped. He remembered the woman his whole life, and he loved the woman his whole life, just in his

mind. It has been a mystery: why did he escape? The woman was really one of the most beautiful women. And he never loved any other woman — his devotion to that woman was such that he could never love anybody else. The reason he writes is that he had to choose between philosophy and the woman. He knew that he was in love and that the woman was in tremendous love, and that sooner or later conflict would arise. The woman would become jealous of his philosophy, the woman would think of philosophy as another woman, and then he would not have time for it. So he said, "It is better to sacrifice my love and suffer, rather than sacrificing philosophy." He suffered . . . it was a great sacrifice.

Man and woman are made differently by nature, and we have to understand that difference. Nature has taken every care that the woman's whole life should be of love, because the woman has to be the mother. If her whole life is not of love she will be incapable of carrying the child in her womb for nine months. And it is not only a question of nine months; after nine months the real problem arises: to take care of the child, to help him grow. If her whole life is not of love, she will not be able to help the child to grow.

If it is left to men, the population of the world will immediately start falling. They will kill their own children. They will murder their children, they will poison their children. They will not be able to tolerate the suffering that one has to go through when one brings up a child; that is impossible for them. The child does not become a grown-up within days; it takes years, almost twenty, twenty-five years, and

then he will be able to stand on his own. The woman has to pour her love.

Man is just instrumental in creating the child. Nature has not bothered much about man. Woman is the favored sex; man is just peripheral. It happens in nature . . .

The woman's interest in the man is just to become pregnant. Her whole function is to be a mother. There are many species of insects — spiders particularly — in which while the male is making love the female starts eating him! He is lost in lovemaking and he does not know that he is committing suicide. The moment the female feels that she is pregnant, she starts eating the male partner. She eats him! He is lost in orgasm . . . he is not aware of what is happening.

His hand quivers so realistically
that we collapse in mirth
imagining the
love-maddened, unsuspecting
spider, ecstatic in his
spider orgasm.

BHAGWAN: He is finished! Now he is no more needed. And that's how it is in man: nature does not care a bit — once the woman is pregnant natures does not care a bit about the man. He can drop dead or can go to parliament . . . whatsoever he wants to do.

This difference has to be understood, and once this difference is understood things become very clear. I can understand your mind, your heart, your feeling: you would like to be more and more with him. And I

can understand him too: he would like a few hours to be utterly his own so he can forget all about you and can do something else.

Once this understanding is there the problem disappears. Otherwise people go on fighting, clashing — consciously, unconsciously, directly, indirectly — and creating unnecessary trouble which can be immediately avoided.

Relationship needs great understanding, only then does beauty arise out of it, and bliss. You both *are* people of understanding . . . and I would like you to be together. All these things *can* disappear — just bring in a little more conscious effort to understand and see. Leave him alone when he wants to be alone, give him as much solitude as he needs, don't interfere in his solitude. And *never* feel that it is a rejection; it is nothing to do with you. It is just his basic need. He *is* a talented person, and much creativity is possible through him. If you don't interfere and if you allow him a little space your love will help him to be creative; he can grow into a beautiful flower and he will feel grateful to you.

And I understand you — in those moments when he wants to be alone, you will feel sad. That has to be accepted.

HASYA: I don't know Bhagwan whether you have forgotten what the situation is . . .

BHAGWAN: I know!

HASYA: . . . that he happens to be in love with someone else.

Again, that sense of
restraint . . .
she seems faintly
exasperated.

BHAGWAN: That I also know.

HASYA: And he does not want to even hate me. I have asked him to at least acknowledge, to express, his hatred for me. So it is not just a matter of time to himself.

BHAGWAN: That problem is also . . .

HASYA: It's a need of relating.

His hand up to now
on Hasya's knee,
Veereshwar claims it back.

BHAGWAN: I'm aware of it, and again that is not a problem with you alone; that is also a problem of every couple. Again the same question: the woman is monogamous and man is not. And nothing can be done about it: this is how things are. You will not find any man who is monogamous, and if you find a monogamous man you will not be interested in him, because he will not be a man, not much of a man. He will be just a henpecked husband. He will follow you like a shadow, and who loves a man who follows you like a shadow?

These are the dilemmas of human life: a woman wants somebody who is *really* a man, *but* a real man is going to be polygamous. So the dilemma is that if you can find a real man he will be polygamous. And

if you want to find a monogamous man who will simply be obedient to you, and whatsoever you say he will do and will be always behind you like a shadow, then he will be an orderly, a servant; he will not be a husband. You will not be satisfied with him.

Now, this is a dilemma. You can find a person who will fit with your monogamous idea but then you will not be interested in him; and you will be interested in a person who cannot be monogamous. Just see! It is happening all over the world and has always been happening: many women, many beautiful women, will flock to a film actor or to a singer, a musician . . . and those are the people who cannot be monogamous. They look very beautiful and they are heroes but once a woman can catch hold of the man, she will suffer, because that man cannot be monogamous. She was attracted only because so many women were attracted — it was a competition; to conquer that man was something worthwhile — but the moment she has conquered him misery starts. If you can find a talented man, in some way significant, creative, powerful, this problem is bound to be there. That too has to be understood.

What I am saying is simply that man and woman are poles apart; they are made in such a way that they are not similar. And the attraction between them is because they are not similar. But that is the problem: *because* they are not similar they become attracted to each other and when they are together, their dissimilarity becomes the constant clash.

Just accept him — if you love him, accept him, accept his whole life as it is. Don't try to change it.

Changes will come, but don't try to change him at all. Why waste time in changing him? He loves you — that is enough. Let him love somebody else if he loves; that is his business.

Again, a great misunderstanding continues in the world, that love is of a limited quantity. People think, "If I love two persons then the love will be divided; if I love three then it will be still more divided. If I love five then each will be getting a very small portion." It is not so. Love is not a quantity. In fact the more a man loves, the more he has. Love does not come under the ordinary law of economics. Love is not part of the economic world; it is a very strange phenomenon. It is like knowledge.

For example, if I know something and I tell it to one person, do you think I will not be able to tell it to another person because now I have told it to one? Will it be less? In fact it will be *more* because I will become more articulate with the second person. I said it to the first person — that was the first attempt; I may not have been so articulate. With the second I will be more articulate, with the third even more, with the fourth even more. The more I become experienced in expressing it, the more the people who come later on will get. It is exactly like this: I love one person; I may not be so articulate. When I love another, I may become more articulate, because that experience helps. I love the third person — it is not being divided; one can love the whole world! And I say it from my own experience: I love you all! And the more I love, the more I see that the love is coming, it goes on coming.

But these are our hangups from the past; these are materialist hangups. We think in terms of money: I have five rupees with me. If I give all the five to Hasya, she will have five; if I give five to Veereshwar then I will not have anything else. It is not money; love is not money, love is not property. Love is not quantity. Love is a totally different phenomenon. Once this is understood the misery disappears.

Let him love! It is *good!* So he has some other person also to practice on a little bit. He will be *more* loving to you. And I know, these are difficult ideas; what I am saying seems very hard, because the heart is made by the past. But we are to prepare for a new world, a totally new world, where things will be put in their right places.

HASYA: Am I to love him like I love my children?

BHAGWAN: Mm?

HASYA: Am I to be a mother to him — love his lover, love everything?

BHAGWAN: In fact there is only one kind of love — there are just different dimensions, and a real love has to be *all* the dimensions of it. You have to love him as a wife, you have to love him as a mother, you have to love him as a daughter, you have to love him as a friend . . . all the possibilities. Then love is rich. Why get fixated? Love has to be all kinds of things, then it is rich. When you love your child, that is one aspect of love and it has its own beauty. Sometimes even your husband is in need of that kind of love. He is

tired, exhausted, lost, feeling lost in the world; he would like to be a child.

And these needs differ. For example: he is ill — when he is ill he wants a mother, not a wife; when is tired he needs a mother, not a wife. When he is full of energy he does not need a mother, he needs a wife. And these needs change moment to moment. But remember, love has to be *all* kinds of love. We cannot divide love into categories — that this is the love for the child and this is the love for the husband and this is the love for the friend. Then love becomes very very tiny and then again problems arise.

For example: if you love him only as a husband then he will need somebody else who can love him as a friend, he will need somebody else who can love him as a mother, he will need somebody else who can love as a daughter, and then problems arise. Be *all* to him. And you contain all possibilities. You are a mother, you are a sister, you are a daughter, you are a wife. Let all those possibilities flow, and whatsoever the need of the moment, become that.

And whatsoever I am saying to her, Veereshwar, I am saying to you too. I am not only saying it to her. You also have to be *all* kinds of love to her.

I see great possibilities between you, but just more and more understanding . . . . If you really want to go with me deep into reality, all these things have to be understood.

Thursday, September 7th

Since the brief visit of German actress,
Eva Renzi, and her sensational
reports of ashram goings-on,
the popular press has expressed
a most ardent interest in us.
Some television station in Germany
has commissioned their
team in India
to come and shoot the ashram.
So a five-man crew
is here tonight first
to peruse the setup
for tomorrow's filming
(among them, a youngish man
who used to be a student of philosophy
— his professor, one Rajneesh!)

It seems for their
edification that Bhagwan talks
about His *idea of sannyas*
to Birgit, now Veet Tyago —
beyond renunciation.

Then He turns to Gerhard,
a lorry driver . . .

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Swami Shunya Shabdo.

Shunya means silence, shabdo means sound — the

sound of silence. There is a sound of silence, and once it is heard then one has heard all. That is the fundamental of existence. Existence is constituted of that sound of silence. The Bible calls it "the word," "logos," and the Zen people call it "the sound of one hand clapping." Now, there is no possibility of one hand clapping and creating a sound. It simply says, indicates, the paradox: when one falls utterly silent inside then a music is heard. That music is not constituted of any sound — it is soundless — still it is music. It is the greatest mystery that one can come to. In the East it is represented by the word "aum." It does not mean anything. It is simply a symbol for that soundless sound.

One has to become more and more quiet, thoughtless, because the music is there but we are so enveloped by the noise of our own minds that we cannot hear it. This constant inner talk has to stop and then suddenly that soundless sound explodes in you. And that is a great ecstatic experience — incomparable, unique; there is nothing like it. And once it has happened, *you* become it. Then you can live in the marketplace but you are not there. You can act in a thousand and one ways but you remain inactive. You can get involved in every kind of situation yet you are a witness. And that's the beauty. The most important thing in life is to attain it; then the whole of life is just a drama.

One plays but one is not worried. One lives moment to moment and one has no will of one's own. Then God's will is fulfilled. That's what Jesus means when he says: "Thy will be done, thy kingdom

come." But for his kingdom to come we have to disappear utterly as a noisy place. And that's what meditation is all about. The whole effort here is to bring your mind to such a stop that you can hear your own innermost core — the still, small voice of the heart.

How long will you be here?

SHABDO: I don't know . . . maybe half a year.

BHAGWAN: That's very good. Be here!

Something you would like to say to me?

SHABDO: Ja. I would ask you a question. Why is it so difficult to love?

BHAGWAN: Because we have been brought up not to love. Our whole conditioning is against love, and the conditioning is great — twenty years of conditioning, twenty-five years of conditioning. You will have to drop that conditioning, then love will arise. Love is our nature, so even though the conditioning is deep we still hanker for it. It is like a hungry man who has been hypnotized and told in hypnosis for twenty years continuously, "You are not hungry." That will be the situation for him: he will *feel* hunger and still his mind will deny it. His mind will say, "You are not hungry" . . . because of those twenty years of conditioning, of constant suggestion, mind-wash.

And the society up to now has existed on the foundation of hate, violence, aggression; it is afraid of love. And once love explodes in the world this so-called society is going to disappear, so there is going to be a great clash.

For example a loving person cannot be persuaded to go to war; it is impossible. The different states cannot exist if the person is loving, because where will they find their armies? From where will Adolf Hitler find his Nazis and Mussolini his fascists? From where? It will be impossible. Everybody has to be so starved of love that love goes sour and becomes hate. Then one is just boiling within; everybody is just a volcano, ready to explode at any excuse. That's why every ten years we need a great war. That is a catharsis: it helps people to relieve themselves of all the anger, all the hatred, that they have accumulated.

Love is the right direction for your life. If the right direction is not given, then love itself turns into hate. Hate is nothing but love standing on its head, upside down.

Now just think: if the whole world is loving, the states cannot exist, India cannot exist, Germany cannot exist, England cannot exist, America cannot exist, China, Soviet Russia . . . none of these can exist, because then people will be so loving that they will see the whole stupidity of war. "Why should we fight? Why should we kill each other? We can make this earth a paradise."

And the energy that we put into war is *tremendous*. Almost ninety percent of human energy is being wasted in war. War has been our constant history — chronic. In three thousand years man has fought five thousand wars. The earth seems to be mad! — as if we are here only to fight and kill each other and murder each other.

Now, this kind of world cannot allow love to

grow. It depends on hate. The politician cannot allow love to happen. The priest cannot allow love to happen. If the priest allows love to happen then how will you manage your crusades and holy wars? If love is allowed, love will not know the distinction between a Christian and a Hindu and a Mohammedan. Love will not know the distinction between a Jew and a Jaina. Love knows no distinctions. Churches will start disappearing. Churches can exist only if hate exists.

Now this is very strange: all the churches talk about love and all the churches create hate in the world. The history of religion is more bloody than the history of anything else. And there is a biological reason also for how it all started, because the question arises: if man is by nature loving, then why did he manage such a kind of society in the very beginning? It was a question of survival. We have forgotten all those days, but five thousand years back man was constantly afraid of being killed by the animals. He was in constant fear. He had to fight back; to survive he had to constantly kill.

Now all those days are gone — there is no need to kill. In fact, there are not any animals left to kill. Now we are trying to protect them, whatsoever is left. But the old habit persisted. First we were fighting with animals, for centuries, for millennia; then it became an instinct — fighting. Then we started fighting with people, tribes, nations, ideologies, religions. The fight continues — we only change the labels.

But my understanding is that now the future is not going to follow this past. A great revolution is on the way. And this will be the revolution — that man will

start loving and will drop all the nonsense that comes as a hindrance to love; and there are a thousand and one kinds of hindrances.

This is *my* problem. Because I teach love the government is against me, the politicians are against me, the priests are against me. And I am not teaching people to *murder* each other. I am simply teaching people to be more loving. Why are they so against it?

Their very foundation is based on hatred. They hide it. They write in big letters: "Love is God" — but behind it are only bayonets, atomic bombs, hydrogen bombs, super bombs — piles upon piles. Man has accumulated so many bombs that we can kill each person seven times. Now this is futile. One person is killed in one go; there is no need to kill him seven times. But just in case one might survive . . . we will not allow him to. And this goes on! Each country goes on giving the major proportion of its wealth to war — even a country like India which talks about nonviolence, which talks about great ideals, Mahatma Gandhi, et cetera. But seventy percent of the wealth of the country goes into war efforts — and a poor country, starving! But that is not the point: war has to be looked to first. You can die starving, that's okay, but we have to make bombs!

This is an utterly neurotic world in which we are living. So unless you become very alert and drop all the conditionings that your society has given to you, you will not be able to love. And all these groups that are being run here are basically meant for that. So in some groups I even allow fighting. Anger has to be expressed. It has to be vomited out, because if you

don't vomit it out, it will remain in your system, it will poison you. Now that becomes a problem.

People go on asking me, "Why is violence allowed?" It is not violence — it is catharsis. But society forces you to repress. It is as if you go to the hospital and you say to the doctors, "Why do you take pus out of people?" What can the doctors do? — the pus is there, it has to be taken out. It hurts when the pus is taken out but it has to be taken out, otherwise it will go on growing: it will become cancerous. So anger, violence has to be thrown out. Devices have to be found so all that the society has repressed in you can be taken out again and you are left clean, clear. And then you will suddenly see that the space that is clean starts changing its color, its shape — love arises, wells up. And when love arises it knows no qualifications; it is neither Christian nor Hindu. When love arises it knows no conditions. It is simply love. And that love redeems, liberates.

Just be here — the taste of love *will* come to you.

To Doris he gives the name
Prem Sugata, explaining that
it means: well-gone in love . . .
and that's the door
to the divine, for
the face of love
is God's countenance.
He walks on earth
as love; that's why you
cannot hear his footsteps.

He whispers as love;
that's why unless one is
very very silent
one will not be able
to hear him.

All that one needs
is to be open . . .

The minute-old sannyasin
says that she's afraid
about returning to Berlin.

PREM SUGATA: I am studying there and I have much trouble with people. I am afraid to be still more of an outsider — now with the mala more than before. I want some advice from you about what I can do. I am afraid to be lonely.

BHAGWAN: *I* am with you! And you will never be lonely. My sannyasins are there and Berlin has a big number of sannyasins. Soon we are going to turn on the whole of Germany — just wait. My eyes are on Germany! Don't be worried at all.

PREM SUGATA: It hurts very much.

BHAGWAN: It is so for everybody, mm? because you feel that you will be left alone. But you will not be left alone — in fact more and more people will be asking you, "What is sannyas? What are you doing? What has happened to you?" People who have never approached you will be approaching you, and you will feel more at home than ever. Just go and see!

Now you have something to share, and when a per-

son has something to share, people start coming. You don't see me around, I never leave my room, yet people go on coming from faraway lands. I don't know exactly where Germany is because my geography is poor! I can never figure out where is what. I never leave the room but still people go on coming — and more and more will be coming. When you have something to give you are not alone.

The really lonely people are those who have nothing to give. Beggars are lonely, emperors are not lonely. When you have nothing to give nobody comes to you. Even if people come to you, soon they start escaping from you because you start exploiting them: you're like a vacuum and you start sucking them, so nobody wants to come to a person who sucks. People naturally like to come to a person who showers his energy on them.

Just go and be loving and you will see: many many people are coming; new people, strangers who you would never have expected to be so friendly with you will become friendly. This life is very strange: when you want people to be with you, nobody would like to be with you; when you are able to be alone, people start coming to you. If you *need* people, people will avoid you, because need means you will suck them. When you don't need and you are perfectly happy being alone, enough unto yourself, you will suddenly wonder why people have started coming towards you. Because they will see that they can come and share something from you.

So just be there, loving, happy, meditating, and soon you will see that people are coming and you will

not be alone, never. None of my sannyasins have ever felt anywhere in the world that they are alone. Everybody going for the first time wonders, "What is going to happen there?" because here there are so many sannyasins — you are in a family and everybody understands you and there you will be really an outsider. No. My sannyas is basically a science that makes you rooted in the world. You will never be an outsider, nowhere. Everywhere you will create a homely atmosphere. Love has that secret.

So just go with great love and great readiness to share with people. And right now Germany is agog with my name, so don't be worried at all!

He passes her a box
for company
saying to put it on her heart
when she's feeling really lonely.

Wadud
and Waduda are leaving
tomorrow, and may be back
within a year, they say.

WADUD: I feel like I am leaving a lover and I feel very sad but I'm still torn to be in the West.

BHAGWAN: No, I would like you to be there, mm? Right now you have to be there for my work, so don't think that you are going, think that I am sending you. And it makes a lot of difference. When you are going you may feel sad; when I am sending you there is no question of feeling sad.

This is your home, but a few people who can do much work there will be needed. And finally you have to come and be here, but then others will take on the work. Right now, continue to work.

Something you have to say, Waduda?

WADUDA: I just feel so glad that you said that, because I wanted to come back . . .

BHAGWAN: Yes, you *have* to come back!

WADUDA: . . . and I didn't know if you wanted me to stay and do the Madhu center or be here.

BHAGWAN: For the time being be there and whatsoever you can do, do it totally so that others can take over the work and then you can work here, mm?

WADUDA: I have one question . . .

BHAGWAN: Mm mm.

WADUDA: I feel that I'm pregnant since we've been here. Is there any meditation or thing to do that will be helpful for the baby or for us?

BHAGWAN: How old is the pregnancy?

WADUDA: One month.

WADUD: The night of our arriving darshan.

BHAGWAN: Good . . . that's great! Just remain as happy and loving as possible. Avoid negativities — that's what destroys the mind of the child. When the child is in formation he not only follows your body, he follows your mind too, because those are the blueprints. So if you are negative, that negativity

starts entering in the build-up of the child from the very beginning. It becomes almost built-in, and then it is a long, arduous journey to drop it. If mothers were a little more careful, no primal scream would be needed. If mothers were a little more careful, psychoanalysis as a profession would disappear.

Psychoanalysis is doing great business because of mothers, because according to psychoanalysis man's only problem is the mother. If all the schools of psychoanalysis could be reduced to one single problem, it would be the mother. The mother is really of great significance because for nine months the child will live in the climate of the mother; he will imbibe her mind, her whole mind.

So don't be negative. Be more and more in the yes mood — even sometimes when it looks hard. But that much sacrifice has to be made for the child. If you really want to have a child of some value, of some integrity, of some individuality, and a happy child, then that sacrifice has to be made. That is part of being a mother — that sacrifice. So don't be negative at all; avoid all negativities. Avoid anger, avoid jealousy, avoid possessiveness, nagging, fighting, avoid these spaces. These you cannot afford — you are creating a new being! The work is of such importance that one cannot be silly and stupid.

Rejoice more and more, pray, dance, sing, listen to great music — not pop music. Listen to classical music, which is soothing and goes very deep into the unconscious, because the child can hear it only from there.

Sit silently as much as you can, enjoy nature. Be

with trees, birds, animals, because they are really innocent. They are still part of the garden of Eden — only Adam and Eve have been thrown out. Even the tree of knowledge is still in the garden of Eden; only Adam has been thrown out. So be with nature more, and relax so that the child grows in a relaxed womb, non-tense; otherwise from the very beginning the child starts becoming neurotic.

(to wadud): And help her in these days so that she can be more positive. Don't provoke her into negativity. Give her more and more time so that she can sit silently, be with the trees, listen to the birds, the music. Avoid any situation in which you think it can become a provocation for her to become negative. Be more loving, rejoice in each other's silence more, because you are both giving birth to something which is divine. Each child is divine, and when something great is going to happen, a great guest is going to come to your home, you don't fight. And this may be the greatest guest that will ever come to you, so for these nine months be careful, cautious, watchful.

Be more loving and less sexual. If sex happens out of being loving, it's okay — but not for sex's sake itself. From the very beginning that gives the child a deep-rooted sexuality. Sex is perfectly good in the context of love, as part of love — just as you hold hands and hug each other, as a part of love. One day you make love too but as *part* of love. It is not sexuality then; it is just a communion. You have not been thinking about sex; it has happened on its own. Playing with each other, being with each other, it has

happened. You were not thinking of it, you were not brooding about it.

If for these nine months you can avoid sex as sex, that will be a great gift to the child. Then his life will not be so obsessed with sex as people's lives are. Either they become too indulgent — which is obsession — or they become too repressive, too holy, too saintly; that too is obsession. In the world only these two types of people exist, and both are ill, both are pathological; the sinner and the saint are both pathological.

A totally different kind, a third kind of human being, is needed. And that third kind of being will have this quality: no obsession with sex this way or that — neither against nor for; he will be exactly in the middle. Out of love sometimes he will move into sex, but then sex has a spiritual quality. It is not for sex itself. Because there will be no obsession with sex indulgence he will never become repressive. And because sex will have a spiritual quality it will give him glimpses of samadhi and he will start moving upwards, very slowly, very gradually, with no fuss about it. Otherwise spirituality makes so much fuss.

A real spiritual person will not make much fuss; there is no need. He simply enjoys it, so he is not renouncing, he is not doing something great. He does not expect the whole world to give him attention and come and pay homage saying, "You are a great man because you have renounced this and you have renounced that." He does not renounce anything at all. He enjoys everything and because of his total enjoy-

ment his energy starts becoming more and more delightful, and finally more and more lightful.

So just these hints — you have to work them out. Good, Waduda! Keep this for yourself.

He passes them each
a Bhagwan robe.

Leena's heading
Westward too.

BHAGWAN: Something to say to me?

LEENA: I wanted to ask you something: when I'm happy, I start dreaming and I can't stop dreaming. Then afterwards I get depressed, I feel I've wasted time.

BHAGWAN: When you are happy, then you start dreaming?

LEENA: Mm.

BHAGWAN: And has it always been happening like that, or only recently?

LEENA: Always.

BHAGWAN: And then you feel depressed — thinking that you have been wasting time?

LEENA: Mm.

BHAGWAN: Just come close to me. Raise your hands high, close your eyes, and if something starts happening in the body, allow it.

She trembles a bit
then rights herself
a little self-consciously.

BHAGWAN: Good . . . very good.

Make dreaming a meditation. Don't be worried — it is not bad at all. Enjoy it. Make it a really beautiful trip, as psychedelic as possible, colorful.

It is not really dreaming, but you have a certain quality of being a visionary. That is a good quality, and if you help it you will attain much through it. Whenever dreaming starts and you are happy that simply shows that you are a visionary. Otherwise after happiness there is no necessity for dreaming. When you are happy and flowing and together, something deep in you which is always there starts flowering. Visions look like dreams but there is a difference between the two: the dream is an unconscious activity and the vision is a super-conscious activity. Neither is conscious. The dream is below conscious, the vision is above conscious. So both look as if something is going wrong because you are going beyond your limitations of consciousness, but they are totally different.

Your visionary, if given support, can create a great painter, can create a great poet; it has much potentiality. You can be very creative, and that's what it needs. It is not to be stopped or prevented; rejoice in it. And soon you will see — if you cooperate, soon you will see that you would like to do something. For example, you may like to paint or you may like to write poetry or something. You may like to dance, sing, but some creativity will come out of it.

Dreaming is never creative. Modern psychology still has no idea of the vision and the quality of being a visionary, but there is really so much difference between the two that it has to be taken note of.

A dream arises because of repression. You repress sexuality: you will have a sexual dream; you go on a fast and you will have a dream in which you are eating. Dreaming comes out of repression. And visions? They don't come out of repression, they come out of your potential. Your super-conscious is trying to convey a message to you not to remain confined to your personality where you are right now; much more is possible. You can grow, you can become wider, you can expand.

So just allow it and cooperate with it and go with it the whole way. Don't stop yourself. The farther you go, the better. And then you will not feel sad. It is your interpretation that is making you sad. After the trip you will feel really relaxed, replenished, rejuvenated.

Satyarthi and Kalpana
are back from Germany
where they've been running
the Premgeet center.

He wants to know
if they should work in Germany,
expand the work and make an ashram
or come and be part
of the new commune.

BHAGWAN: And if you come then somebody else will be able to run it or you will have to . . . ?

SATYARTHI: I'll have to manage something. It will continue until February — there is no problem — and then we can stop if we like; we can try to find somebody to continue it. Just we two were running it.

BHAGWAN: And what do you want? — your deepest desire.

Would you like to come or would you like to run an ashram there? And be true!

SATYARTHI: I would like to do my own thing.

BHAGWAN: That's very good — that's what my feeling was. Mm, because the way you asked the question shows much about it! So you run the center, make it an ashram. That is my work. Here you will be doing my work, and there you will be doing my work, and if you can do it on your own better, that's far better, mm? Make it a really big place now so that much can happen there.

And Kalpana, something about you?

KALPANA: I'm just happy to see you.

So just be happy,
He says,
then go and work for me.

BHAGWAN: We need many ashrams around the world, mm? And you will be able to do perfectly well, so nothing to worry about. Good . . . good.

Chandrika keeps thinking
about an experience
she had when she took sannyas —
an experience of seeing a light.
It was beautiful
but it has never happened again.

BHAGWAN: Remember one thing: if something happens never ask for its repetition; otherwise it will never happen again. If you *ask* for it to be repeated, it cannot happen; if you forget all about it, it will happen many times. This is one of the fundamental laws.

When you took sannyas and something happened, you were not expecting it; it came out of the blue. You were completely innocent. Now you are knowledgeable; that is the difficulty. That is the difference that is not allowing it to happen again. But this problem arises for every person. When for the first time something of the unknown penetrates you, you were not expecting, you were not asking, you had no idea of it. You were taken aback. You were in a kind of awe . . . innocent, available. Once it has happened you become knowledgeable; now you know — now you know the beauty of it and the benediction of it. You would like to repeat it, you are greedy for it; now the *mind* is asking. In that moment there was *no* mind, hence it happened. Now the mind is there and it won't allow it to happen.

So forget all about it, and not only about this experience. On the spiritual path many experiences will happen, but once they happen, feel grateful to God

and forget all about them. Never carry the idea in the mind . . . not even a lurking desire somewhere in a nook or corner; otherwise the greedy mind will not allow it to happen again. The mind is the barrier. It happened for the first time because there was no mind; now it cannot happen because the mind is asking for it. And it is beyond the mind so the mind cannot do anything about it. It can only feel frustrated.

When you have forgotten it, one day suddenly it will be there again. God always comes suddenly. One has to remain in a state of ignorance . . . one has to remain in a state of no-knowledge. So just wait!

That was just a beginning and you became too attached to it. Much more is to happen — that is nothing, that is just a drop of the ocean. The whole ocean is waiting for you, but you have become so attached to that drop that you want to repeat it. You have been caught by the mind, and the ocean is there. Forget that drop. Many more drops will come, many more rivers will pour into you, many more oceans one day will enter you. But one has to continuously remember not to ask, not to desire. Yes, when it happens, feel grateful, thankful, and then simply forget all about it so you remain clean, you remain innocent.

It was something beautiful but much more is on the way.

Yogini, an Indian ma,
is leaving for Birmingham
to run a center.

Help many people
towards me,
Bhagwan says.

BHAGWAN: You can do much. You are not yet aware of your own potentiality: you can be of great help to people. But there are a few things which we become aware of only when we start doing; there is no other way to become aware of them.

Many people have many hidden qualities but because they never use them, they never become aware of them. Psychologists say that people use only five percent of their potential. Even the people who are very very talented — we call them geniuses — they use only fifteen percent of their potential. It is such a sheer wastage. If ninety-five percent of one's potential is wasted then how can one be really happy? And if one day man can live at the optimum, at one hundred percent, this very earth will be paradise.

Only very few people have lived totally, and it is only because of those few people — a Buddha, a Jesus, a Mohammed, here and there — that life still has some joy, some beauty, some celebration . . . only because of these few people. They are only drops in the ocean, but still if life has any color it is because of those few people. They can be counted on the fingers. Just imagine if everybody is living at the optimum, what kind of life this will be! Angels will long to be born on earth . . .

Help people, and that's how you will find your own potential, your possibilities. Compassion helps one to bloom as nothing else does.

Friday, September 8th

It was probably
about fifteen months ago
that Salila was last here —
pregnant and on her way
to Australia.

She's back tonight,
with fourteen-month-old
Deva, a spiky-haired
little blonde girl.
As Bhagwan slips the tiny
mala over her head,
the camera crew
(who sat in on darshan last night)
rolls into action.

BHAGWAN: This will be her new name: Ma Prem Tosha.

Prem means love, tosha means contentment — and that is what has to be taught to her. The only way to teach love to a child is to be loving, there is no other way. Shower as much love as possible, and let it be unconditional, with no expectations. Just give it for the sheer joy of giving . . . not even for the future, hoping some day she will return it. The moment the idea of return enters into the mind, love dies; it becomes a bargain. And love is not a bargain, it is not a business. So be as loving as possible. And it will be a growth for her and a growth for you too.

And a second thing: be very contented with her. Never think about how she should be — this is discontent; and the moment the mother starts expecting the child to be somebody in particular, the child's natural growth is hindered. And the child has to yield to you because the child is helpless. You can force a certain pattern on the child, but all patterns bring slavery, all patterns create prisons, and if we really love we cannot create a prison for the child.

Create freedom. And to create freedom only two things are needed: give love and be as contented with her as possible. Love her as she is — that is what contentment is. Don't demand: "You should be like this, then you get my love." And if we can teach the child two things — love and contentment — the child will live a life of fulfillment, of love and contentment. These are the great values.

Hanso, who took
sannyas almost two weeks ago,
sits just behind his son,
twelve-year-old Dieter,
as he is sannyassed.

BHAGWAN *(to Dieter)*: This will be your new name: Swami Prem Devo.

Prem means love, devo means god — love *is* God, and to know what love is, is to know what religion is. There is no other religion except love. All other religions are mind creations; only love is God-given. We are born with it — it is a seed in our hearts.

God is not without, God is within. He is not in the churches, in the temples: he is in your heart. And the heart knows only one language — the language of love. So when a person knows how to love he knows how to be religious. And the religious person is not a Christian, nor a Hindu, nor a Mohammedan. He is just human.

Yes, he'd like to do
some groups, he says,
and is assigned two
to play around with.

A sort of baby-sitter,
explains our darshan list
of Heide, from Germany.
Bhagwan sees something
more in store
for her.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Ma Anand Jayo.

Anand means bliss, jayo means victory — bliss is victory. A person who has not known bliss has lived his life in vain. It was utter defeat, failure — just a dark night, the dawn never came to him. But unfortunately that's how millions of people are living in the world and they have always lived that way. And because they are in the majority, it appears as if their life is the normal life. It is not.

Humanity is living in a state of neurosis — it is not

normal at all. Only once in a while is there a normal person — a Buddha, a Zarathustra, a Jesus — but people think *these* people abnormal. And because the majority consists of neurotic people it is very easy to crucify a Jesus; he is utterly helpless. It is as if a man with eyes comes into a valley of blind people and the blind people feel very offended by the very idea, the arrogance of the man, when he says that he can see. They can see. They destroy his eyes and make him blind because his presence is a disturbance.

Jesus must have been heavy on people's hearts — heavy because he was healthy, normal, natural. If Jesus is right then everybody else is wrong, and that is too much to accept; the crowd, the mob cannot accept it. It is better to destroy Jesus and be finished with him. It is better to poison Socrates and be finished with him. And man has not grown at all; he still remains the same. He still behaves in the same way. But to *really* live means to live a life of joy, bliss, celebration. That's what I teach.

My teaching is not other-worldly; my teaching is utterly *this*-worldly, because my own experience is that the other world is hidden in this world, that the other world is not transcendental to this but is immanent in it, that this world is the way to the other world, that the other world is nothing but the death of the same world, this world. This contains that.

So I am not saying to be blissful after death. When I say "Be blissful," I mean right now, this moment. Not even a single moment's postponement is needed. To postpone is dangerous because one never knows:

a second moment may come, may not come. Never postpone blissfulness for tomorrow, because the tomorrow never comes. Live it right now. Life is short and fleeting: we cannot afford to postpone. We have to squeeze the juice of each moment totally; only then does one come to flower. Only then is one victorious.

Not by having much money is one victorious, no. Not by having political power is one victorious, no. One is victorious only when one feels deep down in one's heart a great welling up of joy . . . when one's whole life is a song, when one's every moment is serene, calm, quiet, when each movement has tremendous grace. And this is possible. I am not talking about the impossible — I am talking about the very very possible, which is just within your grasp. It is not far away and it is everybody's right; if we miss it then we are responsible and nobody else.

So let sannyas be the beginning of a life of bliss. And remember: misery has to be created, bliss is natural. Misery is manmade, bliss is God-made. To create misery one has to make much effort. To allow bliss to happen one has just to relax and be in a let-go. Surrender, and one is blissful; fight, and one is in misery. Think yourself separate from existence and there is no misery; drop the idea of separation, start feeling in communion with existence — with the trees and the rocks and the moon and the sun — and there is bliss. Bliss is nothing but a byproduct of when we drop the idea of the ego. It is a state of humbleness, simplicity, egolessness.

I feel not good
with the body,
says Jayesh, about
to leave for Germany.

BHAGWAN: What exactly is the problem?

JAYESH: Just generalized weakness, and it's always when achievements are requested.

BHAGWAN: How long has it been so?
JAYESH: It started in my childhood. It may have to do with conflicts. It is very difficult to drop it.

BHAGWAN: You feel *general* weakness? No particular illness or anything is there?

JAYESH: No. Sometimes there is pain in the heart . . . sometimes here, sometimes there.

BHAGWAN: Mm . . . and what do the doctors say?

JAYESH: I have a very nice doctor and at first he did hypnosis with me before an examination because I had a lot of fear.

BHAGWAN: But they don't see that anything is wrong with the body?

JAYESH: No, except a spinal problem, but I think it is all psychosomatic — that is my feeling — in general. Maybe sometimes it is not.

BHAGWAN: And what groups have you done here?

JAYESH: First Intensive Enlightenment, Centering, Massage and the last group, Rebirthing.

BHAGWAN: And when will it be possible for you to come back?

JAYESH: I will try to come for two years next year.

BHAGWAN: That will be good, because some body work will be needed — Rolfing, Postural Integration, Acupuncture, Shiatsu.

All problems are psychosomatic because the body and the mind are not two things. The mind is the inner part of the body, and the body is the outer part of the mind, so anything can start in the body and can enter into the mind or vice versa: it can start in the mind and enter into the body. There is no division, there is no watertight compartment.

So all problems have two edges to them: they can be tackled through the mind and through the body. And up to now this has been the practice in the world: a few people believe that all problems are of the body — the physiologists, the Pavlovians, the behaviorists. . . .They treat the body, and of course in fifty percent of cases they succeed. And they hope that as science grows they will be succeeding more, but they will never succeed more than fifty percent; it has nothing to do with the growth of science.

Then the other party is there which thinks that all problems are of the mind — which is as wrong as the first. Christian Science people and hypnotists and mesmerists, they all think problems are of the mind

. . . psychotherapists. They also succeed in fifty percent of cases; they also think that sooner or later they will succeed more and more. That is nonsense. They cannot succeed more than fifty percent; that is the limit.

My own understanding is that each problem has to be tackled from both sides together, simultaneously; it has to be attacked from both the doors, a double-fronted attack. Then man can be cured one hundred percent. Whenever science becomes perfect it will work both ways.

So when you come back we will start working both ways. The first is the body, because the body is the portal to the mind — the porch. And because the body is gross it is easily manipulatable. First the body has to be freed of all its accumulated structures. If you have lived for so long with the feeling that you are weak, then it must have entered into the body, into the very structure of the body. First it has to be relieved from there; and simultaneously your mind has to be inspired so that it can start moving upwards and can start dropping all the loads that keep it down.

It will take at least three months and then things will disappear; nothing is a problem.

For an energy checkup
Chetana is to stand
behind him
holding his arms,
both allowing
whatever wants to be . . .

BHAGWAN: Good . . . very good. It will be gone — you come back. Meanwhile continue to meditate. Next time you come, the first thing to remind me of is this problem. It will take three months but it will be gone. Good!

Haridas' first visit.
He's from Australia
where he is a lecturer
and can only stay some days.

BHAGWAN: Something to say to me?

HARIDAS: Can I ask you to say something about Krishna?

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. You have some interest in Krishna?

HARIDAS: Just in Krishna, that's all.

BHAGWAN: And what would you like to know about him?

HARIDAS: So many things, but perhaps about Krishna as a teacher.

He usually doesn't
answer academic questions,
but turns this one
into a pointer for
the questioner.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. *(a pause)* Each Master of that category has a special message — for example, Jesus'

message is service and redemption through service. Buddha's message is meditation and redemption through meditation. Krishna's message is celebration and redemption through celebration. He is the most celebrating person ever, the most aesthetic god. His vision of reality is not that of truth but of beauty. He is not a philosopher but a lover, and he loved tremendously.

His whole approach is that if you can love totally, that total love will bring freedom to you. But to love totally is one of the most difficult things in the world because it demands that you drop your ego totally. He says to his disciple, Arjuna: *Sarva dharman parityaj* — abandon all the religions, abandon all the doctrines, abandon all the scriptures, and surrender in love! — *Mamekam sharanam brij.*

If one can abandon all the scriptures and all the religions and all the doctrines and can surrender only in deep love, then all is fulfilled. If you really want to understand Krishna, you will have to understand love, because he is the incarnation of love. You will have to understand celebration. He is hallelujah embodied.

But good . . . your interest is very good.

Videha's first meeting
with the Master.
Not much to say —
there's too much to
see!

Videha watches the
headless head
inclined over the group list,
gazes back into
I-less eyes
as Bhagwan assures him
that much is going to happen,
and that the key is
his availability.

BHAGWAN: All that is needed from your side is receptivity. And you can become so rich that you could have never dreamt about it. But a few people miss because they are not receptive, and there is no way to give to them if they don't want to take. They go on rejecting, their "no" has become chronic — they cannot say yes even to joy!

So just be in a yes mood and much is going to happen.

Surya's here
and means to remain
for at least six months.
She's feeling terribly happy . . .

BHAGWAN: You will become more and more happy. There is no end to happiness, just as there is no end to misery; it is the same energy. If we start moving in the wrong direction it starts becoming bitter, sour, poisonous; it creates hell. And when I say, "When we start moving in the wrong direction," I simply mean

when we start moving separately from existence, when we start thinking of ourselves as if we are islands. We are not — we are part of the whole. And to move in the right direction means to allow the whole to live through the part, to be in constant communion with the whole. Surrender to the whole is the right direction, and then there is joy and joy. Even the sky is not the limit.

You wanted to know the meaning of your name. It means divine light, the divine sun, the source of all light. Existence consists of light and nothing else. And the moment you know, there is delight; the moment you understand that all is light and there is no darkness, in the same moment you know that there is no death either, because death is darkness and light is eternal.

The mystics have always come to one conclusion, that our innermost core consists of nothing but pure light. Now modern physics is absolutely in agreement with the mystics. Modern physics says there is no matter but only electrons; electrons are light particles, just pure energy, no matter in it. But that has always been the experience of the people who have gone deep into meditation: they entered within and found that there is nothing but light. Science has entered from without, penetrated matter and found that there is nothing but light. About one thing religion and science agree, and about one thing only — that all is light. But this is a great agreement.

The future is going to use this agreement as a foundation. The temple of knowledge in the future will be raised on this foundation, because on the basic thing

the mystic and the scientist have agreed. Now it is only a question of agreeing on details; that is not difficult. The greatest agreement has already happened. Now those who understand, for them science and religion are no more in conflict.

Your name means divine light. Think of light, contemplate light, feel light. And wherever you see light, be delighted. Dance, sing, and slowly slowly you will imbibe it more and more.

Abhijad, called forward
from the group,
tells Bhagwan
of a sensation rising in her throat —
a feeling as if she's being choked.

He has her turn
and face His hand,
gazing at its open palm
while He brings it closer
and still closer in.
Her gaze is fixed, unblinking,
her body still in concentration
as the hand hovers
then descends
onto her forehead,
pauses, then back again
into His lap.
He waits for her to
reorientate
then reassures her that
there is nothing to worry about . . .

BHAGWAN: It will disappear. The energy has started moving upwards. Up to the throat the passage is clear; beyond the throat the passage has to be made, has to be made clear. And this is almost always so. Many people have the passage clear up to the throat, because up to the throat we use the centers, the chakras; beyond the throat we don't use them. So when the energy starts moving upwards, then it feels as if one is choked. But this is a good sign.

Soon the energy will penetrate the sixth center, the third eye center, and then the choking feeling will disappear. Then you will feel so unburdened, so much so that you can almost fly, as if gravitation means nothing. But this will continue for a few days — don't be worried. The group has been very good.

What other groups are you booked for?

ABHIJAD: I am doing Centering now.

BHAGWAN: And then?

ABHIJAD: And then Tantra.

BHAGWAN: Very good. After Tantra remind me about this energy, mm? Good!

Saturday, September 9th

Sufiya is leaving
for England.
Bhagwan reminds her
of the importance
of meditating regularly
so that it becomes
one's climate;
then only does it go deep.
Through whatever you do
a subtle current of meditation
has to continue;
only then does meditation
become a transformation.
So by the time
you come back the
thread will be there;
then higher planes can be
made available to you,
He reminds her.

BHAGWAN: I can give you insights only if you are ready for those insights. And there is no end to its planes — it is a non-ending work, and the higher one goes, the higher one *can* go. Each door is just the beginning of another mystery, and beyond that mystery, again a door. Each peak leads you to another peak which is higher than the first. But at one single time you can see only one peak, and it always seems,

"If I reach that peak the goal is attained"; the moment you reach the peak, another peak is waiting for you, challenging you, ahead of you. But this is beautiful — so life never dies, remains an eternal pilgrimage. And the greatest thing to create in life is a subtle thread of meditativeness . . .

Nothing to say,
says nine-year-old Prabhu,
leaving for Germany,
but I want to show
you something —
and holds out a finger
that got crushed years ago
in a car door.
And you have
some difficulty with it?
asks Bhagwan, sitting forward,
studying it attentively.
No, I just want to
show it to you, he says,
so we laugh.
That's great! You have
a special finger, Bhagwan smiles
and asks when he'll be back.
I'd like to come back
at Christmas, says Prabhu
and Bhagwan says that
that will be just perfect.

Veetgyan wonders
if he's in more of a mess
or is getting better.
I tried to kill
my girlfriend a few nights
ago, says he,
but you saved her.

VEETGYAN: I am going through a lot of changes. Been fighting you . . . I never did what you told me to do — any of the groups or meditation camp — but I sure do love hanging out in your presence.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. Nothing to be worried about. These are all pains of growth. Negativity comes, comes first. These are indications that you are no more static. Life has started moving, hence you will find many rocks. When the river does not move it finds no rocks, no mountains, no waterfalls, nothing — no problem arises. When the river is non-moving there is no problem at all. That's how millions of people have decided to live, without problems, but they are stagnant people — getting dirty, dull and dead every day. They only evaporate. Only mud will be left in the end, and they will never know the joy of meeting the ocean. They will never know the joy of expansion and they will never know the joys of the journey that a river passes through: the mountains and the valleys and the plains and so many climates and so many people. They will never know life as an adventure. And the reason why they have decided to remain static is that this is the best way to avoid problems. Avoiding problems one never grows. One

grows by facing problems, by encountering them, by taking the challenge, by risking. "Risking" is one of the most important words to remember in life; nothing is more important than that.

In *my* vision of religion, risking is as important as prayer, or even more, because only those who risk can pray. And risk means remaining ready to face new problems every day. Risk means leaving the old, the convenient and the comfortable status quo, leaving the old security and moving into spaces into which one has never moved, so one knows nothing about them. It is taking a chance. You may come out better, you may come out worse — that is the risk. But my observation is that those who can risk that much always come out better . . . even if they come off worse, it is still better, because the flow has started.

The value is not in the outcome; the value is in the process, the flow, liquidity, movement. The outcome may not be so good. You may not find life more comfortable than it was before; in fact you will find it less comfortable, less convenient but more alive. The depth will be deeper. You will be able to be joyous more and you will be able to be sadder more. You will be able to reach higher peaks of ecstasy and deeper depths of agony. When you are happy you will be really happy and when you are unhappy you will be really unhappy; heaven and hell grow together.

Growth means growing into heaven and hell together. If somebody wants to remain always in heaven he will never grow; he will remain juvenile,

stuck, dependent. His life will be very shallow. He will not know anything of value. His life will be non-essential. He will live in the non-essential; he will never come across the essential.

So risking is very important; risking is sannyas. It means dropping the known, the well-founded, the well-acquainted, for something one knows not how it is going to turn out, dropping the house in which you have lived long, and in which you have known many beautiful moments, and the security, and the safety and the shelter . . . dropping that house and going into the open, under the sky, becoming a vagabond, a gypsy.

That is risky, but through that risking, integration arises. And because I force you to risk, the mind resists. So I will say, "Do this," and you will not do it; you will try to resist. You are avoiding some risk. You are avoiding some hazards of growth. But fighting with me is really pointless, because I am not your enemy. In fighting with me you are fighting with your own future. So sooner or later one starts understanding that this is just absurd. I am not a father to you. I am not trying to make you into a certain kind of person. I have no investment in you, nothing at all. This is my joy, not my investment in you. This is sheer joy — that I want to share and I want to help you to become yourself. I have no idea of what you should be, not at all.

But every child comes across a father figure in the beginning and that becomes a stereotyped fixation . . . and the teachers and the priests. Finally you have come to me after all these experiences . . . and these

were the people who were all trying to make you a certain kind of person. I am not trying to make you *any* kind of person; I am simply helping you to go beyond personality, to be essential and not to be accidental. I am simply helping you to have a release from your past. I am not creating a prison for the future; I am leaving the future open. Hence it is more risky to be with me. But your ideas of the priests, of the father, of the mother, of the teacher, of the professor, are all such that they were all trying to manipulate you, so one learns to say no. When you come to me, naturally, that no arises; it is because of your past experience. But I am a new kind of person whom you have to become acquainted with. You have never come across me before, so your past cannot give you any clues about me.

You will have to learn slowly slowly that I am *not* that kind of person; I am not trying to impose anything on you. Even if I suggest "Do this," that is just to help you to become unburdened. All these groups and all these meditations are not creating a structure for you; they are simply trying to *destructure* you so that you are again free, again naked, again like a child. Whatsoever the society has been doing to you, I am trying to undo it so that you can be yourself again. Then it is your life: then you move on your own. . . . But in the beginning everybody finds a little negative mood arising.

And when you start growing then all the repressed violence will come up, all the anger will come up; these are the problems. And they have to be thrown out — hence in the groups sometimes violence erupts.

Now, rather than following my suggestion, you tried to kill your girlfriend. That may not have happened at all if you had gone through some groups. Your violence would have been dissipated, and it would have been dissipated under guidance, under care. Now, it exploded on your girlfriend — with no guidance, with nobody caring. You could have killed her and then you would have repented your whole life; you could have killed her and you could have killed yourself too in it. Then you would have remained stuck with guilt. Then with no other woman would you have ever been able to connect really deeply. Forever you would have lived in a kind of loneliness. Even if you loved another woman you would have always remained afraid of yourself: you can do it again! This need not have happened if you had gone through a few groups.

People are so much against violence and ask why violence is allowed in Encounter or in Leela or in Primal Therapy. It is allowed because people are *carrying it*, and it is better to release it, cathart it, in a certain structured atmosphere, rather than letting it erupt in some moment of unawareness. Once it is released you are unburdened; once it is released you become more loving, more compassionate.

So next time you come, do a few groups. Things are happening and much more has to happen. Just drop this negativity — that is just fighting with your own future; it has nothing to do with me.

Dhyano wants to know
what "Sadhana" — the name

of the new center in Munich — means.

BHAGWAN: It means practicing truth, practicing love. One can *think* about love — then it is not *sadhana*, it is poetry. If one *lives* love, then it is *sadhana*. One can talk about truth; then it is not *sadhana*, it is philosophy. When one lives truth, it is *sadhana*. *Sadhana* means transforming values of beauty, goodness and truth into life, making your life a great experiment in truth, love, beauty. Not just speculating, not just contemplating, but making it existential. There is no single word which can carry the meaning of it.

That's why I am trying to explain to you what it actually is. One thinks about water, then it is not *sadhana*; but when one drinks, it is *sadhana*. One can have a beautiful library of books on cookery; that is not *sadhana*. One can be very learned about foods; it is not *sadhana*. But to *cook* is *sadhana*. To practice, to bring things into life, to invite heaven onto earth — that is *sadhana*.

It is one of the most potential words. It has not existed in the West, nothing like it has existed, that's why Western languages don't have a particular word for it. The difference is actually like . . . there are two kinds of physics — one is called theoretical physics, pure physics. It needs no experimentation, no lab, nothing; you simply speculate, you think and you create hypotheses. Then there is another part to it — the practical physics — which implements, experiments, and unless a thing is proved through ex-

perimentation, it is not thought to be true. Logically it may look true but unless existence supports it, it is simply a hypothesis.

Philosophy is a hypothesis, religion is *sadhana*. It has to be practiced, it has to be tasted to be known, it has to be lived to be known. So help people to live meditation, help people to live prayer, help people to live love.

Majida, leaving,
is in conflict.

MAJIDA: I love being a father. I have three children and an infant due within three or four weeks with a lady to whom I am not married.

I also want to be *here* and I feel that that's almost like one of the last barriers to my being here . . . and *really* being here.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. *(a pause)* How old are the children?

MAJIDA: Fifteen, thirteen and eleven.

BHAGWAN: They live with your wife?

MAJIDA: Yes.

BHAGWAN: And you are not with you wife?

MAJIDA: No.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. I don't think there is a problem. Unless you want to make it a problem there is no

problem. Whenever you want you can go and see your children and whenever they can come for some holidays, they can come and be with you. That will be far more enriching to you and to your children. So once in a while they can come here and be here for a few weeks with you. That will be sharing something with them, giving something to them to live for in their lives.

So you can go and finish things and come back. Let this be your home and whenever the children want to come, they can. And you can always go whenever you feel like being with them — you can always go. So I don't think there is a problem; or, there is a choice. There is no question of choice either; you are not renouncing the children. . . . And if you are there just because of the children, you will never be able to forgive them. That will be more dangerous to them than your coming here.

This is something to be understood: whenever you sacrifice something unwillingly, because you *have* to, you carry a wound in you. Almost all parents carry the wound, because they say, "We have done this for the children and now see what they are doing to us." And whatsoever you did was done from your side — the children had not asked for it; they may not even be aware of it!

In your mind you have made a great sacrifice, certainly. If you decide to be there you will be continuously thinking in your mind that you have made a great sacrifice for your children, and they will never know about your sacrifice. You will always carry a

wound and you will never be able to forgive them. You will be really angry at them, feeling, "It is because of you that I missed an opportunity, an occasion. Where I really wanted to be I could not be because of you."

And sooner or later they will desert you, because children have to desert the parents; otherwise they will never grow. Sooner or later, just like birds leave the nest and never come back, the children will have to go; they will find their girlfriends and boyfriends and they will move. They will not think that you have done something great for them or anything. In fact, if they can forgive you for giving birth to them, that's more than enough, more than one can ask. Then you will feel very bad: "I have made so much sacrifice — my whole spiritual life I have sacrificed for you; this is ungratefulness." To you it will look ungrateful. *All* parents feel it, and the responsibility is not of the children at all; it is the parents' own mind game that they go on playing within themselves.

My own observation is it is very essential to see that you don't sacrifice anything for the children. Then your love for them will remain intact, and your love is all that they need. Their love will remain for you because they will never feel your anger, they will never find anything in you that hurts them because of them, and they will not find that you expect anything of them. Then it will be easier for them to love you.

And they can always come — this is the place for them too. Once they come they may decide not to go at all! So you can come — there is no problem in it.

Swatantra feels to be
here forever.

Come — that's what I was
going to say to you, to come,
beams Bhagwan.
This is your home now —
everywhere else you will be an alien,
a foreigner.
You belong here . . .

Sunday, September 10th

Veet Dhamma and her children,
Dhyana Raju and Chaitya,
are going back to England.
She reminds Bhagwan of her letter . . .

DHAMMA: . . . about being alone and being frightened of other people.

You told me a few months ago that I should spend a lot of time on my own, and now I wonder whether I should still be doing that. Sometimes I feel very much that I want love from other people.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. *(a pause)*

His eyebrows shoot up
arched
like a ballerina's foot.

BHAGWAN: That is where the problem is: you want love from other people, and that is the wrong beginning; that is getting out of the bed from the wrong side. The desire to get love from others creates problems. You should long to love others. The desire should come to love, to give love; only then will the problem disappear. And that's why I have told you to remain alone. If you remain alone long enough the desire to love people is bound to come, because it is there in our hearts. Imposed on it is the other desire which is very superficial.

It is like you eat your food every day at a certain time. Looking at the clock you are reminded that you must be hungry, you *have* to be hungry. The mind creates hunger and the hunger is false. If you had not looked at the clock or if the clock had stopped or was showing the wrong time, you would not have felt any hunger at all. So it was not coming from your body; it was imposed from the mind. If for two, three days you go on a fast, all impositions of the mind will disappear. Then the real appetite will arise which will have nothing to do with the clock, with the time. It can arise in the middle of the night, and then it will be something real coming from your very core.

So is the problem of love. The false desire, the mind desire, is to get love from others. It is really not love but getting attention from others. Love is only a name. What the mind really wants is attention from others: people should praise you, people should say how beautiful you are, people should look up to you, people should depend on you, people should feel happy because of you. The ego can feel very very gratified through it. This is not love; this is just a hankering for attention.

I have told you to starve this desire. If you can wait a little longer one day you will suddenly see, and when that desire comes, that *you* want to love people, then move. Then come out of your seclusion — you have stumbled upon the *right* appetite for love. And when you love people, they naturally respond; they are just people like you. But when you approach a person with the deliberate desire to get love from him, he shrinks back. That too is a natural reaction.

That means he is afraid of your exploitation, that he does not want to be trapped, that he does not want to be exploited in any way whatever. So he starts shrinking, and the more he shrinks, withdraws, the more you jump, because you see that you are losing your victim. And the more after the person you are, the more he will escape.

Her eyes glisten
with unwept tears.

BHAGWAN: When you go to give love, just a totally different response arises. The person feels loving towards you because you have not come to exploit; it is not an ego need. You have come to share, to give; you will feel thankful if he accepts. And if he does not accept you will not feel rejected, because that is his freedom — to accept or not to accept. Up to now this has been your problem, that you are hankering to get love from people and you are afraid of people because they will reject. Both these things are together: if you are hankering for love, how to get it, you are going to be rejected; you are creating rejection yourself. Change this! Go and give and forget about getting anything in return. It comes, a thousandfold it comes, and then its coming is beautiful because you were not expecting it even. It comes without expectations; then it is a great joy, a surprise.

And once you have learned the art of giving, you will be getting so much love that you cannot contain it.

Chaitya, twelve,
listens absorbed
to this intimate probing
and exposing of
her mother's heart.

BHAGWAN: But for that moment to come, continue to be alone *a little* longer. And this is the criterion: if this mind of "I would like to be loved by others" continues then you still have to remain alone. One day this desire will disappear and another desire will take its place; that will be a transformation in you. From that moment onwards there is no need to be in seclusion; then start moving. You are no more dangerous; to others and to yourself you are no more dangerous.

Your being alone has helped you. It has settled you — it has made you calmer, quieter. Just a little more . . . a little patience.

She nods
and takes the box
held out to her;
they'll be back
in February, she says.

Lee, from America,
does something rather grand
called audio-visual
multimedia presentations.
Right now
the spotlight's on him.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Swami Veet Martyo.

Veet means beyond, martyo means death. The really real within you is beyond death. The one that dies and is born is not your reality. The one that is born and dies is just a garment, a house in which we live for the time being. But when you live in a house from the very beginning to the very end, for your whole life, a great attachment arises; one almost completely becomes identified with it. You have not seen yourself separate from your body, so you start thinking, "I am the body, I am the mind. I am that which I appear to others, I am that which I appear in the mirror." It is not you. The reflection that you see in the mirror is not you. You are the one who *sees* the reflection, you are the consciousness which is aware of the reflection in the mirror and who is aware of the person of whose reflection it is; you are that awareness, that witnessing.

This is the whole process of becoming enlightened. Go on dis-identifying yourself from things to the point where nothing remains to be eliminated any more. The Upanishads say it is the method of *neti, neti*: not this, not this. I am not this, I am not this — and one goes on eliminating. A moment comes when nothing is left but just the watcher, and the watcher cannot be eliminated; that is impossible. You cannot go beyond the watcher. If you do you will still remain the watcher; if you again go beyond the watcher you will still remain the watcher.

So that is the only reality you cannot get out of.

You cannot see the watcher. Anything that you can see, you are not. But you cannot see the watcher — hence you are it. And that is beyond death, that is immortal, that is eternal.

Ginger-haired Ralf
from Canada . . .

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Swami Deva Agneya.

Deva means divine, agneya means fire. Sannyas is initiation into divine fire. Hence I have chosen the color orange: it represents fire. And unless one is consumed by the divine fire, one remains miserable, because one remains confined in the ego. To be consumed, destroyed, burned as an ego, is the beginning of a totally new kind of life — the life of egolessness, life not separate from existence but one with it.

The moment the ego dies, God is born in you. The moment you are not, God is. Sannyas is the greatest risk possible. All other risks are partial. This is total. You will be required slowly slowly to drop all — your beliefs, your assumptions, your prejudices, your concepts, your philosophies, your ideologies. All that you have always thought as yours has to be sacrificed in the fire of sannyas, utterly burned. Nothing has to be saved from it: the whole past, in toto, has to be thrown into the fire.

This is the offering a disciple is required to make. And once you can offer all your assumptions, prejudices, beliefs, purity arises in you, because all the lug-

gage of the mind is thrown out, all garbage burned. Great silence, great emptiness, great no-mind opens its door. And in that very space, one comes to know who one is. One comes to know what this existence is all about.

Three others taking sannyas tonight
from the Centering group.
First Detlef —
he's from Germany.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Swami Prem Amaro.

Prem means love, amaro means deathless, eternal, non-ending. Love that begins and ends is just a name . . . for something else, not for love. Love that begins and never ends is the true love. It knows no end: it goes on becoming deeper and deeper. It is moving into an unfathomable sea; it is going into the immeasurable. That's why Jesus says, "God is love," because "love" is the only word that can indicate something about God — his unfathomable, immeasurable quality.

What we ordinarily know as love is something else — maybe lust, maybe the desire to possess, maybe an ego trip or maybe just a biological urge: nature wants to reproduce through you, nature is using you as a vehicle. But it is not love.

And I am not saying that it is something wrong. It is perfectly okay as it is, but one has to remember that there is a different world of love than we have come

across yet. One has to keep searching for it, one has to go on seeking for it. If one starts thinking, "This is all that we know and this is all that is possible to know," then the search stops and one may remain confined in the same circle, moving again and again in a repetitive, monotonous way, tired, bored. Just to keep you alert that there is something else which your soul needs and that it will remain discontented until it gets it . . . . That love knows no ending. That love can exist only in a state of no-mind.

This love, the so-called love, is a relationship between two minds. *That* love is a state of no-mind; it is not a relationship at all. It is just when your thoughts have disappeared. You are utterly herenow, overflowing with energy, for no reason at all; because if your love has any reason it is bound to end. If your happiness has any reason it is bound to end; if your happiness has any reason it cannot last long. The happiness that has no reason lasts long; and if there is really no reason at all it can last forever.

There is a certain kind of love which has no reason for it. Just because the mind disappears, your being starts overpouring itself into existence. It is undirected. It is not towards a particular person, it is not addressed. It is unconditional. You are simply joyous in sharing yourself. Love for love's sake — that's what it is actually — and that is the highest quality. And in that highest quality of love, in that supreme transformation of love, one comes to know God. In fact, God is another name for that state of love.

For Rita the name
Ma Deva Unmad —
divine madness.

BHAGWAN: God is not the conclusion of any logical process. God is a quantum leap of the courageous heart. God is never arrived at by reasoning, and those who search through reason search in vain; those who search through reason are bound to come to the conclusion that there is no God. It is as if somebody is trying to listen with their eyes. Eyes can see but cannot hear, so if somebody is trying to listen to music through his eyes he will not be able to, and the natural conclusion will be this — that there is no music.

Reason is capable of knowing the visible; it is incapable of knowing the invisible. Reason is capable of exploring the tangible, the gross, the material. It is impotent in going into the unknown, the mysterious. And God *is* a mystery. God is not a fact but a mystery, and God cannot be known through mathematics but only through madness. But that madness is real sanity. Blessed are those who are capable of becoming mad for God, because only they find the truth. Jesus is mad . . . so is Buddha. These people are not sane in the ordinary sense of the word.

Just think of Buddha renouncing his palace, his child, his woman, his treasures, his empire, and becoming a beggar in search of God. What can there be that is more like madness?

Jesus is ready to be crucified for God — must have

been a madman — and, dying on the cross, still praying for the people who are killing him and saying to God, "Father, forgive these people because they know not what they are doing." Must have been mad! Certainly not sane in the ordinary sense of the word — sane in a totally different sense, but he will look insane to everybody in the world, to the worldly mind.

The search for love is of the heart. The search for God also belongs to the heart, and the heart functions in a mad way. Its way is of poetry, its way is of song and dance. It knows nothing of logic. To drop logic is the greatest sacrifice one can make for God. In dropping logic the mind disappears. And the very moment logic is dropped you start moving into a totally different world. A new dimension opens up. You function under a different law — the law of grace.

And to be initiated into sannyas means getting ready to take this jump into madness. To be with a Master means allowing his presence to work on your heart and putting your mind aside. I function not through my logic but through my presence. I function not as logic but as love, so only those who are really courageous enough to go mad with me will be able to attain anything.

And I can see: you can do it! It is possible — make it actual. The seed is there — just a little work and it will start sprouting. And life becomes celebration when one starts living without the mind, in trust, in love.

I watch as a dance
is born in His hands
and dies
obliterated by itself.

BHAGWAN *(to John)*: This will be your new name: Swami Deva Svarno.

Deva means divine, svarno means gold — divine gold. Man is in a raw condition; much has to be transformed before a man really attains to his destiny. Man is gold which has yet to be purified through fire. And unless it is purified, a great hankering, a great thirst, a great hunger, continues deep down in the soul, because one can never feel at home unless one has come to one's true nature. The gold simply represents one's true nature, the highest — it is symbolic. Much mud is mixed with it, although even if the gold is deep down in the mud it remains gold. But the desire to get rid of all that is foreign, to get rid of all that is not one's real essence, is natural. But to get rid of the unreal one has to go through many pains, growing pains. Hence I use the word "fire."

The journey is not easy — the journey is arduous because one has to drop many cherished things and one has cherished those things for long, maybe for lives together. To drop them means becoming poor, becoming a beggar. That's what Jesus means when he says, "Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of God." To be poor in spirit, that is the fire.

One has lived with great ideas, opinions, knowledge, and one has been clinging to them because they were all that one had. But to be initiated into a path of purity, into a path of transformation, all that rubbish has to be dropped. I cannot give you anything, because you need not have anything from the outside. That which you need is already there — it is already the case — but I will have to take many things from you, things which are not your nature.

Hence the Master's work is really not of giving something to the disciple but of taking everything that the disciple has, leaving him utterly poor in spirit; and that is the journey and the arduousness of it. When a disciple comes to a Master he comes hoping that he will get something; a real Master is bound to frustrate it.

Only the pseudo Master gives you solace; the real Master gives you fire. Only the pseudo Master pretends to give you something — knowledge, wisdom, enlightenment. The real Master knows that nothing can be given to you because in the first place all that you need is already there. It is hidden behind a great heap of rubbish; the *rubbish* has to be taken away. But you have cherished that rubbish very long, you have saved it like a treasure, so when it is being taken away it hurts, it leaves wounds. One wants to escape from a real Master. A thousand and one times one wants to escape from a real Master. A thousand and one times one is frustrated with the real Master, because basically he never fulfills your desires.

You come with one idea; he has some totally different idea of how to do things. He will not fulfill

your expectations — he will not fulfill your expectations about how a real Master has to be either. He is going to shatter *all* your ideas. When a disciple comes to a Master he has many ideas about how the real Master should be, how an enlightened person should be. You cannot tame God, you cannot tame real enlightenment — there is no way; it remains wild. So he has to frustrate your desires, he has to frustrate your expectations, he has to frustrate your idea of a real Master. It is hard, and only the very courageous remain long enough to be transformed.

I am saying it to you, because it happens to every disciple — it is going to happen to you too: a thousand and one doubts will arise. The Master really makes trust almost impossible, but when it is impossible and still you trust, then it works; *only* then does it work. If the Master makes trust very simple and possible, if he fulfills all your ideas of being a Master, then trust is cheap, very cheap . . . meaningless too.

So this is going to be a really great transformation — sannyas is alchemy, hence I am giving you the name "Svarno." The baser metal has to be transformed into the higher metal, gold.

Martin's introduction
to the madman's guide
to enlightenment.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Swami Deva Unmana.

Deva means divine, unmana means no-mind. Animals have no mind, man has a mind, Buddhas

again have no-mind. In a sense the state of the Buddha is similar to the state of the animals, but only in a sense — in the sense that he also has no-mind. He is as mindless as the animals, as the trees, as the rocks. But there is a great difference too: trees are unconscious and he is fully conscious. No-mind can exist in two ways: unconscious and conscious.

In deep sleep it happens: when dreams disappear you are in a state of no-mind — the mind is not functioning any more; there is no activity going on, all has utterly stopped. You are again like a tree. But this is unconscious.

In *samadhi*, in the highest form of meditation, the same thing happens: the mind stops functioning . . . but you are conscious. That is the only difference, but the difference that *makes* the difference. One is fully alert, luminous. One *is* there witnessing, watching, but there is no cloud of thought. The sky is utterly empty: as far as you can see you cannot see any content.

This content-less state of consciousness is the goal of sannyas. And to achieve it is to achieve bliss, is to achieve truth, is to achieve liberation.

That's my whole work here: helping you to slowly slowly drop chunks of the mind. By and by the mind erodes, and one day suddenly the clouds are no more there and the sun is shining bright. That's the day when the golden flower blooms.

Moumina says she feels confused.
She doesn't know what
her question is.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. *(a pause)* You feel confused but you don't know about what?

MOUMINA: Yes. I feel I want something but I feel confused about it.

BHAGWAN: About what? That you don't know?

MOUMINA: I feel I want to hear you speak to me but I don't know what I want to ask.

He instructs her to
move into her energy,
she does so — softly, tremblingly.

BHAGWAN: The energy is perfectly good. There is no confusion in the energy — the energy is flowing perfectly well. The mind is a little confused but the mind always remains confused; that is the nature of the mind. When confusion disappears, the mind disappears. In fact to use the phrase "confused mind" is not right; it is repeating the same word twice. It means "confused confusion."

The mind *is* confusion — more or less is possible. Sometimes it is more confused, sometimes it is more cloudy, sometimes it is less cloudy. And the most surprising thing is: when it is more cloudy you don't feel that it is cloudy, because you can't see sky anywhere so you cannot contrast it. When it starts becoming less cloudy, then you start feeling that there is confusion because there are a few gaps of the sky here and there.

So when a person starts getting deeper into meditation then he starts becoming aware that the mind is very confused. Otherwise the whole world is con-

fused and nobody is aware of it; confusion is taken for granted. They have never known anything else; all that they know is confusion. And they have not known the contrary so they cannot call it confusion either.

Just think of a man who has never known light. Can he call the night dark? How can he call it dark? If sometimes he starts having a few experiences which are of light, then the darkness explodes in his being; for the first time he becomes aware it is there.

That's what is happening. Your energy is flowing perfectly beautifully, and because the energy is flowing perfectly beautifully there are a few gaps of pure sky arising, a few moments when you can see the sky and the clouds are not there. Now those clouds will give you the impression of being confused. Don't be worried — just go on meditating, just go on loving, just go on enjoying being. Soon these few clouds will also disappear.

When will you be coming back?

MOUMINA: As soon as I can — as soon as I have enough money to stay, to stay forever.

BHAGWAN: That's how I would like you to be — you are ready. Finish things and come back forever!

Ananda Prabhu, English
and returning to Kuwait tomorrow
where he works,
speaks staccato, and

black-eyed declares
that the Tantra group
was beautiful for him.

PRABHU: The first thing I discovered was that I have been repressing the affection my body has for other men's bodies, because I was afraid of being homosexual; and I dropped that.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. That's very good!

PRABHU: It has been good and very beautiful because I have discovered that it is an utterly beautiful thing. And I was relaxing in my inner woman. She was completely relaxed — very tender and loving.

BHAGWAN: That's very good. Mm mm.

PRABHU: It was very very very good. And also, another thing: we were given this exercise to imagine we were a baby. I killed the baby — slaughtered it totally. Then we were told to imagine something lovely. My beloved's voice said "Beloved" and then all these tears and laughter fell out of me like this . . .

He rises on his knees,
his hands billowing out and up,
his voice breaking
with emotion.

PRABHU: . . . everywhere. Laughter came from down here *(his belly)* rather than from up here *(his head)*.

It was the most beautiful thing that has ever happened to me in my life. I danced and I loved and it was . . .

A ripple of warmth and
affectionate amusement rides over
Prabhu from the group behind.

BHAGWAN: Very good. I am happy!

PRABHU: It was very beautiful. Thank you!

BHAGWAN: When will you be coming back?

PRABHU: Next year, I think . . . maybe May, June.

BHAGWAN: Good. Come back.

PRABHU: If I can come with my family I will try to come with them also.

BHAGWAN: Bring them also. And continue to meditate.

PRABHU: I will!

BHAGWAN: Mm, many more things are going to happen!

He leans forward, head down,
to receive the box
offered him.

Bhagat back from Israel
has something to ask, he thinks,
but doesn't really feel to.

BHAGWAN: Wait. Mm? The feeling will come, then you can ask. It is only good when the feeling comes and when you are really burning with a question, when it is almost a thirst — not only a question but a

question of life and death — then only can something be said which will reach to your heart. Otherwise people simply ask out of curiosity — that is of no use: asking for asking's sake.

Ask only when it is really very decisive, when much depends on it. So let the feeling come. It is good to wait for the feeling to come, and it is good to ask a single question but a question that will change your whole life rather than asking thousands of questions, futile, which are not going to make any change in you because you never felt very much that they were needed. One asks just by the way. Avoid those things.

Yuthiko from Germany
wants to know
what it means to be a flower.

BHAGWAN: Yuthiko is a flower of tremendous beauty, of great fragrance. And life also has to become a flower. We are born only as a potential, and unfortunately many die without ever actualizing their potential. That's what hell is: to live, and without living one's total flowering. To live lukewarm is hell. It is very frustrating. To live in an orgasmic way, to release one's total fragrance to the winds is nirvana, is enlightenment. If you can release your total potential you are free, and freedom is the taste of God.

So don't take yourself for granted. Much has to be done: the ground has to be prepared, the seeds have to be sown . . . nourishment for the seeds, manure,

water. And if one can bloom then one has worshipped God!

That's the true worship: showering your flowers unto his feet.

Monday, September 11th

In spite of
(or perhaps because of!)
publicity in his country
Klaus from Germany
wants to take sannyas.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Swami Anand Devada.

Anand means bliss, devada means God-given. Bliss is never attained through human effort. It is a grace, not an achievement, so the achiever's mind goes on missing it. And our society creates the ambitious, achieving mind; hence so much misery in the world. It is a natural consequence of our approach towards life. We are aggressive towards life, and bliss comes only to those who are receptive.

Man has to relate to existence not in a yang way — not like a man — but in a yin way, like a woman. It is not a question of grabbing; it is a question of allowing. Bliss comes in a tremendously deep let-go. One need not move anywhere; it comes. All search is futile. Those who search for it search in vain, because the very search means the aggressive mind, the mind that wants to achieve, to control, to manipulate, the mind that wants its will to be done. Bliss is elusive for such people. Bliss becomes like a horizon: it is just there, luring you, but by the time you reach it is no more there. Bliss is like a pot full of gold at the rain-

bow's end, but when you reach you will not find anything — even the rainbow will not be found there; it only appears to be. From far away it is; the closer you come, it disappears. Man has to live in a totally new way to be blissful, and the new way is of let-go.

Sannyas is the beginning of a let-go. Sannyas is a learning how to be feminine, how to be a womb, how to allow God to give what he always wants to give. But the seeker and the searcher goes on missing. Bliss is a happening. It takes you unawares, it comes as a surprise. It comes in moments when you were not asking for it, not even expecting, and suddenly it is there. Because when you are not expecting, when you are not asking, when you are not aggressive, when you are not desirous, you are available to God. When you are desirous of something, you are unavailable. Desire is the barrier.

So remember this: bliss is a gift, a sheer gift . . . just grace. It is not through effort, not through discipline. It happens the moment you are ready to allow it.

A doctor, Prageet,
from Germany too,
is malaed and welcomed,
and then has explained to him
the meaning and
goal implied in his name.

BHAGWAN: Your name means "a song of bliss." Man can live in such a way that life brings only miseries. Man can live also in such a way that he becomes a magnet, and from every nook and corner of existence

bliss starts flowing towards him. And it all depends on you; it is just your decision about how to live. It is your life and it is your freedom.

People have decided to live in misery because misery seems to be convenient, comfortable. People have decided to live in misery because misery gives them something that they are asking for: attention, sympathy. People have learned to live in misery because it can give them many excuses. If they are not succeeding they can say, "What can I do? I am in such misery, in so much pain, so much illness, disease — how can one expect me to succeed?" If they are afraid to accept a challenge they can hide themselves behind their misery. If they don't want to go on an adventure — and life is continuously an adventure — they can always fall upon their misery; they have some very valid excuse. Misery is an alibi to avoid life.

Misery is a psychological device of man to avoid God. So man goes on talking about how to drop it but he never drops it. He simply asks how to drop it so that he can pretend that he *wants* to drop it — but what can he do? His fate is against him, God is against him, life is against him — he is a victim! And that is not the true case. Nobody is a victim here and if somebody is a victim, he is a victim of his own mind; it is self-imposed victimization. He is suicidal, and he goes on doing the things that create misery.

Just the other day I was reading about the great Russian novelist, Count Leo Tolstoy. He was going shopping — he was one of the richest men in Russia — and just on the way a great insight happened to him that what he was going to purchase he did not

really need. Then he started wondering that if he did not need it in fact, then why was he going to purchase it? Then he remembered: because his neighbor had purchased something, and just because of the neighbor he was going to purchase it. He saw the whole stupidity in it — he turned back. He came home laughing, almost a mad laughter. His wife said, "What has happened?" And he said, "A great insight has happened to me! And this is not only a single case in my life: I have been doing things which I don't *want* to do, which I don't *need* to do. I have been just imitating people." And that insight became a great turning point in his life. It was just a small thing, but from that moment he started watching each act, seeing *why* he was doing it, for what. Was it really needed? And you will be surprised: ninety-nine percent of the things that you go on doing are not needed at all, and *they* bring misery. And sometimes it happens that because you go on doing so many things which are not needed, you don't have energy enough to do things that you need. Life becomes a chaos.

My teaching is: start being more alert about what you have been doing to your life, and in just becoming aware insights start happening. And the moment you see the futility of a certain thing, it drops of its own accord. Slowly slowly one comes to understand that bliss is not so difficult as we had been thinking all along; it is simple. We just have not to put too much investment in misery, and then life becomes a song of bliss.

Life *has* to become a song of bliss. It is meant to become a song of bliss. And unless it becomes a song

of bliss, one should not be contented, one should not sit contented. One should do everything that one can do to understand, to change, to be new. And this is what sannyas is all about: changing your program.

The program that people are carrying creates misery. We change the whole program. We drop the old program, we give you a new program, a new insight, a new way to work things out, and soon it starts happening: life starts taking on new colors. New dimensions suddenly open up, new mysteries become available. And then life is no more a drab and dull affair; it becomes a great exhilaration. That is what I mean by the song of bliss: an ecstatic life. And it is your birthright, it has to be claimed.

Her black corkscrewed hair
bundled up in a scarf at the gate,
Beatrice is not far
from tears as Bhagwan
indicates her new name to her . . .

BHAGWAN: Ma Prem Prabuddha.

Prem means love, prabuddha means God-given. *All* is God-given.

He pauses, paper in hand,
as her head goes down
and her body sobs.

The emotion subsiding,
she looks up,
eyelashes wet,

tears shiny on
her black complexioned cheek.

BHAGWAN: Remember it: *all* is God-given. Life is God-given, love is God-given, light is God-given. We don't have anything of our own; hence the falsity of our ego, hence the pretension and the lies of the ego. It gives the illusion that you are creating something. Man creates nothing — man himself is created by God, and if something happens through man, it only happens *through* him. But the doer is always God.

Once we understand this, all anxiety disappears from life. Then there is no problem left. A problem is a by-product; the problematic life means an ego-oriented life. Once this trust has arisen — that all is given and done by God — we disappear. Then only he is. Then whatsoever happens is good: we cannot expect otherwise; there is nobody to expect. Then whatsoever happens is welcomed; there is nobody to reject it. And that's the state of the religious mind.

Then the day is good and so is the night. Then life is bliss and so is death. Just think of that moment when one can accept death too as beautifully as life.That is serenity, tranquility, silence. And only out of that silence does one become aware of that which is. Truth is reflected in that mirror of serenity. The ego creates much fuss — it keeps the mind wavering, waving. Nothing can be reflected; all is distorted by the mind.

Sannyas means a surrender to God, saying to God, "Thy will be done. All is yours — I am yours, so whatsoever will happen from now onwards is good."

One drops all valuation, judgment, and to live without judgment is to live in beatitude.

BHAGWAN (*to Peter*): This will be your new name: Swami Prem Satsang.

Prem means love, satsang means a communion with the Master — a loving communion with the Master.

Sannyas is a declaration from your side that you are ready to receive. If the door is knocked on you are ready to open it. If you are called forth you will not hesitate. If some risk is to be taken you will not only take it, you will take it willingly. And then communion starts.

Communion means a state of love between the Master and the disciple where all conflict has been dropped. It is the ultimate in a love affair. Lovers fight, but the disciple and the Master live in such a communion that there is no fight, no question of fight; there is no argumentation. The disciple simply drops all his logic, all his mind, all his ideologies, all his past. He simply cleanses his heart. He says, "I am nobody and I am here. Pour into me whatsoever you want to pour into me, make whatsoever you want to make of me — I will not resist."

Once this has started happening, miracles follow. And the Master has not to do a thing — that is the beauty of it. The disciple just has to be receptive, and without any doing on the Master's part things start happening. The Master is a constantly available presence — just as the sun is. You open your eyes and your eyes are full of light. The sun has not to do

anything in particular. It was already light; you were just keeping your eyes closed. The sun was already showering its treasures on you, but for you it was all darkness. You open your eyes and you are full of light.

The Master is a presence; the Master is not a doer. The real Master never does a thing but his presence functions as a catalytic agent. Much happens through his non-doing. That is the paradox of the existence of a Master: without doing, much happens. So the whole thing depends really on the disciple: if he is receptive things start happening; if he is not receptive nothing happens. When nothing happens he throws the responsibility on the Master. The Master cannot do anything against you. In fact he cannot do anything because it is not a question of doing at all; it is simply a question of receiving, of taking it in.

That is the meaning of *satsang*: to be in the presence of the Master, in a loving communion. It is a very special word — it cannot be translated into any Western language, because nothing like this has ever happened there; it is uniquely Eastern. In fact, the relationship between a disciple and a Master is an Eastern phenomenon, a contribution of the East to the world of consciousness.

In the West, at the most, the teacher and the student exist. The teacher teaches, the student learns. The Master is not a teacher; the Master simply imparts, shares, and the disciple imbibes, drinks. It is on a totally different plane. The student and the teacher communicate; the communication is verbal. It is a dialogue, it is transmitting some information. The

teacher knows and the student does not know; he collects information, he becomes more knowledgeable. It is a transfer of knowledge.

Between a Master and a disciple the question is not of knowledge but of *being*. Not that the Master knows more than the disciple — sometimes it happens that the disciple may know more, but knowledge is not the question at all. The Master *is* more than the disciple, not that he knows more. He has more being, he has more soul. It is not a question of his memory, that he has more information fed in his memory cells, no. It is a question of his existence; he has a totally different kind of existence — integrated, centered, rooted. The teacher has knowledge, the Master knows. Knowledge means about and about.

The Master has perception, his own experience. He does not know *about* God — he *knows* God, he *is* God! When you know about, you remain different from the knowledge, separate from the knowledge. When you *know* God then the knower and the known become one. The Master is divine. He has not known God as a separate entity; he has recognized God as his own innermost core . . . not as the known, but as the knower, as a witness of all. He has being. Being cannot be learned. Knowledge can be learned; being has only to be drunk.

That is *satsang*: the disciple drinks. The Master is like alcohol; the disciple becomes more and more drunk, more and more drunk. The disciple slowly slowly abandons himself completely; he forgets all about himself. In that forgetfulness he remembers for the first time who he is, because that which was

forgotten was only the personality, and now arises the essence, the soul, the being.

In the East for thousands of years this special phenomenon has been in existence: the disciple sits by the side of the Master, just imbibing. Just being with him is enough — just to pulsate with him, vibrate with him, sway with him, just to have a dance with his being. This is not communication; this is communion. It is not from mind to mind; it is from heart to heart, it is from soul to soul. It is immediate.

Sometimes words may be used but they are just devices. Sometimes silences may be used; they are also devices. But that which is important is something so mysterious that no word can contain it. The very look of the Master's eyes in your eyes, the very touch of his being, the very touch of his presence, is enough to stir something that is fast asleep in you. The Master awakes you. His only message — conveyed through words, through silences, through love — is simple and single: Wake up!

That is the meaning of your name. This is one of the most beautiful names I can give to anybody.

Vedika and Rafia,
new sannyasins returning to the States
to teach a class
in psychic development,
want to know if Bhagwan
will speak to them
on two people being both
lovers and co-leaders.

BHAGWAN: It will be difficult work, very difficult — unless you can drop all jealousy. Then there is no problem. The whole problem will hang around jealousy. If you can drop jealousy, then working together in the group will be of immense help. Mm, you can both support each other greatly; and the group will be benefited more than it can ever be benefited by a single person if the couple can work in the group. But the problem is not that *(to her)*. The problem is: you may feel jealous. Sometimes he will be very loving to women, and he will have to be, otherwise his whole group is destroyed. You will be very loving to the men and he will feel hurt. If you can drop jealousy . . . . The whole matter will hang on jealousy.

So try. For one month, four weeks, try: drop all jealousy and go into it. Forget that you are lovers — just be helpers to each other, co-leaders in the group. And keep completely alert that you are not to interfere in any way and he is not to interfere with you in any way, not even unconsciously. And after the group, never try to bring the group into your relationship. That is the second thing to remember: don't start talking about what he was doing to that woman and how he was looking at her . . . . Never bring in the group. Once the group is finished, it is finished; then you are lovers. Then forget all about the group. It should not be brought into other moments in your life.

If you can keep these two things — which will be difficult — if you can keep them you can grow really very very deeply. The group will be benefited and

your relationship will become very integrated, because it will be a great challenge for the relationship. It will be continuously on the rocks. If you can understand and allow it to happen, then it will become very deep and very integrated. Either it will dissolve or it will become one of the most intimate relationships — both are possibilities.

So for one month, try. If you can do it for one month then it is good — you go on. It *can* be done; it will just need alertness so that jealousy is not brought in, and it will need alertness so that you don't bring the group into other moments in your life. My feeling is, try — you may succeed! And whenever there is any risk, it has always to be tried. If you feel it becomes too heavy and difficult, then it is better to drop working together in a group. Mm? But a chance has to be taken. And I will support you — if you are really ready to go on this adventure it will be good.

I carry a grudge against God,
says Abhinavo.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm, what is it?

ABHINAVO: I think I was brought up too religious and God was too much of an authority.

BHAGWAN: So what actually is it now?

ABHINAVO: Just a grudge . . . nothing specific.

BHAGWAN: It has always been there?

ABHINAVO: I haven't been aware of it before but I've become aware of it now.

BHAGWAN: Mm, it is good that you have become aware — this is the beginning of its going. Once you become aware of a certain thing that has been there for a long time and was unconscious, it is the beginning of the end. Just remain conscious of it — don't repress it. The mind will tend to repress it because the mind wants to be without problems, and the easiest way for the mind to be without problems is not to solve them. That is the long, arduous path. The easiest way is to repress them, to throw them into the basement so that one becomes oblivious of them. But they remain there and they go on growing there, and sooner or later they will be back again with more power, more vengeance. The mind finds a short-cut in repressing problems; and that's how problems become chronic. They could have been easily dealt with if one had not been in such a hurry to repress them, but the mind is not interested in solving them.

There is again something very significant to be understood: the mind is not in favor of solving problems because if all problems are solved the mind dies. Its whole function is only if problems are there. It is as if there is no patient in the town — doctors will die! Now, the profession of a doctor is a very paradoxical profession: he helps the patients to be healthy but he is also afraid that if everybody is healthy then what is going to happen to him? So he wavers. He wants both: he wants people to be ill, he wants people to be cured by him, but he wants them to fall ill again otherwise his own life will be in danger.

Such is the situation of the mind: the mind wants to solve problems but does not want to solve them forever or in toto; then the mind is no more needed. So the way that the mind has found of tricking you is to drop the problem into the unconscious as if it has been solved. It has created a basement — it throws it there. You become oblivious, you think the problem is solved. The problem is not solved and the mind has saved itself. It has saved itself from the anxiety of facing the problem — it has saved itself from the anxiety. If it is solved then its utility is no more there. It is a very tricky situation, and the mind has found a very beautiful middle way: never solve a problem but never allow the problem to remain too long — otherwise one wants to solve it — so throw it into the basement. That's what you have been doing with your grudge.

It happens to almost every child who has been brought up in an authoritarian way: he becomes a nay-sayer; his immediate response is always no. Yes becomes difficult because he has suffered so much and yes has been forced on him so much. Against his will he has been forced to say yes, and when he was helpless he has said it, but when he is no more helpless he does not want to say yes. Now, a great problem is there: life happens only when you say yes, love happens only when you say yes, God happens only when you say yes. And you have become incapable of saying yes, you are afraid of saying yes. With yes all the wrong associations are there — all those humiliations in which you were forced to say yes. You wanted to

do something and your parents never wanted it to be done that way and you had to follow the parents . . . you followed grudgingly. The grudge is there, the wound is there. Now to say yes reminds you of those authorities, those violent authorities that tortured you in your childhood.

So it is understandable, the grudge *is* understandable, but to remain under its impact is dangerous. It means that your parents destroyed your childhood, and now your childhood and its memories are destroying your youth. And then your youth and your childhood together will destroy your old age, so your whole life becomes just a wasteland. You have to come out of it. You have to learn to say yes, *not* because somebody else is forcing it on you but because it is your own innermost desire to be in a mood of yes, because only in a yes mood do you expand.

When you say no you shrink. The person who goes on saying no starts breathing shallowly. He cannot breathe well, because to breathe well the chest expands, and that is possible only with a yes-saying attitude. The no-saying person shrinks, becomes hard, unflowing, rigid. And he is afraid to say yes just because of past associations.

You have to see it: it is finished! Nobody is forcing anything on you; now it is your life. You have to decide again whether to live a life based on no or to live a life based on yes. Decide! A life based on no is already poisoned because no is death, not life. Yes is life!

You will have to become conscious, but it is good that the grudge has surfaced. Now don't repress it again.

What groups have you done here?

ABHINAVO: I have done Samarpan and before I have done Centering and Tathata.

BHAGWAN: Very good. When you come next time first remind me again about your grudge, mm?

When will you be coming?

ABHINAVO: I don't know . . . I don't want to make plans. Soon I hope.

BHAGWAN: Whenever it is possible. Mm, whenever you can come, come, mm? — then I will give you a few groups particularly keeping in mind your grudge. It will go. Nothing to worry about.

How was it?
He asks of the lovely Divya,
Individual Primal therapist,
here with Neerjo,
her assistant.

DIVYA: Not very good.

BHAGWAN: What happened?

DIVYA: She ran away.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. How many days did she miss?

DIVYA: Well, just one day, but really before, too, because she didn't give it her total energy.

BHAGWAN: Only one day she left or she did one day?

DIVYA: She didn't come for one day but it was about three days before that that it was very difficult to reach her in any way.

BHAGWAN: She is here?

Our eyes follow
a reluctant Sarjana's
steps towards Bhagwan.
As she sits down
He greets her warmly,
then addressing Divya asks
just what the trouble was.

DIVYA: The difficulty was either hysteria or anaesthesia, falling asleep — there were no feelings at all in the middle . . . no feeling-point in the middle, no contact with reality — whatever I tried, physically, or creating situations, whatever . . . . And I couldn't feel I could make that contact with her personally. There's a lot of fear, a lot of resistance . . .

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. Neerjo, do you have something to say?

NEERJO: In a way it was really typical of the German mind, very. It was mind upon mind upon mind and there was no way to penetrate. There were a few openings but she couldn't use them, and she was caught up in the relation to the therapist, especially to Divya, and it was really difficult to go inside her.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. Sarjana, have you something to say?

SARJANA: Yes. I felt a lot of fear during the group.

BHAGWAN: Fear?

SARJANA: A lot . . . and it closed me more and more. When I was outside I was okay but as soon as I came into the room I just . . .

BHAGWAN: You became afraid?

SARJANA: Yes, very much. I tried really very hard.

He calls her closer,
then calls up . . .
my partner, Teertha!
to sit behind and
hold her hands.

A finger pressed
on both third eyes,
they both lean back
and quietly Sarjana starts
to whimper then to cry.

BHAGWAN: Nothing to be worried about. You just need a little softer process. Primal was a little hard and you could not open, that's why.

SARJANA: It was too hard, Bhagwan.

Her face is full
and childlike.
She sounds close to tears.

BHAGWAN: Mm. I understand. Nothing to be worried about, mm?

SARJANA: Okay!

BHAGWAN: That made you afraid, and when one is afraid one closes up. And the more you closed, the more they tried to open you and they become hard.

SARJANA: That's *exactly* how it was.

She nods
then smiles at Him
like a child understood.

BHAGWAN: So it became a vicious circle, otherwise you are not a German.

SARJANA: No!

We laugh
at the spontaneous disowning
of her German ancestry.

BHAGWAN: It just became a vicious circle.

SARJANA: Yes . . . yes!

BHAGWAN: You were afraid . . . just the idea of Primal therapy must have made you afraid from the very beginning, so you went into it with fear . . .

SARJANA: *Totally.*

BHAGWAN: . . . and they started trying and they felt that you were closed so they tried hard. The harder they tried, the harder you became!

SARJANA: Yes, exactly.

BHAGWAN: Nothing to be worried about. Mm, you need something softer.

What other groups have you done?

SARJANA: I did Tantra, Tao and Centering.

BHAGWAN: Now start working, mm?

SARJANA: Yes!

BHAGWAN: That will be perfectly good. No need to go to groups — start working!

Tuesday September 12th

Hari Chetana, a darshan usherette
from 6:30 to 6:45 pm every evening,
and the rest of the time
an ashramite (who
just a day or so ago was
appointed head of the
German press office!)
sits at The Feet tonight
and shares what she sees from there.

Tonight everything is different —
as usual.
The Indians are celebrating
the festival of the Elephant god
with drums and song
booming away near and far.
Chuang Tzu Auditorium has curled up
into an oyster shell of silence
leaving open only a slit
to the world outside.

Bhagwan's big toes
are curling upwards
pointing to the moon,
which makes me feel silly
'cause every time I see Him
He looks so beautiful —
my whole being leaps towards Him
rushing tears to my eyes —
that I forget all about the moon.

Mukta calls Ma Asango,
Swami Neeten, Milo and Francisca.
Mother, father, son and daughter
sit in front of Him.
The parents have waited and dreamed
and saved for a long time
to come to Bhagwan with the kids.

Come here! When did you arrive?
Four days ago, Asango says.
Four days? Good! Close your eyes. . . .
They all close their eyes
except Francisca, seven years old,
who obviously has heard lots of
fairy stories about Bhagwan.
She is so delighted
to see Him that she can hardly
refrain from a little dance,
clapping her hands
in the courtyard of Father Christmas.
You also close your eyes,
Bhagwan tells her
and she shuts them very tightly,
grinning all the time.
Then He calls her to Him,
Just look at me.
She runs to stand up close
and leans against His knees.
He gives her a tiny mala, saying,
Your name is good so I will keep it:
Ma Prem Francisca — loving Francisca.

She grins at Him
and turns around to her parents
waving the paper
then back to Bhagwan, she shows Him
that most of her front teeth are missing.
He is charmed. They both giggle
in intimacy.
Then He turns to her brother, Milo,
nine years old and a little more dignified.

BHAGWAN: Come here! Just look at me. . . . What is the meaning of your name? *(to his parents)* Any meaning to his name?

ASANGO: It means the warrior.

BHAGWAN: A warrior?

ASANGO: Yes.

BHAGWAN: But it sounds good! The sound is better than the meaning, but I will keep it: Swami Prem Milo — loving warrior. That is good.

How long will you be here?

ASANGO:As long as we can stay.

BHAGWAN: Very good. Something to say to me?

ASANGO: I don't know what to say!

BHAGWAN: Just do a few groups, meditate and forget everything of the past. For the time that you are here, be totally here, as if the past has never existed; then the benefit will be immense. If we can put the past

aside great transformation is possible, and immediately possible. The past functions as a barrier and it is a big load that we have to carry. Ninety percent of our energy is wasted in carrying the load of the past, and the little bit that remains becomes obsessed with the future. So for the present nothing is left — and only the present is. There is no way to be in the past and there is no way to be in the future; the only way is to be in the present. Even when we are not in the present, we *are* in the present. We cannot leave it, but in our imagination, in our memory, we can wander. While we are wandering in our imagination and memory we *are* in the present, but that wandering takes so much energy, dissipates so much energy, that nothing is left for the reality.

So the most fundamental thing for being here is: to be *here* . . . and to be *now*. Once you have tasted living moment to moment then you will never again allow the past to take possession of you, or the future. And the future is nothing but a reflection of the past, a projection of the past. They both remain together and they both go together. And between the two the present is almost crushed. That is where God is crucified: between the past and the future. Jesus was crucified between two thieves. To me that is very symbolic: one thief is the past, the other thief is the future. They are thieves because they steal your life energy. They leave you empty, hollow. And between these two thieves, God is crushed.

All that sannyas means is to start living moment to moment, as if there has never been any yesterday and there is going to be no tomorrow. When this day is

enough unto itself great celebration explodes. And nothing else has to be done; it happens of its own accord. We just have to become available herenow . . . and the meeting. The real in you starts meeting with the real outside you; the present in you meets with the present outside you. That meeting is the union of the devotee with God, of the seeker with the truth. And once that union is tasted then one can never be a victim of old illusions again.

So while you are here just forget the whole past. Be here and live day to day. Within a few days you will see what unburdening happens. One becomes so weightless that one can almost fly. And much is going to happen — just get ready for it!

ASANGO: Excuse me, Bhagwan. At the school they told us we should ask you if the children should go, attend the school.

BHAGWAN (*to the children*): Yes, you can go, attend the school. That will be good. You will enjoy the sannyasins there. It is a great school!

(*to Asango*) Let them go, mm?

Next is Gisela,
a young psychologist from Germany.
She looks determined against all odds.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Ma Veet Sandhano.

Veet means beyond, sandhano means seeking. God cannot be sought; God is beyond all seeking because God is in the seeker himself.

She nods. Oh, Ja, Ja.

BHAGWAN: If God were outside then he could have been sought, then we could have searched for him and found him. But he is not separate from us, so it is as futile as searching for oneself. The more you search, the farther away you will be. The more you search, the more maddening will become your search because more frustration will be coming. Each step will take you into a new failure.

The search for God can become a cause for madness because God is not an object, God is not there so that you can seek and search and find. God is in the seeker himself, God exists as *you*, not separate from you; it is your very consciousness, it is your very life. It is at the very center of your being; hence God is beyond search. When all search ends, when seeking ceases, God is found.

Sandhano nods.
A smile hesitantly tries to
spread across her face.

BHAGWAN: There is a famous saying of Lao Tzu: "Seek and you will certainly miss. Seek not and it is here and it has always been here." The greatest moment in life is the moment when all seeking disappears, when one is simply herenow — no desire to find anything, no expectation of finding anything, no movement of the mind, no motivation; one is just simply breathing, sitting silently, doing nothing. In that very moment one becomes aware for the first time of one's own existence, because the whole energy starts turning in; there is no way to go out.

When there is a search, energy is moving out; all seeking is extroversion. The moment you think of searching for something you have moved away from yourself — the desire has come in and the goal is there far away and you are no more herenow. When all desire disappears, where can you go? Where can the energy go? Then the energy leaks no more: you contain your energy and with no effort it is contained. You become a reservoir, and suddenly the very pulsation of energy, the turning-in of the whole flood of your consciousness, makes you aware of something which has always been there but of which you were not aware because you were keeping your back towards it.

God is our withinness. Jesus says, "God is within you . . . " It will be even better to say, "God is our withinness." To say "God is within you" again keeps a little distance between you and God; then you are the container and God is the content . . . still a subtle difference, a little distinction, a separation. I say "God is your withinness," not something within you but your very within. God is your inside, hence it cannot be searched for.

That is the meaning of your name and that has to become your work on your being. Great joy arises when one has nothing to seek, when one is utterly contented as one is. Something immensely beautiful explodes . . . as if a lotus blooms within and life becomes all fragrance.

She has been nodding more and more
all the time
and the smile has finally succeeded.

She has fallen in love.

Now Mukta calls Reinhard
with a rolling Rrr.
He looks soft and shy but sits very erect
and I wonder whether he has
swallowed a ruler,
but it turns out that he's a
yoga teacher from Germany.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Swami Anand Rahimo.

Anand means bliss, rahimo means compassion — a blissful compassion. Bliss is spontaneously compassionate. Suffering is never compassionate. The man who suffers is always angry with life. The man who suffers would like everybody to suffer. He has a grudge against life. He cannot feel compassion.

Usually people think just the reverse: they think that if a man has suffered he will feel compassion for others' suffering. That is not so. The man who has suffered becomes hard, insensitive; he cannot feel compassion. That you can see everywhere in a country like India: people have lived in poverty so long, they have suffered so much that they have become oblivious of poverty. A beggar may be dying on the road — nobody feels anything for the beggar. If suffering made people compassionate then India would be the most compassionate country. It is not!

Suffering has made people hard, suffering has dulled their sensitivity, suffering has made them

thick. Just to protect themselves they had to become hard: they have grown a hard crust around their hearts. If they continuously feel for everybody who is suffering it will be impossible to live. Suffering is all over the place. They have invented beautiful theories to protect themselves: if somebody is suffering he is suffering because of his past karma. It has nothing to do with the person who is suffering but it gives a good explanation to the person who wants to avoid compassion. This theory is just a protection, otherwise you will have to be compassionate; and if you are not compassionate you will feel guilty and that will be heavy on you. People have lived in poverty, starvation, suffering, for so long that others have to invent theories to console themselves, to defend themselves. They have to create an armor, a psychological armor.

My own observation is that only bliss makes a person compassionate. If he has known joy he will feel compassion for those who are in suffering. If he has not known any joy he accepts suffering as life. Why should he feel compassion? There is no reason. He has suffered, everybody suffers — life *is* suffering — and because he has not tasted anything contrary to it he cannot feel it.

The East has talked about religion for so long but has no compassion. The West is not so religious, not at all, but more compassion is arising, and the reason is: the West has tasted something of the joys of life. They are not much, they are only on the circumference, but still some pleasure on the circumference has been tasted. Suddenly, when a person comes from the

West to the East and sees poverty and starvation, he feels *aghast*; it is inconceivable to him. He cannot believe his eyes — how people are tolerating this and why nobody is doing anything to change it. This is only because on the circumference the West has attained a little affluence, a little better standard of life.

When one comes to know the innermost joy, when one knows something of God, something of love, something of meditation — when one has flown high or has tasted something of the deepest in one's consciousness — then a great compassion arises. One would like to share all that one has; one would like to pour one's whole being. One would like the whole existence to become enlightened. One would like everybody to dance and sing and celebrate. But that happens only when *you* have come to know something.

So I make bliss a prerequisite of being compassionate. I don't teach compassion to people. I teach bliss. Compassion comes of its own accord. Many people come to me and they ask why I am teaching you to meditate and dance and sing when people are in suffering. I should teach people to serve, to be compassionate, to do something. But I know that is not the right way. Unless they have tasted something of joy they will never feel compassionate. And if they are convinced logically, rationally, to feel compassion, their compassion will be a kind of obligation to the people and they will feel very egoistic about it. They will go on an ego trip, and when you are on an ego trip it is not compassion — it is destruction.

So I don't teach compassion at all, I don't talk

about compassion at all, but I teach bliss, and compassion comes as a shadow. And when compassion comes as a shadow it has a beauty. Then you don't oblige anybody; you don't become a great public servant. Then you are not on an ego trip for humanity's salvation. Then all that is nonsense. You simply do whatsoever you can do because *you* enjoy doing it, because it is *your* sheer joy that wants to be shared; it has nothing to do with the other. You don't want even a thankyou from the other; you don't wait for him to feel grateful to you. And when you can be loving and compassionate without obliging the other, then compassion is really beautiful — a benediction to you and to others too.

When Tony, a middle-aged university teacher in computers who has been wandering the ashram doubtfully for weeks, tries to step between the rows of people to get to Bhagwan, he is greeted with a chuckle.

BHAGWAN: So, finally decided! That's good!

TONY: Tonight feels very right.

BHAGWAN: Right! When it feels right only then is it right. But you had to think it over and meditate over it long and . . .

TONY: I had my doubts.

BHAGWAN: Yes, that's natural, that's natural. Close your eyes and just listen to the sounds . . .

. . . Good. come here. Just look at me . . .

This will be your new name: Swami Deva Kavido.

Deva means divine, kavido means poet — a divine poet. The moment doubt dies poetry is born. Doubt creates philosophy — trust creates poetry. And poetry is my message. Philosophy has to be discarded. It is all rubbish: it only burdens the head. It does not give wings to the heart, and to know reality and to live reality wings are needed. One has to be capable of flying against the whole gravitation of the earth; that's what poetry is.

Poetry means something upon which gravitation does not work. Poetry means something miraculous. Poetry means something which should not happen in reality but still happens — the unbelievable. Poetry is not the logical approach towards reality. And you have suffered from logic enough. It is time to get rid of that old disease. Enough is enough. It has wounded you enough, and the time has come to be healed and to be whole again.

By "poetry" I don't mean literal poetry, because to me if someone lives lovingly his whole life becomes poetry. Whatsoever he does is poetry; he cannot do otherwise. If he sits silently there is poetry in his silence. If he moves into the garden, walks into the garden, poetry is walking into the garden, among the trees. If he talks, he talks poetry; if he listens, he hears poetry.

Poetry is a totally different orientation from logic, just the opposite of the rational mind: it is the in-

tuitive mind, the feminine in you. The logical mind moves step by step to a conclusion. It is very cautious, very careful; hence its achievement is always trivial. It cannot take quantum leaps; it moves very gradually. It crawls, creeps; its attainment is not much. It is so cautious that it remains confined to the world of security. It never risks — and life *is* risking. And the more you risk, the more you live, the more alive you are; the less you risk, the less alive you are. And a person who never risks has not lived at all or has lived in vain.

Sannyas is a risk. Now, this moment, you are on a threshold, entering into something about which you cannot be sure — what is it? There is no way to be sure of it before you have tasted it. This is the meaning of risk: going into something unknown. . . . Leaving that which is known for that which is unknown. This takes courage too, this takes daring, because the known feels comfortable, convenient; one is efficient with it. In the unknown one will be an amateur, unskillful, can become the laughing stock, can commit many errors, may look ridiculous. This is all implied in the word "risking." But only through risk is poetry born. Poetry is the flower of risk. It blooms only through risk.

Ex-Tony sits hunched,
looking like an eagle
abandoned by his mum.
He blinks, a bit forlorn
over the edge of his nest . . .
a white cloud keeps dancing
before his eyes.

BHAGWAN: Risk means sacrificing the past for something unknown, for which no guarantee can be given. I cannot give you any guarantee, I cannot promise you anything. All that I can say is this: that all that you have known up to now will be taken away, all that you have been up to now will be destroyed, that I am going to be a fire to you, but only out of that fire . . . the purity.

You thought — I was watching — you were thinking many doubts, naturally, and it is always good to go through those doubts, because when you have gone through them again and again and it is the same vicious circle and it takes you nowhere, then the intelligent person, seeing that it is just the same circle he is moving in, jumps out. That is the definition of intelligence. To see the vicious circle of one's life is intelligence.

The unintelligent goes on and on, year in, year out, life in, life out, in the same vicious circle, thinking, waiting, as if something is going to happen, and he goes on moving in the same rut. He is just like a broken gramophone record.

Intelligence consists in seeing the point that one has lived this way, one has worked this way, one has listened to one's mind, one has followed one's mind. Where has one arrived? What has happened . . . ? Seeing it, like lightning — that nothing has happened, that one has given enough chances to this mind — now try the opposite, now try the unknown.

Sannyas means this intelligence: giving a chance to the unknown, giving a chance to a path that you have never followed. All that is old will drop, all that you

have gathered will be taken away and all that you have been will go into flames. Then only for the first time will you see what your original face is . . . who you really *are*.

They look at each other
in a long mythological moment
of recognition,
the eagle and the unicorn. Kavido has
already done some groups ...

BHAGWAN: Anything else you would like to do?

KAVIDO: Many things, but what else . . . ?

BHAGWAN: Slowly, slowly you do, mm?

KAVIDO: . . . what else do you see that I need?

BHAGWAN: Do Kyo and then one Buddhist group, Vipassana. But there is no hurry because you have enough time. There is no hurry, so go slowly. And after Vipassana, Leela. My feeling is the slower you go, the better. Mm? you will . . .

KAVIDO: I have been moving very slowly for a long time!

BHAGWAN: Mm, that's what my feeling is: at your own pace, go slowly. Good, Kavido!

Kavido makes his way
back into the dusk.

Kalyani has come to say goodbye.

KALYANI: Something that seems strange to me is that the longer I've been here, the less I've missed my children. I feel I should miss them. I did at first but now I don't miss them so much.

BHAGWAN: That's very good — nothing wrong in it. One feels guilty about these things because our expectations are such that we think that we will miss very much and when we don't it feels as if we are not loving or something. That is not the point. If you live in the present — and that's my whole approach here — you will not miss anything. The present is so overwhelming that you will not miss the past, you will not think about children or family or home or the future or anything; the present is so overwhelming and so enchanting. It has nothing to do with your love.

People miss because their present is empty, so they fill it with something: they think about the children, about the mother, about the father, about the husband and about the wife and a thousand and one things, and they create a great turmoil in themselves. That has nothing to do with love. It is just that because they are feeling so empty they would like to stuff themselves with something or other.

This happens to many people here: once they start getting in tune with me and with things here, they stop missing. And that's a good sign. That doesn't show that you don't love. In fact . . . life is so strange — it has its own strange mathematics. If you are thinking too much of your children here, then when you go back home suddenly you will be surprised that there is nothing much. If you have not been miss-

ing here and you go back home and you have learned how to be in the present, you will find so much in your children that you have never found before, because again you will be there in the present. Back home with the children you will love them. If you had been fantasizing about them then your love energy would have been exploited by the fantasy. When you go back home nothing is left.

Fantasy is one of the greatest problems to be solved. When people live in fantasy they stop living in reality, because you have only so much energy. When you stop living in fantasy you start living in reality, because now you have so much energy left for reality.

Psychologists come across this phenomenon again and again: if a person has been in a romantic love affair and has been prevented by the society — by the parents, by the culture, and there have been a thousand and one hindrances to getting to the woman and he has been fantasizing and fantasizing, because so many barriers had to be crossed and it was almost impossible — and then he makes it, then he finds it very frustrating; the woman is not worth it. He lived in such fantasies, he created such a fantastic image of the woman, now the real woman looks very pale, ordinary, nothing. And this is how millions of marriages fail, because the society creates fantasy. It keeps boys and girls separate; it helps to create fantasy.

For thousands of years it has been keeping man and woman separate. It gives great scope for the imagination to play, and when they meet, the reality is not

satisfying; it can't be. They have already lived in their fantasies — they are spent; now the reality looks very ordinary, mundane.

If no fantasy is allowed — women and men live together, nobody is hindering them, they are allowed all kinds of meetings possible and there is no need to fantasize, because when you can attain the real, why should you fantasize? — then love brings greater fulfillment, not frustration. Frustration is always proportionate to the fantasy; the higher the fantasy, the deeper the frustration.

Now, here you were living in a totally different reality — oblivious of the past and the children and everything. Don't feel guilty that you have not missed them; it is good. So when you go back home you will find them; you will *really* find them and they will find you. And you will not be angry at them. If you have missed them here you will be angry. When you go back home and you see that these are the people who didn't allow you to be totally here, a deep anger will be there.

This is how things should be: when you are here enjoy this moment, enjoy me, these people, this situation. When you are back home, enjoy your children, your home, that moment, that situation. Back home, don't miss *me* — that's all! When you are here don't miss your children.

KALYANI: I think I will!

BHAGWAN: That's how it has to be learned . . . and don't feel guilty if you don't miss me!

He says this raising His eyebrows
and forefinger in mock threat.
We all laugh.
He's such a redeemer.

Nartan and Sangeet
have come to see Bhagwan one more time
before going back to America.

BHAGWAN: Hello, Nartan! Hello, Sangeet. Something to say to me, Nartan?

NARTAN: I'd like to come and live in your commune and I feel that happening, but I feel that I'm choosing against one of my children. She is not a sannyasin and here and now she is not interested.

BHAGWAN: How old is she?

NARTAN: Fourteen.

BHAGWAN: She is here?

NARTAN: No.

BHAGWAN: And if you come then with whom will she be staying?

NARTAN: Her father or grandparents and . . .

Sadness overwhelms her.
She bravely wipes away
a few tears.
Bhagwan decides to give her
a beautiful gift.

BHAGWAN: Just come close to me . . . come close. Put your hands this way . . . close your eyes and if something starts happening, allow it.

He touches her third
eye, and beckons Gayan
in the front row to sit
behind her.
All tears have stopped.
Nartan has lifted her face to
the morning rains, fresh and cool.
Her face blissfully relaxed
she sinks
like a drunken flower
and Bhagwan almost
has to leave His chair
following her movement to the ground.
She wants to stay there
in timelessness
but life goes on and Bhagwan calls her. . .

BHAGWAN: Good, Nartan. Come back.

The problem will be solved — nothing to be worried about. In fact it will be good for the daughter too.

NARTAN: To bring her with me or to leave her?

BHAGWAN: Leave her there . . . leave her there, unless she wants to come. Never force. Simply be loving to her and don't try to persuade her. Every possibility is that she will come with you but it will depend on your not forcing.

The new generation is very much of a different quality. It can follow love but it cannot be forced,

and that's good! A new kind of humanity is being born: it is not obedient, and it is a good phenomenon. It is through obedience that the whole of humanity has suffered in the past. It is through obedience that people have followed stupid politicians, stupid priests, superstitions. It is because of obedience that intelligence has not grown.

Now this is for the first time in human history that children are no more obedient; they think on their own. This is a good sign. It hurts the parents because sometimes they would like the children to be with them; and the parents may be right too. For example, now you would like the child to come with you because you know that here she will be growing more, but that is *your* will and your wish. Unless she feels, it has not to be imposed.

So just be loving — let her feel that you have become more loving than you have ever been. *That* will be the only proof for her that something has happened to you. Let her see the change — and children are very perceptive: old people are not so perceptive. Children are clean and their minds are mirror-like; they see immediately. And the change *is* happening! Just allow her to feel it. Be loving and be totally freedom-giving.

Simply say that you are going, but don't persuade her, don't say that she has to come; tell her that whatsoever she decides is good. Don't cry, because that is a subtle way of manipulation. Don't make her feel guilty; those are all strategies and are not good.

He looks at her in compassion.
She is crying silently.

BHAGWAN: If you want to cry, cry alone, but not before her. That is *your* problem: that has nothing to do with her. Don't make her feel guilty; otherwise out of guilt she may start thinking, "Okay, so I will come with you," but then she will never come. Even if she comes that coming will not be of any use.

Simply be loving, give her total freedom. Let her feel what has happened to you through sannyas, what has happened to you through falling in love with me, and if that brings her that is good. If that doesn't bring her then leave her there; sooner or later she will come.

And the second thing: just because of her don't force yourself to live there, because then again you will make her feel guilty: "It is because of you that I wanted to go and live there in the new commune and I have not gone. I have sacrificed for you." And it always happens: whenever parents sacrifice, they take great revenge. They can never forgive the children because they have sacrificed. They would like the children also to pay them back, and the children are not going to. They will be living in a totally different world; they have different values. Your values are not going to be her values. The gap has *really* happened, but it can be bridged, and remember the gap can be bridged only from the parents' side. It cannot be bridged from the children's side because they are immature. What do they know of life and love? By the time they know they will no more be children.

It is the parents' responsibility to be so loving, so freedom-giving, that the children slowly slowly start

feeling that it is not a question of obedience, that it is just feeling something from the heart to the heart.

Don't force yourself to be there just for this reason. And everything will settle . . . everything settles. No need to be worried — come to the new commune.

He turns to Sangeet:
What about you?
Sangeet shakes his head slowly.
What to say?
Bhagwan smiles and blinks at him.
He likes it when people are speechless
in the face of ordinary miracles,
and gives him a box.

BHAGWAN: Keep it with you and whenever you need me just put it on the heart.

When will you be back?

SANGEET: As soon as we get the money together.

BHAGWAN: Come back soon. This is your place!

Sangeet puts his arms around Nartan
and they go back to their places.
I feel much love for them.

Mukta whispers to Bhagwan
that Swami Devadhana has just arrived
from Canada. He is already sitting
crosslegged, straightening his moustache
in the hope that something amazing
is going to happen.

BHAGWAN: Something to say to me?

Now there are about a million things
at once that come to mind.
He catches a flying fish.

DEVADHANA: When I left Vancouver my girlfriend was very upset that I left.

BHAGWAN: Why is she upset? She does not want to come? She is not a sannyasin yet?

DEVADHANA: No.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. She will come — nothing to worry about. Just go on writing to her. If she loves, she will come. This happens to couples; if one is a sannyasin then the other becomes jealous and great fight starts. She must be thinking that I have possessed you and now she is left behind. She does not know me, that's all. Otherwise, if you come to me I make you more loving; you will become a better lover and have a deeper love. She would have entered into a deeper relationship with you if she had dared to come.

But people *are* afraid. People are almost totally paranoid. About small things and for no reasons at all they are afraid: their love may be disturbed, who knows what will happen there? People don't trust themselves, don't trust their love either, hence all these fears arise. Just write to her, "Come. More love will be possible here!" There is no end to growing in love. And love is such a great art. Nobody is born with it — one has to discover it. And it is an inexhaustible treasure: the more you discover, the more you are capable of discovering more.

After that he's given Rebirthing
and the Tantra group, and the
really amazing only genuine ongoing
group in the world:
work in the ashram,
the magic theater.
Entry not for everybody.
NOT *for everybody.*
The price: your mind.

Next is Anand Pujari,
a lady social worker
who has taken sannyas in Germany
and wants to know the meaning
of her name straight from the
source whence it came.
The source looks at her with lotus eyes
and explains . . .

BHAGWAN: It means bliss and worship — a blissful worshipper. Worship should not be formal. If it is formal it is utterly useless. And that's what it has become in the world: the "Sunday religion" — just a formality — or a prayer in the night before one goes to bed . . . just a repetition with no heart within it, a routine, a habit. It has to be done because one has been taught and brought up to do it.

Worship should be blissful, not formal. One has to wait for those moments when one is feeling really blissful, then dance in worship, pray in worship, have a dialogue with God. But those moments will be unpredictable — you cannot do it exactly every Sunday. You cannot do it by a timetable; you cannot do it by

fixed schedule. Bliss comes like a breeze: when it comes it comes . . . and whenever you feel blissful, that is the moment to be prayerful.

People do just the opposite: when they are in deep suffering, pain, they pray. And when you are in suffering you cannot pray. Your prayer cannot go very deep because your prayer is just a need. When you are in pain, in suffering, in misery, you are asking God to do something for you. You are asking him to serve you — that's what your prayer is — and that is not the right attitude. We should not demand. We should offer ourselves, but offering is possible only when you are blissful.

So never pray when you are in pain and suffering; that is not the right moment. But pray when you are happy, joyous. Then you will find that God is so close by. Then there is no demand because then you don't need anything — you are just in a thankful mood. Prayer should be just gratitude. That is the meaning of your name. Make it the meaning of your life too!

Wednesday, September 13th

It's been so difficult
with Govind, sighs an exasperated
Satya Radha watching her son
as he walks up to Bhagwan's chair
and lolls familiarly against it
twisting his grinning face
up at Bhagwan's.
You told him to make trouble,
she says . . .
and is plonked onto and sprawled across
as Govind removes himself
from the chair
in favor of her lap,
then flings off the headscarf
prettily placed by Radha on him.

And he makes trouble?
Bhagwan grins.
Yes! she says. It's been
an encounter group for eight months
(and neatly ducks to avoid a flying limb)
. . . residential!
Good! chuckles Bhagwan
from the safety of His chair.
He is an alive child!

Tonight seems to be
the climax of the ten-day celebration
called Ganapati; anyway

the amplified Indian singer's voice
is operating at full volume
for the edification of
the whole of Poona.

Baul — a dancer
(and a Ph.D.) from the States —
tanned, blue-eyed,
lean-jeaned and lithe —
needs a mala
and his name on paper
as it missed him in the post.

The Indian crooner's voice croons on
while closer home in the stilling night
the rustle
and plop
of breezeborne
raindrops. . . .

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Swami Anand Baul.

Anand means bliss, Baul is one belonging to a secret society of mystics. Just as Zen is in Buddhism and Sufis are part of Islam and Hassids are part of Judaism, Bauls are the flowering of the Hindu tradition; they are the highest flowering. But to understand the highest becomes very difficult.

The higher a truth is, the greater is the possibility that it will be misunderstood. The lower a truth is, the greater is the possibility of its being understood. The lowest truth can be understood because everybody lives on that level. The highest reaches are beyond the clouds — only a few people reach. Those

who reach, even they cannot relate to others what has happened to them; hence they are called mystics.

The word "mystic" comes from a Greek root which means one who cannot speak — it is a beautiful word — one who suddenly finds himself dumb. He has known the truth, but in the very knowing of it he has become dumb. All words have fallen short. Grammar makes no sense any more, logic appears stupid. Language rather than communicating seems to be a hindrance. So those who have known those highest peaks of life, grandeur and splendor, are so wonder-struck that they fall dumb, they cannot speak.

Hence mysticism has another meaning: the secret doctrine — the doctrine which cannot be told but can only be conveyed in secret intimacy, not through logic but through love. Maybe between a Master and a disciple in a certain moment of intimacy, the transfer. . . . But there is no way to say it, there is no way to be articulate about it, because whatsoever we can say about it is going to falsify it. Lao Tzu says, "The Tao that can be said is not the true Tao." The moment you say it, it has become a lie.

Our words are so contaminated with our lies, with our pseudo lives, with our pretensions. Our words carry all the poison that we are. The moment we bring truth into our words it is no more the purity it was, it is no more the freedom it was. It is like: truth is a bird on the wing, and the moment we put it into a word, it is the same bird but in a cage. It looks the same but it is not, because where is the freedom? That was the beauty. And where is that open sky? That was its soul, and all that is gone. A caged bird is a

dead bird, it is a corpse; and a caged truth in a concept, in a theory, is a dead truth.

So another meaning of "mystic" is: something that cannot be said but which still can be transferred in an energy communication, in love, in intimacy . . . just like a flame that moves from one lit lamp to another unlit lamp.

Bauls were great mystics of such beauty and depth that people started thinking that they were mad. So the literal meaning of the word "baul" is mad; it means: the mad mystic. Their whole life was so utterly different, so radically different from the ordinary life, that naturally they looked mad. They danced, they sang, they moved like madmen, traveling up and down the country singing songs of joy, of celebration. Naturally they looked mad, because in a world of suffering how do you conceive of celebration? In a world where everybody is miserable, the man who is dancing and has laughter in his soul looks simply out of place, outlandish, mad, stoned, not in his senses. Hence the word "baul" — it means the mad mystic.

Slowly slowly they have disappeared; very few Bauls are still alive. But the glory is gone because this country no more welcomes the real mystic. It still talks about mysticism, in fact talks much about mysticism, but its heart has become materialistic.

In fact Indians are very surprised seeing the Westerners coming to India in search of meditation, in search of inner truth. They are puzzled — they cannot believe their own eyes, because their whole mind is in search of better houses, more money, more science, more technology. They are sending their

children to the West — to Oxford, to Harvard, to Princeton. They cannot believe why rich countries are turning towards the East. A great revolution is happening in the world: the West is becoming East and the East is becoming West. It is a dangerous situation, because if the East becomes the West and the West becomes the East, the whole dichotomy will go on persisting again.

My effort here is to dissolve East and West utterly, completely, so that man can become whole. And a whole man will have science as much as religion. A whole man will love the good things of life as much as the interior joys and celebrations of life. A whole man will use his logic when he explores the world of matter and will use his love when he explores the world of consciousness. And to be capable of both is to be a sannyasin.

Sannyas has to be the meeting of the East and the West, of the spiritualist and the materialist, of Zorba the Greek and Gautam the Buddha.

Anthing to say?
he's asked.

I'm very honored with the name . . .
I'm very honored
to be with you . . . .

He has written Gisela's new name;
now Bhagwan pauses,
pen poised
about to add or delete

a word or letter upon the sheet.
He hesitates
and finally decides
to leave it as it is,
and shows her her sannyas name —
mother goddess of bliss.

BHAGWAN: One has to be a mother to existence. The love of the mother is the purest kind: it expects nothing. It has no demand — it simply gives; its joy is in giving. The mother is happy if the child is happy. The mother is utterly identified with the child: his joy is her joy, his misery her misery.

If one can love the existence like a mother then one has learned how to pray, because prayer is love for love's sake . . . not asking anything in return. Love is not a bargain; it is an overflowing. And the mother is the symbol of overflowing love. The child is a stranger, but the mother pours her love on the child. The child's future is unpredictable but the mother goes on pouring her love. The mother cannot know what the child is going to do to her in the future — the child may even murder her — but that is irrelevant, that is not the point at all. The mother is unaware of the past of the child, unaware of the future. But to the stranger who has come in the form of the child, she gives all that she has.

Existence is also a stranger. We don't know exactly what it is, why it is, from whence it has come, to where it is going. Neither is the past known — the beginning is not known — nor is the future, the end,

known. If we can love this strange moment, that is prayer. Religions have tried to create predictable gods; that's why their gods are plastic. The real God is this existence in all its unpredictability. To love this unpredictable existence is to be a really religious person. Only the heart of the mother can do it.

And just one thing more: If you are a mother to existence, existence becomes a mother to you. It simply responds by the same token, it echoes. It gives you back what you have given to it.

Tim, now,
fresh-faced, Australian . . .

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Swami Anand Salam.

Anand means bliss, salam means peace. Peace can happen without bliss too, but then it is dead, it is negative. It is just absence of tension, but there is nothing positive in it. It is like a corpse. The corpse is no more ill, that is true, because no corpse can be ill. But the corpse is not healthy either, because no corpse can be healthy. A corpse can neither be ill nor healthy. So one can have a kind of peace which is like death: you are not tense, you are not disturbed but you are not celebrating either. And that's the cheapest way to attain peace: just dull yourself, slowly slowly become more and more insensitive, and one day there is a kind of peace.

That's what happens in the monasteries; that's what you will find in the so-called saints: they *are*

peaceful but the peace has no value in it. It is the peace of the cemetery, not the peace of a garden. Peace has to be blissful. It should be vibrant. It should not be only an absence of noise; it should be the presence of music. And that's my whole approach towards meditation.

There are many meditation techniques which can give you peace and easily and cheaply . . . but they will not give you bliss, so that peace will be a kind of deep sleep. You will feel good — you will feel less disturbed, less perturbed, less anxious — but no positive achievement. Unless something is achieved positively, something starts growing in you, flowering in you, the peace is meaningless. The East has lived for long in that dead peace; that's why life in the East has become poor, ugly. But people are peaceful. They are less tense, certainly; they suffer less anxiety, suffer less from madness, but that is not anything worthwhile.

Peace should be capable of dancing, peace should be capable of being creative. Peace should be felt as a presence, a vital presence; not just the absence of illness but the presence of well-being.

So I make a condition: that is bliss. Bliss has to come first and then peace should follow. One should become peaceful, dancing, singing, loving. And then it has a totally different dimension and a totally different meaning. Then it takes you to God. Otherwise it is very easy to slip away even from being human. The people who go to the mountains and live in the caves bcome dehumanized. You can see a kind of peacefulness in their eyes — the same that you can

find in the eyes of a buffalo or a cow — but that is not Buddhahood.

The eyes of a Buddha are aflame with the unknown. He is pulsating with the divine! He has gone beyond the human, not below the human. Below the human, beyond the human, both look alike; they are not.

So start by being more and more blissful and then you will find that following bliss, of its own accord, comes a peace which you have not cultivated, for which you have not made any effort whatever. It comes of its own accord; it comes as a by-product — a by-product of being blissful.

Hank's full red-bearded cheeks
expand into a beam
as Bhagwan introduces
him to his sannyas name:
Prem Sundaro.

BHAGWAN: Prem means love, sundaro means beauty. Love beautifies, and only love beautifies; everything else makes man ugly. The moment one is in love, beauty descends. Suddenly one is luminous, suddenly one is no more ordinary. The very touch of love is transforming. It changes the lower metal into the higher gold. Love is the secret of all alchemy; it is the philosopher's stone. And people have completely forgotten it. Love is one of the most forgotten things in this world — although people talk much about it. In fact they talk much about it because it is being missed in their lives; they substitute by talking.

Lao Tzu says, "There was a time when nobody used to talk about God because God was so herenow. Life was so full of God that nobody bothered to talk about it. Then there came the days of fallen humanity when people started talking about God." So is the case with love: when love exists nobody talks about it — there is no need. When it doesn't exist, poets write about it, painters paint about it, musicians compose music about it, dancers dance it, but even all their efforts cannot fill the gap that is left. Love is the most talked about thing in the world because it is really terribly missed, awfully missed.

And people are trying to become beautiful in all kinds of ways: painting their faces, finding better clothes, changing fashions, doing this and that, and plastic surgery and all. Still they feel that something is ugly. It is not a question of what kind of body you have: the real question is what kind of soul you have. Even the very homely body full of love becomes divine.

It is said — and there is a possibility of some truth in it — that Jesus was an ugly man. But the disciples never say anything about his ugliness. That too has some truth in it; they may never have come to know his ugliness. They had known his love. He may have been an ugly man but because the disciples had known his love they had known only his beauty, so they don't talk about his ugliness at all; they never came across it. Maybe the people who were full of hate towards Jesus thought about him as ugly. So both may be true: the disciple's tradition — not saying a single word about his ugliness — and the oral

tradition that continues which says he was an ugly man. Both may be right.

It is possible to have an ordinary body and yet have an extraordinary soul. Just the vice versa is also possible: to have a very beautiful body and a very ugly soul. That too happens — it happens more often — when a person has a beautiful body he forgets all about beautifying his soul. He thinks he *is* beautiful. He believes that he is beautiful so there is no need to search for any higher beauty. That is the misfortune of the so-called beautiful people: they remain ugly.

My observation is that there is only one miracle that transforms everything — ugliness into beauty, falsehood into truth, illusion into reality — and that miracle's name is love.

In this world of
flowing beards and
moustaches of all shapes and sizes
Chetan, clean-shaven, with a
short-back-and-sides
looks something of an anomaly.
It's going to be pretty hard
to go back to Los Angeles, he begins.

CHETAN: The community that I'm in — it's a gay community — is very very ego-oriented, and . . .

He sighs
and Bhagwan chuckles.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm! I understand your difficulty, but

you will be able to face it — no need to be worried. You are ready. So the fear will remain only for a few days. Once you have reached there, you will be surprised at your new energy: you will be able to face all that nonsense. And it is not going to distract you or disturb you. Something *has* started settling within you — it will persist.

If something is imposed from the outside it is not reliable. But if something starts growing like an insight one can rely on it. Now it is your insight. And I am not in favor of creating a character around you. In fact I destroy all kinds of character. I make you utterly free from the outside so that your only responsibility remains towards your inner center, so that you are answerable only to yourself and to nobody else. And I destroy all kinds of structures around you so that you can face each new moment as it comes, without any prepared, readymade program; because all readymade programs fall short. Life goes on changing and the programs are always stereotyped, settled, fixed, dull. They lag behind; they are never equal to the situation. That is the misery of millions of people in the world: they always feel themselves lagging behind. They are never true to the situations — they cannot be, because they function out of a program.

I don't give you any program. So in the beginning one feels a little shaky because one has always depended on a certain program; now you don't have any program. One feels a little afraid, apprehensive about what is going to happen. But don't be worried. Now you are more conscious than you were before,

and that consciousness is the only shelter, the only protection, the only security there is. That consciousness *is* capable of managing, of accepting challenges, of responding, and of responding adequately. Because it has no program it always responds in the present; hence its adequacy. It is always relevant, and one never has any regrets. As you see situations, and your acceptance of the challenge, and your capacity to deal with problems, a great confidence will arise in you. For the first time you will feel on your own.

So Los Angeles is not going to disturb you at all — it is going to become a situation, a provocation. It will throw you back, deeper into your center than anything else can do. Just go and face the reality there. We have to learn to face all kinds of realities. I don't want to make you escapists; I want you to live in the world, in the density of it, and yet be capable of transcending it.

Samhita's feeling trepidation too . . .

HARIDAS (*translating*): She's afraid of going back to Germany. Really she is afraid of working there because she has never been by herself.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm.

SAMHITA: Somehow I feel that I have to do it anyway.

BHAGWAN: It will be a good experience. One has to be on one's own some day or other. It is not good to

always be dependent; otherwise one remains ungrownup. One has to go into all kinds of difficult situations, dangerous situations. Only then does integrity and maturity arise, and maturity is one of the most valuable things in life. So don't be worried; accept the challenge. Even if the fear is there, go in spite of the fear.

And always remember that people everywhere are just like you . . . just as afraid of others as you are! Remember always that behind the skin everybody is just like you — with the same problems, the same fears, the same apprehensions, the same defenses, the same pretensions. To understand oneself is to understand the whole of humanity, because people are not as different as they look. Maybe the shapes of their noses are different, and their heights are different and their color is different, but these are irrelevant things. Deep down, basically, they are all un-grownup, all are afraid of the other. Feel love for them and feel compassion for them. And the experience is going to be of some value.

When will you be coming back?

SAMHITA: First I want to really go into some work.

BHAGWAN: Go and go really into it . . . and I will help you to go into it!

Haridas, our lecturer
from Perth with a
penchant for Krishna,
quotes Meera as having said . . .

HARIDAS: "Your arrows will pierce my heart."

BHAGWAN: That's true . . .

HARIDAS: Thank you.

BHAGWAN: . . . and it is good!

They will go deeper and deeper. They are going to kill you, and only when you are completely consumed, you *are*. That which is consumed is the false you and that which comes out of the fire is the real. The myth of the phoenix is not just a myth: it is the story of man, the story of spiritual rebirth.

Each disciple has to be a phoenix. He has to be consumed by the fire the Master is. And out of that, out of the ashes, a new being is born . . . the resurrection. And that is your eternal life.

The false has to be taken away for the real to be; the false has to cease, it has to make space for the real to come in. And it is happening. The arrows have penetrated the heart. It is painful too, but this pain is very sweet because it is not destructive, it is creative. When you know that it is taking you higher and higher then even pain becomes pleasure. When you know that it is the price one has to pay and the reward is not far away, then one is ready to pay; whatsoever is required to be paid, one is ready to pay it.

And one has to die — only then can God be.

Help my work there!
He says to Svarno

bound for Saudi Arabia.
It is difficult in a
Mohammedan country
but a few people are ready
everywhere to receive.
So just remain available
so that a few people
will start gathering.
And come back!

Anamika next who
like a prodigal daughter
sobbed at his feet
when she returned from Germany
last month
because she'd not
worn her mala while away.

Now much has to be done,
Bhagwan reminds her, at this,
her farewell darshan.

BHAGWAN: Drop all fears, and don't be clever, because that too is part of fear. Cleverness is just a way to hide fear. It is like putting a rose flower on a wound, but the wound remains! So no need to be afraid, no need to be clever.

And don't be defensive about me. We have to be as offensive as possible, not defensive, because this is a *revolution!* We have to attack the very roots of the society. Repercussions are bound to be there, and we are doing it deliberately and knowingly. So there is no question of being worried.

And it is always so: in the beginning the society reacts *very* negatively — out of fear. That too is out of fear. It is a good sign that it has become afraid. And I am taking it as a very beautiful sign: if Germany is afraid of me then everybody will become afraid sooner or later! (*laughter*) They are in fear — they want to defend. You need not be defensive. You have to be open and aggressive and expressive, because whatsoever we are doing *is* right. It has to be fought for.

His words have something
of the same power and inspiration
of a discourse, just days ago,
in which it was all that one
could do not to jump up
and wave a banner,
shouting "Onward God
And All That's True!"

BHAGWAN: We are not to hide it. Become more articulate, face the people, face the press — because you will have to do that — and once you have started encountering them you will start enjoying the whole trip. It is *really* beautiful!

And I am with you — just go and give a good fight in Germany. And don't be worried, never be worried, because there is nothing to worry about: we have nothing to lose. The society has to be worried because they have something to lose. What can we lose? We can only gain. If they are negative, if they are positive, we gain all the same. By their becoming negative many people are going to come just to see what is the matter.

So just go, and this is a good climate, this moment. Mm, I don't go anywhere, otherwise I would have liked to come to Germany!

We laugh
and love Him for
the wistfulness in His voice.

I've got a farm in Australia,
Nartan says, and I'd like
to open a center.
Where is it? Bhagwan asks.
In Mullimbimby.
Mm!
There is some laughter
at the quaintness of the name.
It is very far away from . . .
and He hazards an enlightened guess
. . . Perth?
"It's pretty far away,"
so he qualifies for his
very own center which
Bhagwan calls "Sambuddha."

BHAGWAN: It means the awakened one. Man is asleep. Even while he is awake, he is not awake. This waking state is just a kind of subtle sleep — dreams continue. Even while you are awake there is a substratum of dreams, a continuum. This is not true awakening. The true awakening is when there is no thought in the

mind, no dream in the mind, no desire in the mind . . . when the mind is utterly empty of all content and there is only pure consciousness, when the sky is utterly empty of all the clouds. That is true awakening: consciousness without content. That's the goal of all meditations, and that's the search of all the religions: how to come to a metaphysical awakening.

We are living in a metaphysical sleep. People are sleep-walkers, somnambulists. They are born, they love, they hate, they make war, they kill each other, they commit suicide, they go mad, they die, but *all* in dream. It is very rare for ordinary people to have a few moments of awakening in their whole lives. Gurdjieff used to say that even if for seven single seconds a man can be alert in his whole life, that is a miracle. But this is what we think life is. This is *not*life. The real life begins only when you start becoming more and more aware, alert, watchful.

This word "watch" contains all that is essential in all the religions. Jesus uses it again and again: "Watch." Buddha uses it again and again: "Be mindful." Gurdjieff, again and again: "Remember." Sufis call it *jikr* — don't forget!

When this effort succeeds, that state is called "sambuddha." One has come home, one is awakened.

Start it!

Thursday, September 14th

Raymond sits small
and French and upright,
something about his face
or his thick, cropped black beard
reminiscent of Lancelot
of the Round Table, and
company.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Swami Anand Vishram.

Anand means bliss, vishram means relaxation — a blissful relaxation. The simple word "relax" contains my whole philosophy of life. To be in a relaxed state is to be in God. To be utterly relaxed is to disappear from the circumference and appear at the center. That is the only transformation; there is none other. When you are tense you remain tethered to the circumference of your life; when you relax you sink to the deeper levels of your being. And when the relaxation is total, suddenly you find yourself at the very core . . . and that's what God is!

But man lives in a kind of constant tension, man *is* tension; a chronic state of tension, that's what man is. Man is not a being. Trees have more being, rocks too; animals and birds have more being than man. Man is the only being *without* being, because he always lives between that which has been and that which has to be

. . . pulled apart between these two diametrically opposite dimensions. He is never herenow but either in the past or in the future — either thinking of that which he has been or imagining that which he would like to be but is not yet. This is the tension, the constant worry, anxiety: whether he is going to make it or not. Man is never in a state of being. He is always thinking: to be or not to be . . . wavering, trembling, not sure who he is, not sure whether he really is or not.

This chronic state of tension creates misery. Misery simply means missing the real, missing that which is. Bliss means not missing that which is. When the real in you meets with the real outside you, bliss arises. When the real outside you never meets the real within you, misery arises. And if you are in the past you are unreal, because it is no more and it is never going to be again. And if you are in the future, again you are unreal; it is not yet. And there is no way to plan for it, there is no way to manage it. It is beyond human control. It is so vast, and our hands are so small. Wavering, moving between these two non-existential states, man lives in misery.

To be relaxed means to be in the present. The pendulum has stopped exactly in the middle, and when the pendulum stops, the clouds stop. When you stop in the middle, the mind disappears, time disappears. The clock *really* stops and suddenly the door opens for the infinity, for God, for nirvana. Hence I say that relaxation is the only cure for the disease called man.

Once you have learned to live in a relaxed way you are no more a becoming — you are a being, as much

as the trees are. And with one thing more which trees cannot manage: you are a conscious being. Trees are unconscious beings.

So if man misses — and millions of people miss, the majority misses — then he is lower than the trees and the rocks and the birds and the animals. But if a man can enter into *this* moment, *this* herenow, then the Buddha arises in him, the Christ-consciousness wells up. Then he is God himself, because to know God is to be God. In that knowing the knower becomes the known; in that state the lover becomes the beloved.

This is the meaning of your name. And you will have to watch more and more how many tensions you are carrying within you and have been carrying for so long. You may have become oblivious of them. You may have started taking them for granted, as if they are what life is supposed to be. They are not. Start watching, and the more watchful you become, the more you will be surprised at how many tensions you are holding, for no reason at all.

Sitting by the side of a tree you are thinking of the past. It is utterly pointless, stupid — the tree must be laughing at you! You are behaving in a very ridiculous way. Or sitting under the moon and thinking of the future. . . . The moon must be enjoying your foolishness, because life knows only the present. It is always now. So what? Relax! And whenever you see a tension arising, just let it go. I am not saying to fight with it: simply let it go. Take a deep breath, exhale, relax.

Slowly slowly you will become artful, skillful, in being closer and closer to the present. Then one day

the mystery of all mysteries opens up: suddenly you have entered the present. And a single moment of that experience is enough; then you are never the same again.

Anything to say to me?

VISHRAM: Yes, I would ask two questions. The first one is that I am teaching at university and I think that your meditation can help my students, so the question is . . .

BHAGWAN: Mm, it can!

VISHRAM: . . . can I meditate with them or . . . ?

BHAGWAN: Perfectly good — help them to meditate. Create a small group in the university, start meditating, help them to meditate. It will help immensely.

VISHRAM: My second question is that very often I feel a big pressure here . . . (*he indicates the center of his forehead*) . . . and it's sometimes very disturbing — not painful, but when I did Visassana for example, it disturbed me.

I don't know what to do.

BHAGWAN: Mm, mm. That will disappear if you have understood my message to you. It is a chronic tension there. I can see it, it is there — hence the name! Much pressure is there, but that pressure will disappear on its own. You have not to be concerned with it but be concerned with the cause of it.

Ordinarily we become too obsessed with the symptom. That is a symptom — that simply shows that

whenever there is too much tension, the third eye becomes very burdened; all tensions zoom in on the third eye. And when you relax, the third eye opens up and all tensions disappear from there. Don't become too concerned with the symptom. Otherwise, there are cures for the symptoms, but all those cures are repressive because they don't change the cause. They can drug you and then you can forget about it, but it is there.

Forgetting is not of any help. In fact forgetting it may be even more dangerous, because deep down like an undercurrent it will go on becoming bigger and bigger, and some day or other you will have to face it again. And by that time it will be bigger and the encounter will be more dangerous. The sooner you catch hold of something, the better. It is better to destroy something in the seed or in the bud; there is no need to wait. But never fight with the symptom. This is the cause.

You *are* in a tense state — start relaxing. Whenever you are sitting silently, just relax, become a rock or a tree, and you will be surprised: it will disappear! But something can be of help: acupuncture. So if you can take a few sessions of acupuncture that will be of help. Here you can take them or back home.

Good, Vishram.

Ellen, faltering-stepped,
feels her way forward
like a somnambulist.
Her eyelids flutter

and hands hover an inch or so
above her knees
sitting waiting
before Bhagwan.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Ma Anand Samarpito.

Anand means bliss, samarpito means surrender — a blissful surrender. That is the whole purpose of being initiated into sannyas. Sannyas means surrender. Sannyas means dropping the idea of separation from existence. The very idea that we are separate is our problem. We are not, but we live rooted in this idea that we are separate. We make our whole life around this idea, that we are separate; hence our whole life is false — because the basic foundation is untrue.

We are not separate; it is all one. Nobody is separate; no man is an island, no man can be. We cannot exist even for a single moment in separation. We are breathing existence in and out. Existence is continually circulating within us; the ocean is circulating in our blood and the earth is constantly feeding us. . . . Not even for a single moment does the process stop.

But we live with a very false idea that we are separate; we are brought up with the idea. All the societies of the world up to now have been teaching every child that he is separate. They have been teaching the idea of ego. There was a reason — it was a necessary evil; there was no way to avoid it, so I am not condemning those societies. It was inevitable in a sense, because the survival of the child depends on

that false idea. If the child thinks that he is one with everything then he may start playing with a snake or may jump into the fire. The child has to be taught that he is separate, that he has to protect himself, has to compete with others, that life is a struggle and if you don't fight you will be nowhere and will be nobody.

Our whole education consists basically in teaching the ego in a subtle way. We teach competition, we teach ambition, we teach people how to be the first, and we create the desire, the great desire, to be first; we prepare everybody to fight with others as if all are enemies. This is needed for the survival of the child. But if a person continues to live with this idea then he remains childish; he never grows up.

A moment comes in life when this idea has to be transcended. It is a very small garment — was right for the child but is no more right for the adult, for the mature person. It is a staircase: the moment you have moved you need not cling to it. It is a boat: when you reach the other shore you have to leave it behind; you need not carry it on your head forever. It is arbitrary, a very very necessary idea, but utterly false . . . a fictious idea.

Sannyas means becoming aware again of the oneness of existence and slowly slowly withdrawing that idea of separation. It is relearning the truth. The truth was known to every child in the mother's womb; hence the desire to know the truth, hence the constant search for truth. It can be relearned, it can be recognized again.

To be initiated means that at least with one person,

with the Master, you are dropping all ideas of separation. That is the beginning. In a very small measure you are dropping the idea of separation with me, and that will give you your first taste of oneness. And then you will drop it with others more and more and more, and one day you will be capable of dropping the whole nonsense totally. Then only God is.

"Samarpito" is one of the most beautiful words . . . very pregnant, has great meaning in it. Just the understanding of it can take you into new heights of experiences. So keep this in your heart from this moment, let this seed sink deep down: "I am not separate." Seeing a tree, feel one with it . . . a rose flower, feel one with it, and slowly slowly experiment with the idea of oneness — with the river, with the clouds and with the sky. Soon the knack will come and suddenly in a single moment you can change your gestalt, you can start feeling one. That is prayer, that is meditation.

She hasn't done the
groups given her some time ago
because she has been ill
with liver trouble;
now she feels she's getting better.

BHAGWAN: Then wait for a few days, mm?

SAMARPITO: But I feel that my sickness is really very mental, you know.

BHAGWAN: It is possible . . . it is possible. It happens to many people when they come, mm? because it is really a drastic change in your life pattern, in your mind.

And you are moving into something very unknown; it is going against the grain. So the body wants to escape and it creates a thousand and one excuses; the mind will create troubles. But they disappear. Within two, three weeks they all disappear. Once the body and the mind have understood that there is nothing to fear, but rather something to rejoice in, then all these symptoms disappear.

So I will give you one or two groups, and when you start feeling perfectly healthy I will give you some more, mm?

Anything to say to me?

SAMARPITO: I am happy to be here.

BHAGWAN: I know! Good, Samarpito.

Anand means blissful,
Hasya means laughter —
blissful laughter,
Bhagwan explains to the
face fixed on His in
earnest concentration.

BHAGWAN: Seriousness is a dangerous disease, and we have been conditioned to be serious. Seriousness has become the very way of people's lives; they have lost all sense of humor. And to lose the sense of humor is to lose something so essential that it cannot be replaced by anything else; it is irreplaceable. To lose the sense of humor is to lose contact with God, because that is our only connection. Seriousness is the greatest

barrier between man and God, and it has to be dropped.

It is very paying — that is the problem — to be serious in the world is very paying. It makes you more successful, more efficient, more respectable. All that is true, but the more you succeed in the world, the more you fail in the inner; the more respectable you become in the world, the less and less respectable you are in your own eyes. The more you have medals and rewards and degrees, the less and less rich you are. One starts feeling very beggarly.

Only laughter makes a man rich, but the laughter has to be blissful. People laugh — even serious people laugh — but then their laughter has the quality of hysteria; it is pathological. It is almost like a freak-out. They have been repressing and repressing and repressing and trying to be serious. Then one day it is too much and they cannot repress it any more and it comes. But then it comes like an hysterical fit, looks mad. That's why in the madhouses you will find people laughing tremendously; they are laughing because they are no more repressing it. But that laughter has no serenity, blissfulness, wisdom. It is just a turmoil, a mad noise. It has no beauty in it . . . it is not prayerful.

I teach a laughter which is blissful and I teach a madness which is the ultimate in sanity. And that's what sannyas is all about: a madness with a method, and a laughter so meditative, so prayerful, so serene, so quiet, that it is almost silent music.

And that you will have to learn, because I can see something serious around your heart. That serious-

ness has to be dropped; you have to become a child again. You have to revive that quality of wonder that every child comes with, the quality of awe. You have to run on the sea beaches again in the sun, collecting seashells. You have to start doing non-serious things — painting, poetry, music. You have been doing serious kinds of things your whole life.

Now sannyas has to take you into a totally different dimension: the dimension of the non-serious, the dimension of the festive, because unless one can celebrate life one cannot be grateful to God. And only in gratefulness is God known. The only proof that God exists is in the gratefulness of people who know how to celebrate. Hence down the ages it has been told: If you wish to seek God then seek the people who can laugh, who can enjoy, who can celebrate. There you will find the first glimpses of the divine humor.

Particularly in the East we have not made God very serious. He plays a flute and sings a song and dances. He is a dancer and a painter and a poet and this world is his painting, his song, his dance. We don't think of God as a creator — that word is bombastic. We think of him as a player, and existence we call *leela*, a play. And that word "play" is the sense of humor.

We are participating in a great drama so there is nothing to be serious about . . . nothing at all. This has to be your fundamental insight. It will transform you and that will bring many many experiences, insights, blessings, to you. That will become the opening of the door.

Tall, warm-faced Walter
from Austria listens softly . . .

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Swami Veet Anubhavo.

Veet means beyond, anubhavo means experience. God is beyond all experience. You cannot experience God because he is not separate from you. You can *live* God, you can *be* God, but you cannot experience him. We can experience things only when they are separate from us. You cannot see yourself, and God is your innermost core — you cannot see God either.

So people who search for God as if God is an object are on a wrong journey from the very beginning. They will be frustrated, and out of frustration they can start creating hallucinations too. Because when one has worked for thirty years and meditated and prayed and has gone to the monasteries and remained celibate and has wasted one's whole life and sees frustration, then the mind starts giving consolation prizes: the mind gives you hallucinatory experiences.

If you are a Hindu you see Krishna standing before you, and that is just an hallucination. If you are a Christian you see Christ. The Christian never sees Krishna, the Hindu never sees Christ; the Mohammedan is blissfully unaware of both. You see only that which you are projecting. Because down the ages God has been thought of as a person, hallucinations become possible. Because he was thought of as something that can be experienced, people went on wrong journeys and wasted their lives.

God cannot be experienced, cannot be searched for, cannot be seen, because you *are* it. You are already it, so what is needed is not search; all that is needed is to start celebrating. You are God! There is no need to postpone your celebration even for a single moment, because in the next moment also you will be God, as much as you are right now. Yesterday also you were as much a God as you are right now or will ever be. You are the same God always. Just a little daring is needed to celebrate it, a little daring to accept this tremendous truth of "I am God!"

It is very difficult because the so-called saints have been teaching you that you are a sinner, that you are unworthy, that you will be thrown into hellfire — that's where you belong. How can you suddenly believe that you are a God? It seems outrageous, outlandish, but it is the truth, and truth is always outlandish. Lies are conventional, truth is always outlandish. People live in lies, they accept lies because lies are very consolatory. Truth is very shattering.

To recognize yourself as God does not mean that you are God and others are not God. To recognize yourself as God means that everything is divine, even your enemy. Not only is Jesus God but Judas too! That is very shattering . . . that is very difficult. Not only is the beautiful person God, but the ugliest, he too is God because nothing else exists. God is synonymous with existence.

So never search for experiences. All experiences are false and of the mind. It makes no difference whether you go into an experience through a drug or through

yoga — it makes no difference, basically there is no difference. One can get high through LSD, marijuana, or, if one is conventional, through alcohol; one can get high through certain postures, through certain breathing exercises, standing on one's head. These are also ways to change your inner chemistry, subtle ways to change your chemistry.

LSD does it in a gross way, yoga does it in a subtle way, but both are changing your body chemistry. Fasting also does it in a subtle way: it changes your chemistry, certainly, because you stop taking food which was always needed. Your chemistry inside has to change; it has to adjust to your non-taking of food. A few elements disappear, a few elements gather too much; the old balance is lost. After a thirty-day fast you can be as high, as stoned, as on any drug. These are conventional drugs but the search is the same. The person who is in drugs is searching for experiences and the person in yoga is also searching for experiences.

My approach is that we are not searching for experiences here. We are trying to know the one who experiences all experiences. Our search is for the witness. Who is this observer? Who is this consciousness? Sometimes it feels sad, sometimes it feels happy; sometimes it is so high, flying in the sky, and sometimes so down. Who is this watcher of all these games? — high and low, happy, unhappy, in heaven and hell. Who is this watcher?

To know this watcher is to know God. And you are already it — just a little awakening is needed . . . no search but only awakening.

Seven-year-old Archan's
goodbye darshan now.
He's got a box; it's in England
he tells Bhagwan.
Then comes forward
at His bidding
allowing his curly haired head
to be held between
two tender and enlightened hands,
and is gazed into and beamed upon.
My heart was beating
in my throat! he tells his
dad, Akul, a little later.

Satori is leaving too;
she's a little afraid.

BHAGWAN: What is the fear?

SATORI: Just meeting my parents.

BHAGWAN: I will take care — just go and don't be afraid. It is always difficult to meet the parents, the most difficult thing, because between children and parents so many barriers exist; they have been created by the parents.

The children are always afraid. The fear is that if they are true then the parents are hurt. If they want to satisfy the parents they have to be untrue; then it hurts *them*. This is the problem. Parents don't allow authenticity: they don't want you to be yourself. They have a certain idea of how you should be, what

you should be. If you are that, they are happy; if you are not that, they are unhappy. And nobody can fulfill their idea, nobody at all, because you are not here in this world to fulfill anybody's idea. And your parents cannot conceive who you are going to be. The future is open — utterly open and unpredictable — but each parent tries to control the future and each parent feels frustrated.

It is very difficult to find a parent who is satisfied. Not even the father of Buddha was satisfied. Now, where can you get a better son? But his ideas were not fulfilled. He wanted him to become a great king — naturally. He was a king and he wanted his son to become even greater. For centuries they had been kings — they had a long tradition of royalty — and they wanted the son to have more money, more power, a greater empire. And the son was really frustrating: he became a beggar! Just think of the man in his old age . . . and the only son simply escaped! The father was really hurt, he was really angry.

Nobody can fulfill the idea of the parents, and if you try to you will remain miserable your whole life because you will be carrying somebody else's idea in your head, which is not you. You will be false. So if you carry the idea, you are false, you are untrue to yourself, and because you are false and you are miserable and you cannot bloom, you cannot forgive your parents either. It is because of them that this whole pseudo personality has happened. Or, if you want to be yourself and you start moving on your own way then the fear arises, and that is the fear.

Now you are a sannyasin — you are growing in

your own way. . . . It is very wild for your parents. They could never have dreamed of you in orange! Even in their wildest dreams they could not have thought of their daughter becoming a sannyasin, being hypnotized by some unknown man in India! (*laughter*) It is natural, but don't be worried.

Just go, be loving, be respectful. Just be with them, let them feel what has happened to you. The first few days will be a little embarrassing for you and embarrassing for them too, but after a few days, after the initial impact, once it settles, they will see, because they love you! Even if their ideas are wrong, their love is true. Even if their concepts of how you should be are not according to your nature, still their motive is just love and nothing else. They want you to be happy, they want you to grow and have a beautiful life. So when they see that you are *really* having a beautiful life — you have become better than you were ever before — the embarrassment will disappear. And soon you will find yourselves bridged more closely than ever before.

So just go. Don't argue — let them *feel* you. Arguments create barriers, arguments make people blind. Don't argue. If they say something against me, don't become irritated. They don't know anything about me. Just let them feel you. Meditate, dance, be loving, and just be there silently in the house, as if you are almost absent. When they feel this new quality — that you are present yet absent, that you are moving as if you are not, that you are so full of love, that you are not getting angry easily, that you are not argumentative, that you are not nasty to them — im-

mediately the change will happen. And they will start coming closer to you. And if they can come closer to you, they will be able to come closer to me; that's the only way. Then introduce them too. Tell them about meditation and what has happened to you, but not from the beginning.

First let the initial embarrassment disappear. When you start feeling a communion arising, then talk about me — talk about what has happened here, what you have been doing here. And this is my experience: almost without exception my sannyasins have been able to bridge themselves with their parents very easily.

When will you be back?

SATORI: Very soon.

BHAGWAN: Good! Keep it with you.

He hands her a box
that houses some hairs
of the unknown man
in India.

BHAGWAN: Hello, Suparna! When are you leaving?

SUPARNA: In three days.

BHAGWAN: Something to say to me?

SUPARNA: Yes. My body feels very imbalanced. I just had hepatitis and I've had everything else that you can have here in India. I keep getting these signs and warnings to stop and look at what I'm doing. I welcome what happens but as soon as I'm well again I'm back into my same old thing.

BHAGWAN: What is that same thing? — tell me.

SUPARNA: Well, I have no feeling, no sexual feeling, but I'm crazy about food. I just think about food all day, all the time, and I don't know what's going to have to happen to me to stop.

BHAGWAN: Just come close to me. . . . Put your hands this way.

She stretches her hands out
and falls slowly back
until tears appear lacelike
on her eyelashes
and He calls her to Him.

BHAGWAN: Good, Suparna. Mm mm. It is a very simple thing — you just have to see the point. One thing is: whenever you don't allow sex energy to move rightly it starts getting obsessed with food. Food and sex are polarities; they balance each other. If you have too much sexuality your interest in food will disappear. If you have too much non-sexuality your interest in food will become almost an obsession. So you cannot do anything directly about your food, and if you try to, you will be constantly in trouble. For a few days you can manage forcibly, but then you will have the problem back again, and it will be back with a vengeance. You will have to work on your sexual energy.

The problem arises because the first experiences of food and love for the child are very deeply associated. He gets food from the mother's breast and love too. When the child gets love he is not worried

about milk; the mother has to persuade him. If the child is not getting love then he does not leave the breast, because he is afraid about the future. He has to drink as much as he can because he cannot be certain when the mother will be available. If the child gets love he is secure; he does not bother. Whenever there is need the mother will be available; he can trust her love. But if the mother is not loving then the child cannot trust; then he has to drink as much as he can. He goes on overeating.

And the same is the situation . . . you can see: in poor families children will have big stomachs because the food is so scarce that whenever they can get food they overstuff themselves. The richer the family, the smaller will be the stomach of the child. It looks very absurd, because when you see poor people starving, their whole bodies are thin and yet their stomachs are too big. It doesn't look right, it doesn't look arithmetical. If they are starving then why do they have such big stomachs? Because they are starving they cannot trust tomorrow, so whatsoever they can get, *any*thing they can get, they go on stuffing in. Their stomachs become their storage. So if the child does not get love he becomes interested in food. If he gets love he is not interested in food, or has just a natural interest — as much as is needed by the body.

That's what is happening to you: somehow you have been blocking your love energy. That blocked love energy is becoming your interest in food. If you want to change it you will have to move into love a little more, you will have to become more loving. Love your own body — begin from there; enjoy your

own body. It is a beautiful phenomenon, it is such a gift. Dance, sing, feel and touch your own body.

The problem is that if you don't love your own body, you will not allow anybody else to love your body. In fact the person who tries to be loving towards you will look ridiculous, foolish, stupid. Because you cannot love your body, what is he seeing in you? *You* don't see anything! Unless you start seeing the beauty of your own body you will not be able to accept somebody else's love. The very idea that he is loving towards you shows that he is stupid and nothing else. So be loving to your body.

And if any opportunity arises where you can be loving, hugging, holding hands, don't miss those opportunities. And you will be surprised: as you start moving into love the food problem will be solved automatically. To be in love is a great experience and to go on stuffing food is a very miserable experience. Not that food is not beautiful, but food is beautiful only when taken in certain quantities that you can absorb. When you take too much it is nauseating.

This is one thing beautiful about love: love is never too much. Nobody can love to the extreme, nobody; there is no extreme in it. Because when you eat, you stuff things in; when you love, you share, you give. It is an unburdening phenomenon. And the more you give, the more your energy starts flowing. You become a river, no more a stagnant pool.

That's what you have done; that's my feeling about your energy: you have made it a stagnant pool.

She murmurs agreement:
I feel that.

Break the walls! You are unnecessarily missing something beautiful which love and only love can bring, and instead are suffering with this problem of food.

When will you be back?

SUPARNO: As soon as I can I'll be right back.

BHAGWAN: How long will it take?

SUPARNO: I hope not more than six months.

BHAGWAN: And then you will be staying forever?

SUPARNO: Yes.

BHAGWAN: You have to be here forever. And make it as fast as possible, mm? — because what I am saying will be more easily possible here than anywhere else.

Continue to meditate. And I will be waiting, so come back!

Friday, September 15th

This will be your new name. . . .
Her lips fall apart
and Julia listens quite
unselfconsciously,
her still, child-rounded features
prettily in profile to me.

BHAGWAN: This will be your name: Ma Anand Phulo.

Anand means bliss, phulo means flowering — flowering of bliss. Bliss is a seed — we bring it with us, but very few people are good gardeners. They live their whole lives and the seed remains there; it never comes to bloom. The potential remains potential, never becomes actual. That's what misery is: not to be that which one is destined to be.

The rose bush will be miserable if no roses bloom on it. It will be very sad. When the roses bloom, it dances. It has come to this fulfillment. It has shared its fragrance with the world. It has offered its soul to God. It has sung its song. Now it can die . . . with joy, with celebration in the heart. Life has been a benediction. The target was not missed.

But millions of people live and die never knowing who they were meant to be. They are rose bushes without roses, hence they look so sad. They somehow drag; their lives are a kind of burden. They go on doing things because they have to do. They fulfill their duties but there is no festivity. They live mechanically, robotlike.

To be a sannyasin means renouncing this mechanical way of living . . . a great search for the inner seed, preparing ground for it, letting it die in the soil, watering, caring, waiting for the sprout to come with a prayerful heart. One day it happens and one is suddenly fulfilled. When the first flower comes into your being, God has been known. Then no proof is needed. Then one knows immediately "God is!"

To be blissful is to know that God is. I teach the religion of bliss, of joy, of celebration. My sannyasins have to be great artists in feasting. They have to transform their live into festivals . . . not a festivity once in a while but a continual festivity — day in, day out an undercurrent of joy.

Jutta now.
She's a student from Germany.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Ma Anand Nishanto.

Anand means bliss, nishanto means the end of the night — a blissful end of the night, the beginning of a new day, the rising of the sun . . . and that's what sannyas is! Man lives in the ego: it is a deep, dark night and one is constantly afraid because the ego is always on the verge of dying. It knows it has to die. At the most it can only prolong a little bit more, but it is sitting on the volcano, because it is a falsity and a falsity cannot abide forever. Hence the fear of the ego . . . hence all the efforts of the ego to make itself secure, safe — through money, through power, through relationship.

All the trips that the ego goes on are nothing but security measures. It is trying to protect itself against death. It is constantly apprehensive of death. Death is always by the corner, because the ego is a shadow. The reality is never afraid of death because the real cannot die. To come out of the ego is to end the dark night.

Sannyas is surrender . . . surrendering the ego is what sannyas is all about, dropping the idea of the "I," and dropping all its securities, all its games, and just being ordinary, simple, just being a nobody, with no claim. In that ordinariness great, extraordinary experiences start happening, because to be ordinary is really to be extraordinary. To desire extraordinariness is very ordinary; everybody is on the same trip. To become a drop-out, no more to be part of the herd and the crowd, forgetting all goals, forgetting all ideas of achieving something and being something, forgetting the desire to succeed. . . . That's what Jesus means when he says, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of God." The egoless person is poor in spirit, but the miracle is that he is the richest person in the world: he has the whole kingdom of God.

Sannyas means dropping the "I" and starting a new life from the center of being ordinary, of being nobody . . . functioning from a very natural state, with no pretensions, with no pseudo faces, functioning as trees function, animals function, children function. And once that functioning has been learned there is great joy and great relaxation. All burden is gone.

That's what I mean when I say "the end of the night."

Something to say to me?

NISHANTO: I've done another meditation before I came to Poona and I don't know if I should continue this.

BHAGWAN: What meditation were you doing there?

NISHANTO: A mantra on the third eye.

BHAGWAN: How long have you been doing it?

NISHANTO: For half a year.

BHAGWAN: And how have you been feeling?

NISHANTO: Sometimes very good.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. You can continue your meditation and start these meditations too. Do both — nothing to be worried about, mm? — then there will be a clarity. But continue the old and start the new meditations also. Then later on, after one month, you will be able to choose what goes deeper and what is making you more centered, more joyous. Then you can choose. So don't drop the old, but experiment with the new also. Good, Nishanto.

Anudasi wants to be reminded
before encountering the West
what it means to be *an anudasi —*
a servant of love.

BHAGWAN: Love does not mean what is ordinarily

understood by it. The ordinary love is just a masquerade; something else is hiding behind it. The real love is a totally different phenomenon. The ordinary love is a demand. The real love is a sharing. It knows nothing of demand; it knows the joy of giving.

The ordinary love pretends too much. The real love is non-pretentious; it simply is. The ordinary love becomes almost sickening, syrupy, drippy, what you call "lovey-dovey." It is sickening, it is nauseating. The real love is a nourishment. It strengthens your soul. The ordinary love only feeds your ego — not the real you but the unreal you. The unreal always feeds the unreal, remember; and the real feeds the real.

Become a servant of real love, and that means becoming a servant of God. God is love in its ultimate purity. Give, share whatsoever you have, share and enjoy sharing. Don't do it as if it is a duty — then the whole joy is gone. And don't feel that you are obliging the other, never, not even for a single moment. Love never obliges. In fact, on the contrary, when somebody receives your love, *you* feel obliged.

Love is thankful that it has been received. Love never waits to be rewarded, even to be thanked. If the thankfulness comes from the other side, love is always surprised — it is a pleasant surprise — because there was no expectation. You cannot frustrate real love because there is no expectation in the first place. And you cannot fulfill unreal love because it is so rooted in expectation that whatsoever is done always falls short of it. Its expectation is too much: nobody can fulfill it. So the unreal love always brings frustra-

tion, and the real love always brings fulfillment.

And when I say, "Become a servant of love," I am not saying to become a servant of somebody whom you love — no, not at all. I am not saying to become a servant of a lover. I am saying become a servant of *love*. The pure idea of love should be worshipped. Your lover is only one of the forms of that pure idea, and the whole existence contains nothing but millions of forms of that pure idea. The flower is one idea, one form, the moon another, your lover still another . . . your child, your mother, your father, they are all forms, all waves in the ocean of love. But never become a servant of a lover.

Remember always that your lover is only one tiny expression. Serve love through the lover so that you never become attached to the lover. And when one is not attached to the lover love reaches its highest peaks. The moment one is attached, one starts falling low. Attachment is a kind of gravitation — unattachment is grace. Unreal love is another name for attachment; real love is very detached. Unreal love shows so much concern, it is always concerned. Real love is considerate but has no concern.

If you really love a man you will be considerate of his *true need* but you will not show unnecessary concern for his foolish, stupid fantasies. You will take every care of his needs but you are not there to fulfill his fictitious desires. You will not fulfill anything that is really going to harm him. For example, you will not fulfill his ego, although his ego will be demanding. The person who is too concerned, attached, will fulfill the ego demands. That means you are poison-

ing your beloved. Consideration means you will see that this is not a real need but an ego need; you will not fulfill it.

Love knows compassion, but no concern. Sometimes it is hard because sometimes it is needed to be hard; sometimes it is very aloof. If it helps to be aloof, it is aloof. Sometimes it is very cold. If it is needed to be cold then it is cold. Whatsoever the need, love is considerate but not concerned. It will not fulfill any unreal need. It will not fulfill any poisonous idea in the other.

Search into, meditate on love, experiment. Love is the greatest experiment in life, and those who live without experimenting with love energy will never know what life is, what life was. They will only remain on the surface without going into the depth of it.

My teaching is love-oriented. I can drop the word "God" very easily — there is no problem — but I cannot drop the word "love." If I have to choose between the words "love" and "God," I will choose love; I will forget all about God, because those who know love are bound to know God. But it is not vice versa: those who think about God and philosophize about God may never know about love and will never know about God either.

Bodhitara, leaving too,
feels she's going to die.

BHAGWAN: And when did you start feeling it?

BODHITARA: In the Anatta group.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm mm. So are you feeling afraid also?

BODHITARA: Yes!

BHAGWAN: But it is not about your *bodily* death.

And He chuckles.

BHAGWAN: It is just the ego coming closer and closer to the point where your understanding is going to dissolve it. It is a kind of death, because up to now you have remained identified with the ego so it feels as if *you* are going to die. *You* are not going to die — just the false you, the pseudo you, the personality. And it is good that the personality dies; then the essence surfaces. It is the personality that is keeping the essence repressed. The personality functions like a heavy rock and the essence is a small stream. Once the rock is gone you will know a totally different kind of life. It is going to be a new life, it is going to be a new birth, so in a sense it is death, but it is not going to be a physical death; it is going to be a psychological death and a resurrection.

But it happens to everybody: whenever it comes very close, the ego starts becoming shaky and the house starts crumbling, then one naturally feels, "I am going to die. Now what?" because one does not know anything else but the ego. The ego is our idea of ourselves, but we are *not* it — we are far more, far deeper, far greater. The ego is really just a cancerous growth in our being. If it dies, you will be more healthy and more whole.

Feel blessed and help this death, because if you become too afraid you will hinder it, you will not allow it to happen. You may start clinging, and that clinging will keep it alive. You *can* keep it alive. Many people are keeping their egos alive just by clinging. They go on feeding it, nourishing it; it is just on the deathbed but they go on injecting food into it.

Rather than becoming afraid, feel joyous that something great and beautiful is going to happen to you. And help it happen, cooperate with the process. The ego needs a good burial, a good farewell party. There is no need to be afraid, not at all, but fear comes naturally, for the simple reason that we don't know anything about ourselves except the ego.

It is as if a person thinks that he is his clothes and one day you take his clothes off. He starts crying and weeping: "Don't kill me — I will die!" It is ridiculous. We know that he is not going to die — these are only clothes and he will be getting new clothes, that's why we are taking the old clothes. They are dirty and rotten and they don't fit and they make him look ridiculous. But he has lived with those clothes so long. He has completely forgotten that he is separate from them. Personality is just a psychological clothing, a garment. We have become too attached to it, we have lived with it so long. We have never known any separation from it.

So one has to prepare for the separation, and if you can joyously accept and welcome what is going to happen, the process will be simple and bloodless. This surgery can be bloodless if you rejoice in it; otherwise there is unnecessary pain, unnecessary suffering. And

one can always escape. When it becomes too much of a suffering one can always escape back into some other direction; one can distract oneself, one can become occupied with something else.

That's the point at which many religious people run, rush back into the world. Seeing the abyss, and seeing that the road ends and that they will have to fall into this precipice and disappear, they start running back; they start creating a thousand and one occupations in the mind.

There are religious ways also — no need to go into the world. One can go into a monastery and become occupied with religious ritual; that too is an escape. Or one can learn a mantra and constantly repeat it: "Hare Krishna, Hare Rama" or "Hail, Mary" or "Ibiti, ibiti, isibiti zap" — anything, just to remain occupied. Any nonsense will do so there is something to hang on to. But the ego continues. . . .

The real beginning is only when the ego ends; the end of the ego is the beginning of your real life.

When will you be coming back?

BODHITARA: May 1st.

BHAGWAN: Good. continue to meditate and help the ego die!

To Vasudeva who wants to know
the meaning of his name,
Bhagwan says that he's a god of bliss,
and that the name is a reminder
not to be satisfied with
being less than that.

These names that I give to you
are reminders, pointers,
fingers pointing to the moon, He says.
The journey is long,
the moon is far away,
but if you keep remembering,
sooner or later, one day,
you will arrive . . .

Saturday, September 16th

Pratito has just retreated
with her daughter,
now Ma Prem Pranava
(the sound of love)
and sitting before Bhagwan
are Swamis Dasyo and son, Premda,
and Ma Allaha — all returning
to Italy.
What can she do in Italy
to help herself? asks Radha
on Allaha's behalf.

BHAGWAN: When will it be possible for you to come back?

ALLAHA: In a few months.

BHAGWAN: And which meditation do you like the most?

ALLAHA: Kundalini.

BHAGWAN: Then continue Kundalini, but make it regular; never miss it even for a single day. If you are traveling and it is not possible, then too for one hour just sit silently and do it inside in fantasy, and the same will be the result. Because as far as the result is concerned, whether you do it physically or just mentally, it is the same.

And everything is good — come back soon!

Nothing to say, but Premda
eyes the little wooden box
nestling in Bhagwan's hands,
and holds out his young boy's fingers
to receive it.

His dad's turn now.

DASYO: When you gave me the mala you told me, "From this moment you are in the service of God." I want to know what that means — to be in the service of God.

BHAGWAN: That simply means to live a life of love. Let love become the source of all your acts. There are people who do everything for money — their source is that; there are people who do everything for their egos — that is *their* orientation. To be in the service of God means: let love be the orientation. Everything has to be sacrificed to love and love has not to be sacrificed to anything else. Love has to be the *summum bonum* — the highest good, the supreme value.

So whenever you are deciding to do something, just remember: are you doing it out of love or not? If it is out of love it is an offering unto the divine. If it has some other considerations then it is not in the service of God. Slowly slowly you will become very very capable of knowing immediately; even before you have moved in any act you will know from where you are moving. And it is so self-evident that it needs no other proof from the outside.

It is just as when you are feeling ill, you know. There may be no symptom on the outside, the physician may not be able to find any symptom, but you know deep down that you are no more in a state of well-being. And when you are in a state of well-being, you know that too.

Just like that, when you act out of love you will feel a great well-being arising in you. You will feel uplifted; you will feel weightless. And when you act out of anything other than love you will feel dragged down to the earth. Slowly the feeling will become so clear that there will be no need to make a mental question. The heart will know even before the mind has questioned. And I can see your energy moving in the right direction.

Continue to meditate and come back again!

An especially warm welcome
it feels for Katherine,
whom Bhagwan tells to
simply allow whatever wants to be
while she awaits sannyas.
She flops to the side
not quite on the floor
so several helpful arms reach
out to soften her possible fall,
and a moment later
she has let go
of any residual control
and lies limp and relaxed.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Ma Paravrati.

Paravrati means turning-in. It is one of the most significant words; it is the whole secret of life, of love, of light. All the religions are based on this single secret, *paravrati*: how to turn in.

The mind is always moving outwards. It flows outwards, that's its natural flow. Just as water flows downwards, the mind flows outwards. The mind cannot turn in. You can turn in, the mind cannot; it is impossible for the mind, hence when you turn in, the mind disappears. In the very process of turning in, no-mind arises. The mind simply means energy moving outwards. No-mind means energy not moving outwards. Energy is just there, at the center, unmoving, and that unmoving energy is the door to the divine.

God is not *there*, God is not like a goal. God is not where you are *going* — God is from where you are coming. God is your original space. God is at the very beginning; it is the source. But we go on and on searching, and the more we search, the farther away we are, because every search takes us on long journeys. Each journey is going away from yourself, so no journey brings you to yourself. All journeys are distractions.

The person who is searching for money is distracted from his being, and so is the person who is searching for God. Their objects are different but their process is the same. The man who desires power has to run out, and the man who desires heaven has also to run out. Hence, in non-desiring the turning-in

happens. Desire is turning-out; no-desire is turning in.

One has to understand the process of desire; it is the process of extroversion. Once you have understood the process of desire, in that very understanding desire disappears. One cannot drop desire, remember, because if one wants to drop desire, that again is a desire. If somebody thinks, "Enlightenment will be attained if I drop desire," then this is a new desire — for enlightenment; it is a vicious circle. You cannot drop desire; desire will come in from the back door again. Desire can only be *understood*. That's all there is. You have to see that desire takes you farther and farther away from yourself. Seeing it, desire stops.

It is instantaneous — just as when you see a snake on the path and you jump. Not that you decide logically, "Here is a snake, and snakes are dangerous, and they can bite and I can die — therefore jump!" There is no logical process. You see the snake . . . *and* the jump. There is not a gap between seeing and jumping. It is simultaneous; not even a split second divides the act from the understanding.

Exactly like that, when you see the futility of desire — that it takes you away from yourself, that it takes you away from your original source, from your original face, that it takes you away from your nature, from your spontaneity — seeing it . . . *paravrati*, turning-in!

So watch desire . . . just watching, observing, seeing the ways of the desire and the subtle, cunning

strategies of it and how it always comes. It even starts thinking "How to drop desire?" — it starts desiring the state of no-desire too. See this whole game, and seeing it one day, suddenly one is sitting alone and there is no desire, no desire around — in that very moment suddenly one finds oneself at home. That's what enlightenment is, and that's what the experience of God is.

Rachel now,
a middle-aged American.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Ma Chinmatra.

It means: only consciousness. All else is appearance — the reality consists only of consciousness. This has been the experience of all the mystics down the ages — of a Christ, of a Buddha, of a Krishna. But for the first time in this century, even science is coming very close to this understanding, because now science says there is no matter. One tremendously significant step has been taken by physics: the recognition that there is no matter. This is half the journey. If there is no matter, then sooner or later the other part is going to be revealed to the scientific vision also, because this has been the dichotomy down the ages: matter and consciousness.

The scientist has been continually denying consciousness and believing in matter, and the mystics have been denying matter and believing in consciousness. Now science is agreeing more with the mystics than with its own predecessors. They have taken half

the step — that matter doesn't exist. The other half has yet to be realized, but it is not very far away, because if matter does not exist then what does? Science calls it "energy," "electricity," but they are coming closer. Energy is closer to consciousness than matter ever was. Consciousness is a form of energy; energy is a form of consciousness.

"Chinmatra" simply means: only consciousness is true . . . and this has to become your foundation. Remember it continuously: only consciousness is true and all else is just a dream. And I am not saying to deny the dream or to renounce the dream, but only to remember; just remembering it is enough. The dream still continues. It is like a film on the screen: sometimes you get lost in it, sometimes you forget that this is just a film projected on the white screen, the empty screen; there is nothing in it. Sometimes you get lost in it, you become identified. Sometimes you cry and weep, or laugh, but sometimes you remember suddenly, "This is just a film, a story, with no substance in it." Then you start feeling embarrassed, looking ridiculous to yourself. It happens exactly the same way. But when you remember this is just a film, still the film continues; just by your remembering it does not stop.

So is the case with the world: the world continues; even for a Buddha the world continues as it continues for everybody else. The only difference is that the Buddha continuously remembers that this is just a dream, a play of consciousness, nothing to be attached to, nothing to be obsessed with, nothing to possess, nothing to be possessed by. Hence the man

who remembers it remains aloof, detached, cool . . . moves in the world and remains unaffected by it.

And that's the whole beauty of a religious man: being in the world and yet not affected by it, being in the marketplace and yet continuing one's meditation, being in the thick of the dense affairs of the world and yet in a very playful mood, knowing perfectly well it is a dream, a part to be fulfilled, a role to be played, but nothing to be serious about.

This awareness unburdens, this awareness liberates.

Marylou
sits with her orange shawl
arranged around her shoulders
and reminds me of a debutante.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Ma Premdasi.

Prem means love, dasi means a servant — a servant of love. And to be a servant of love is to become a master. Only one who serves love becomes a master, and *only* that person. Others remain slaves. Others pretend to be masters but are not. They think they possess their possessions but the reality is that their possessions possess them. They are slaves of a thousand and one desires. Their life is a continuous life of slavery. They live imprisoned in their own desires.

Love liberates. Love is not a desire. Desire is begging. Love gives, hence the mastery that comes through love. Love gives unconditionally; love knows only how to give. Desiring is just the opposite process: it begs, snatches, steals, exploits; it is always

trying to get more and more from others. So love is not a desire but just the opposite of desire. And if love is also a desire, then it is lust; it is not love.

Many people are very confused between lust and love. Love is a totally different dimension. Love is not of the mind; love is divine. It comes from the beyond — it is not of the world. And once you have started serving love you are rich, because the more you give, the more you receive from the beyond. And only the giver can be the emperor.

My message is basically of love. That's what I teach as meditation and I teach as prayer and I teach as God. If a man knows how to be loving he has known all that is worth knowing. If a man has come to know the flavor of love his life is fulfilled. He has come to bloom and his fragrance is released to the winds. Now there is no grudge, no complaint, only gratitude.

Dharno is in love.

DHARNO:. . .And I feel so dependent. I feel love, ready to love, but whenever I don't get it back I feel so alone, so empty. I know it's an old conditioning and I want to get rid of it.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. It is a natural process. The beginning of love is always muddy. It is full of jealousy, possessiveness, bargaining. It is of dependence, and because there is dependence, there is anger too. Nobody wants to be dependent. To feel dependent on somebody naturally creates anger towards the person, because he becomes your imprisonment. But in

the beginning love is always dependent. In the beginning the love is exactly like the love of a child for the mother. The child *is* dependent, and completely helpless, and knows perfectly well that his survival is in the mother's hands. That is the first experience of love, and whenever you move in love that will always be the first experience again, because that's how you have learned love.

Millions of people remain stuck at that first love and they miss all the beauties and the heights of love. The lotus is never born; they remain in the mud. So this is nothing wrong in itself; it will become wrong only if you become confined to it. Otherwise it is a good beginning; in itself there is nothing wrong. You follow me? If you remain confined in it, if your love does not grow beyond it, then it is ugly. But it can grow beyond it, and you *are* conscious about it — that it should grow beyond it — so you can help it grow.

This is how one has to pass through these phases of suffering. Those painful moments that come are needed; through them you are cleansed, purified; through them you become integrated. Through them you become an individual.

Hence the second thing: whenever you are in love, only then do you start feeling lonely. The person who has never loved never feels lonely. Why should he feel lonely? He has never felt togetherness. So only the lover knows what loneliness is. The non-lover never knows any loneliness because he does not know the opposite of it; he has nothing to compare with. If you have never seen light you will never see darkness.

How can you see darkness without seeing light? Once you have seen light, even as lightning, just for a moment, then suddenly there is darkness. It has always been there but now you become aware of it.

Man is born alone, but is not aware unless love happens. When love happens like lightning, suddenly you start feeling very lonely. It looks very paradoxical, because people think, "When we are in love we will not be lonely." That is all nonsense! When you are in love *then* only will you know that you are lonely. But that loneliness has to be transformed into aloneness. That loneliness has to be respected, loved, nourished. That loneliness has not to be taken as an enemy but as a friend.

So when it happens, just close your eyes and go into it. Make it a meditative space, and you will be surprised: slowly slowly you will start enjoying it, because it is beautiful, because it has freedom, it has space, it has infinite space. Loneliness has to be transformed into aloneness through meditation; meditation is the bridge which takes you from loneliness to aloneness. But one has to be very patient; these are delicate phenomena.

The people who live a gross life never become aware of these things. The grossest people are those who are not even aware of loneliness. They have never loved — they may know something about sex but they know nothing about love. Sex is using the other person like a machine. You are not together with the other, you are just using the other; and when the use is finished, the other is finished.

That's why prostitution exists in the world —

because millions of people live at that stage. They don't want love; in fact they are afraid of love. They want only sex. Sex is no problem for them because it never gives them the taste of togetherness; hence they never feel lonely. That is their strategy to avoid loneliness. Unless people become more loving, prostitution is not going to disappear from the world. These are very complex problems: prostitution exists because there is no love and the priests have helped prostitution in the world because they have been teaching people things which go against love. If people are unloving, prostitution is going to exist.

It is not that prostitution exists only with the prostitutes. Even your so-called marriage is nothing but prostitution — a long-term arrangement, that's all, a lifelong arrangement, that's all. It is prostitution; the base is economic, financial. A person goes to the prostitute only for one night, pays the fee and is finished. To the wife he goes on paying for his whole life. It is simply a permanent kind of prostitution — but love is not there . . . and only love can destroy prostitution in the world.

If what I am teaching here spreads, if it becomes epidemic, then prostitution can disappear from the world, otherwise not.

People want sex because it never gives them the taste of togetherness, hence no fear of being alone; that is the very gross level of life. The second stage is: people have a little affair with love, just a little affair of love. They are afraid of going deep into it so are just on the threshold; but then they start feeling lonely. That's where you are. Now there are only two

ways: either you fall back to the gross level where sex is the only reality and love is just a poetic fantasy — all nonsense, fiction — or you go beyond this threshold into the temple of love and go beyond loneliness towards aloneness.

Meditation will be of immense help; in fact only meditation can be of any help. It is only through meditation that one's love grows higher and higher. Meditation is the fire that purifies the gold of love. And when you have started feeling alone, then there will be no dependence. You know aloneness is absolute; there is no way to be other than it. And it is beautiful because it is freedom. And out of aloneness you can love. Then love is a sharing. Then you don't hanker for the return; all dependence disappears. But these higher peaks of love have to be searched for. In fact, temples should exist in the world where this is taught — where the art is taught. In the ancient temples it was part of the process, that love was taught, and people were brought to the climax of what love can be at its peak.

So don't be afraid — go into it. And remember: love brings great ecstasy but also brings great agonies; they come together. They are like the two wings of a bird. Accept both. . . .

Ageha is going back to the West.
He hopes that doesn't mean
he'll be going back to sleep.

AGEHA: I just feel as if I'm beginning to wake up a bit

here; it's going to be very difficult to stay awake when I get home. That's all. I feel as if I'm going to . . . it's going to be so easy to doze off again when I get back to London.

BHAGWAN: No, it will not be so easy. To be with me and then to fall back is almost impossible. You will not be able to manage it! *(much laughter)* You are in for a great surprise! *(and some more)* The process *has* started. The process of awakening has taken roots; there is no way to destroy it. It will go on growing, in spite of the situations. And you will feel enhanced, benefited by going away; you will become more confident of yourself.

When you are here, you are never certain whether it is *really* happening to you or whether it is the whole impact of the atmosphere. Here it is almost as if you are in a hothouse. Going to the West, going to the world, *is* a little fearful, but it is always beneficial because soon you will see that whatsoever has happened to you cannot be taken away. So it has *really* happened to you — it was not just the atmosphere, the climate of so many sannyasins and so many meditators; it was not *just* a certain psychic sphere but something has really happened in you. And the only way to know about it is to go far away from me.

Suddenly you will be surprised — that not only can the world not destroy it, but on the contrary it enhances it. Because of the contrast you become more aware of it, more crystal-clear aware of it; the world defines it. Here you remain in a kind of undefined state because so many things are happening to so

many people. And it is a commune. A commune means where people are *communing* with each other, so one is never certain what is happening to one and what is happening to others. People go on pouring their energies into each other — it is all one phenomenon, a tidal wave.

There you will be alone, and you will be more clearly aware of what has happened to you, what is yours. And once you start feeling this is yours, you are grounded. You can stand on your own, you can face the world, and the world cannot destroy you. The world is very poor, it is very weak; it is *not* a strong thing. It is strong because we are weak. Once we are a little strong in our being, the world is just impotent; it can't do a thing.

And the process has started: you have moved from your old state. Something new has taken shape — it will become more clear.

And when will you be back?

AGEHA: Not till next year I'm afraid . . . probably in the spring.

BHAGWAN: That will do. And where will you be all this time?

AGEHA: Teaching in London.

BHAGWAN: That's perfectly good. Help my people there!

Sunday, September 17th

I close my eyes
with Laurent Simeon
(he's French and works in
Saudi Arabia)
and ride the waves of
the spacey "blue-light meditation" music
filtering through the trees
from Buddha Hall;
the Hindi camp is in progress.

Come here . . . come close.
Simeon left behind somewhere,
the new sannyasin opens his eyes.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Swami Deva Paraso.

Deva means divine, paraso means vision — divine vision. God is not a thing outside you — God is not an object, so all search for God as an object is futile. God is a totally new quality of vision. It is a new way of seeing the world in a new light. It is the same world but your eyes are different. And suddenly God explodes. God has always been there — just the vision was missing.

It is just as you can see the same thing in different ways and then it behaves as different things. You can look at a beautiful rose flower as a scientist, as a botanist, and then there is no beauty; beauty does not come across the botanist's mind. It is screened off, it is not allowed in; it simply does not exist for the scien-

tist. He has no way of seeing it. He sees something else: the material constituents of the flower — the color, the weight, the quantity. He completely goes on missing that aesthetic value of beauty. He has no way of coming across it, it does not come on his path — not that it doesn't exist. . . . But one day the flower can be seen as beautiful, when he does not come as a scientist to it.

He has fallen in love with a woman and now he wants to give this flower to her as a token of his love. Suddenly the beauty explodes. Now he has come as a poet, as a lover. Now it is no more a question of the constituents of the flower; he is no more concerned about its parts. Now the whole comes into his vision with all its immense, incredible, immeasurable beauty. Nothing has changed in the outside world — the flower is the same, exactly the same — but something has changed in the vision of the person. He is no more looking at it through mathematics, through logic; he has changed his glasses. He is looking at it through love, through sensitivity. It is a different approach, he has opened a different window to the reality of the flower. And suddenly, with all its poetry, the flower is there; it has been always there with all its beauty. Something has changed in the vision, not in the reality. The reality is the same — it is the same for you, it is the same for me — yet it is not the same because visions differ.

My whole approach is subjective. The question of an objective God is a wrong question, and once you start with a wrong question you will go on moving into wrong answers. And then there is no end: one

wrong answer will lead into more wrong questioning and so on and so forth; it goes on ad infinitum.

My approach is subjective. God is not an object in the world but a totally different way of looking at the same world. That's what I call divine vision — divine because the divine becomes available in it, through it. So all depends on you. You alone are enough to transform the whole world. It is *your* world, it is created by your way of seeing, by your way of being.

To think in terms of an object is to be a materialist, so the person who thinks of God as an object, as a person there somewhere, sitting high in the heaven, is a materialist. He does not know anything about spirituality. His approach is that of a materialist — the objective approach.

The spiritualist changes himself, cleanses his being, his vision, drops all kinds of prejudices, concepts, conditionings, becomes open, available to whatsoever is there with no choice of his own, with no like, no dislike, just with no idea to project . . . passive, alert, available, and immediately, *instantly*, God is found.

Large and middle-aged,
Rik — weeping, laughing —
on the brink of his annihilation.

BHAGWAN: This will be your name: Swami Deva Daraso.

Deva means god, daraso means seeing, meeting — seeing God, meeting God. And seeing *is* meeting;

they are not two things. One cannot see God separate from oneself. Whenever one sees God, one sees him as oneself. God is never encountered as the other, God is never encountered as "thou." He is sitting there at the deepest core of your being as "I." He is the "I" of the whole universe. He is the real "I," and there is no "thou."

To see God means to allow the separation between the knower and the known to disappear. It is a tremendously orgasmic experience, where all dualities disappear into oneness — that oneness is God. That's why no image can be made; no image is possible. And no word can contain . . . no description is possible, no definition either, because the experience is of such oneness, where night and day meet, where death and life meet, where summer and winter dissolve into each other, where man and woman are no more man and woman — where all the polarities are suddenly one. And because the polarities are suddenly one, there is transcendence: that transcendence is freedom, liberation. And everybody is seeking and searching for that transcendence, for that freedom.

In duality we are in a bondage, in duality we are crippled, in duality we are paralyzed because we are divided. In duality we can never be at home. We are always in a subtle kind of inner conflict: to be or not to be, to do this or to do that, to follow this path or that? There is always division and alternatives. And whatsoever you choose, you will be in misery; the other half that has been left will take revenge. So no choice is a good choice. Choice as such is dangerous, because whatsoever we choose is going to be only

half of the story and the other half will always be missed. If we choose the other half then this half will be missed, so one always repents.

You can see it all over the world: people are searching and seeking in every possible way and in the end everybody repents that his life has been a wastage. The man who has earned much money repents that he wasted his life and the man who has attained much power repents that he has wasted his life. The man who has painted great paintings repents that life has not been a real joy, not a real fulfillment. Even a man like Van Gogh commits suicide. Such a great painter, such a great genius, but still the fulfillment is not there. Even a genius like Friedrich Nietzsche goes mad. He philosophized and philosophized beautifully; in fact there has never been such a tremendously penetrating mind — but he goes mad, because other parts suffer.

You go on philosophizing, poetry suffers; you go on poetizing, philosophy suffers. You become a lover, then other things suffer. If you become an egoist then something else suffers. Whatsoever you become you always suffer, because that which has been left remains like a black hole in your being, and one has to choose. So a life of choice is the life of misery.

Then there is a totally different way of living: the way of living life in its totality without choosing. That is possible only if God is encountered, never before it. That is possible only when you have known God and the unity with existence. Then there is no alternative, then you don't choose — you simply live without choice. Then in fact you never do a single

thing. Things happen. You are no more a doer. You are in a let-go.

His body rocks gently
back and forth
in that childlike soothing
sort of way
I find my *body doing*
when it feels too small
to contain the overabundance
called Bhagwan.

BHAGWAN: You flow — wherever the wind blows you go with it, with no choice of your own; hence there is no misery and no repentance. And one never feels that one has done something wrong or that one should have done something else; one is always fulfilled. With God is fulfillment; without God there is always misery.

And God is the experience of unity. When your inner polarities dissolve into one, when you don't think of yourself as the body or as the soul, when the body and the soul have become one, when you don't think of yourself as the emotions or as thinking — when thinking and emotion have become one, when the heart and head are functioning in a symphony — that experience is God!

God is *never* experienced, because God is not something to be experienced. God is the name of that total experience itself, of that total coming-togetherness — all the parts function and one becomes an orchestra and there is melody. . . . That melody is fulfilling.

How long will you be here?

DARASO: As long as I can.

BHAGWAN: Be here as long as you can!

They talk groups —
he's done a lot —
then Bhagwan
asks him if he
has anything to say.

With a little laugh
Daraso says . . .

DARASO: You're my man!

BHAGWAN: You have come home!

DARASO: Thank you. . . .

He bends down
at the doorstep
of his home
and cries.

DARASO: Oh God! Thank you!

BHAGWAN: Good, Daraso!

Naren is leaving
for England in two days.

BHAGWAN: Something to say to me?

NAREN: After the Encounter group I got sick, and as I got better I got really blissful too, but since then

everything seems like a dream . . . I don't understand anything.

BHAGWAN: It is really so: everything is a dream. *Except* the dreamer, everything is a dream. Except the seer, everything that is seen is a dream. This is a good experience, a real beginning. Don't lose track of it. Go on reminding yourself again and again: "Everything is a dream." This is the seed, and one day out of this seed a new experience arises. Suddenly the dream is not there; only you are there, the watcher, the observer. Before one can come to that point of just being a witness one has to pass through this experience of the world as a dream.

Only when the world is a dream can you witness it without attachment. If the world is real, attachment is natural. If the world is real, possessiveness is natural. If the world is real one would like to be powerful in it. If the world is unreal what is the point of possessing it? If it is a dream there is no need to cling to it. There is no point in hoarding dream-things, dream-stuff. Slowly slowly nonattachment arises, nonpossessiveness arises; a distance between you and the world arises. You go on doing things, whatsoever is needful — you function perfectly well — but yet with a certain detachment, distance, aloofness. One becomes cool.

If the world is a dream one never loses one's cool; there is no point. If somebody insults you in a dream, so what? There is no need to get stirred, disturbed, distracted. If somebody praises you in a dream, so what? There is no point in feeling puffed up, bloated.

One remains the same — in failure, in success — because all is a dream. Then out of this detachment arises the watcher. One becomes more and more rooted in watching because now one is not involved in seeing. One's energy is free of seeing so one's energy starts falling into the seer. This is turning in.

And one day, just as this time it has happened that you are feeling all is a dream, unreal, one day you will feel that you are the only reality. The only reality that there is is the reality of the witnessing soul, of consciousness. That is the second part to the same growth, but it comes only later on if you can persist in this first introductory chapter. It is a preface.

So don't become worried about it, because worry comes. We have been taught that the world is very real, very very real. We have been forced, trained, conditioned, to think about the world as real, solid. "You are a dream, the world is real" — that's what has been taught to us. "God is a dream, the soul is a dream, religion is a fiction, and meditation and prayer is just opium; people are deceiving themselves through them." This has been taught to us; in a thousand and one ways this has become our fundamental philosophy, at least in this age.

So your whole conditioning will go against it. Be watchful; don't allow that conditioning to come in. You are moving in the right direction. Go on moving.

When will you be back?

NAREN: If I finish my degree, if it feels right, two years; if not, I will come as soon as I can.

BHAGWAN: What degree are you doing?

NAREN: Philosophy.

BHAGWAN: What degree?

NAREN: B.A.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. It will take two years?

NAREN: Yes.

BHAGWAN: Go and see — if you feel like doing it, do it, mm? It is a dream and a good dream! *(laughter)* If you feel like waking up in the middle, you can wake up — it is a dream; nothing is lost. But either way it is perfectly good. If you feel good, you can go on dreaming for two years. If you feel like waking up, wake up!

Anubhava's just arrived;
this is his very first encounter
with Bhagwan, and he'd like to
know the meaning of his name.

BHAGWAN: Prem means love, Anubhava means experience — love experience. And that is the deepest experience one can go into. There is nothing beyond it, not even God is beyond it. Even God is the ultimate experience of love. And love is not a theory — you have to experience it, only then do you know it. There is no other way of knowing it except through experiencing it; there is no shortcut. And experiencing *is* arduous — it demands much of you; that's why millions of people have decided to live without love. Although they live in poverty, spiritual

poverty, and they suffer, they are not daring enough to go into the experience of love because the demand is great.

The basic demand of love is: Die! Die as you are, as an ego — commit suicide as an ego! That is the demand of love, and very few courageous people are ready to risk that much. But those who can risk are blessed; they will know the real joy of life and the real meaning of existence. They will be immensely showered with blessings from every nook and corner of existence. Yes, like flowers, blessings will shower on them, but they will have to do one thing absolutely: they will have to die as the ego. And cowards shrink back — they want to protect their egos; then the door of the temple of love is closed. then you can have money, you can have power, prestige, name, fame, everything — *except* love. But nothing fulfills except love.

So your name is a provocation, a challenge, a call to risk, and that's what sannyas is all about. It is risking all for something utterly unknown . . . risking the known for the unknown. But once you start doing it, the adventure is so beautiful that one never turns back. One goes in and in and in and in and disappears and dissolves. And when one is completely dissolved, God is found.

Monday, September 18th

Nicoletta, billed as an
actress from Italy
(yes, she knows her
from films she's seen
in Italy, confirms
Italian Radha)
sits, closed eyes,
sighs and smiles
a secret smile to herself
then spreads out in offering
on her lap her hands
to Bhagwan absorbed in
writing down her name.

Draped over her shoulder
like a carelessly flung shawl
is Wega, her five-year-old
shy, unsmiling son.
As Bhagwan calls our actress closer,
Wega retains his hold on her
then claims her back
once she is malaed
and burrows his face
behind her.

Her *face pulls me*
with its generous mobility
and her body, languid

and relaxed.
Her creased dress, tousled hair,
lend a pleasing air
of an at-homeness with herself.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Ma Prem Anado.

Prem means love, anado means silence — soundless silence. Love *is* silence — it is the music of silence. That's why love cannot be expressed. And the moment you express it, you falsify it. It is no more the same experience that was felt in the heart. The moment it comes into the words it is already far away from the heart, because no word can enter the heart and the heart cannot enter into any word at all; they never meet.

The word belongs to the head, love belongs to the heart. And when the heart has to use the head to express itself, it is no more the same. It is such a tremendous change — the translation from the heart to the head is such a great gap — that the moment it is uttered, the heart feels sad. The words have betrayed it.

Love always feels that language is inadequate; hence lovers sit in silence. More communion happens in silence because energies can move directly without passing through the head, without being distorted and disfigured by the head. When energies can move direct from heart to heart there is communion. Love knows what communion is but love cannot be communicated. Out of this dichotomy many beautiful things have also happened.

In the effort to convey it, music was created.

Because music is wordless it is closer to the heart than to the head. Poetry was created. Poetry is less structured than prose — more fluid, less frozen — and *real* poetry is not structured at all. Real poetry knows no grammar, no rules, real poetry is freedom. It plays with language. It is not confined to the language — it hovers around it. Hence sometimes poetry can give a little glimpse of what love is, but only a glimpse, a reflection. Dance was invented . . . all the ancient societies were dancing societies, and all primitive people are dancing people. Even birds dance and sing when they are in love; that is the natural language. It is not a language at all, still it expresses.

This is the case with our so-called human love; what to say about divine love? When one falls in love with a Master or when one falls in love with God, then even dance cannot express it, even songs cannot sing it, even poetry falsifies it. Then silence, and only silence. . . .

This is the meaning of your name: be loving and be utterly silent in your love. Let silence and love become two aspects of your energy, and you will know what God is. That is the way to God.

He looks in the direction
of Wega
and a waiting mala hangs
neckless in His hand.

BHAGWAN: Come here, come here! That's how every sannyasin hides! Come here! It takes time to come.

Come on, come on — your mala is here!

Italian Sanatano leans
from his place in the front row
to nudge the reluctant little child.
But he will not be cajoled.
Bhagwan then hands the mala and the
name to Anado.

BHAGWAN: You can have his mala.

And this will be his name: Swami Prem Nirajo.

Prem means love, nirajo means cloud — love cloud. Again, love is very similar to the cloud. The cloud has no form, or its form is constantly moving and changing. So is the case with love. It has no form; hence it cannot be formulated. It has no form, that's why it cannot be defined. By the time you have defined it, it is something else. You see an elephant in the cloud and by the time you have figured it out, it is no more the same; it is something else. It is constantly changing . . . it is movement. Love is not a static thing but a growing process.

It is never the same for two consecutive moments, and that is one of the problems people have to face. They want it to be static, they want it to be always the same, they want it like it was yesterday — and it cannot be. No yesterday can contain it. It is always going ahead, it is always moving towards some unknown reality, towards some unknown land. It is like a cloud. And it has no will of its own. The cloud is simply at the mercy of the winds; it moves by the grace of the winds. It has no direction of its own.

So is the case with love: it moves through the grace of God. Nobody can create it, nobody can bring it in-

to existence; it comes when it comes, it goes when it goes, and man is utterly helpless. When it comes you are possessed by it, and when it is gone it is gone. There is no way to force it to linger a little while more. And if it is not, there is no way to will it. If you are ordered to love somebody it is impossible. Even if you want to obey the order it is impossible; at the most you can pretend. At the most you can go through empty gestures and movements but there will be no love. You can hug the man, you can kiss the man, you can even make love to his body, but there will be no love in it.

The English phrase "making love" is very ugly. Love cannot be made, it cannot be manufactured. Love *is*. There is no way to make it or unmake it. When it is there you are madly in it, possessed, utterly helpless. When it is gone, you can cry and weep for the spilt milk but nothing can be done about it. The wise person accepts this coming and going. He does not hanker for it to linger more than its own stay, and he does not want it to come when it is not coming. He simply accepts it. He is surrendered to reality, so whatsoever happens, he allows it. He is in a let-go.

Love is a state of let-go, and that's how a cloud is: a constant state of let-go.

Will it be easy to pronounce? — "Prem Nirajo." Good!

Anado has lassoed
the cloud of love
and Bhagwan calls to him again.

BHAGWAN: Good, Nirajo! *(laughter)* You are a cloud,

and hiding! *(to Anado)* Something you would like to say to me?

Anado is all sunshine and willingness.

ANADO: I'm so happy!

BHAGWAN: Good. Be here. How long will you be here?

ANADO *(laughing)*: Forever!

BHAGWAN: Forever — that's right, that's how it has to be!

Paul has rolled up his sleeves —
it is warm this mid-September night —
and beads of perspiration
collect and, glistening, sit
upon his forehead.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Swami Anand Bhaven.

Anand means bliss, bhaven means feeling — feeling of bliss. Bliss is not a thought — it is a feeling. Hence millions of people live a blissless life, because they have forgotten how to feel. They know how to think: they have been taught to think, they have been brought up to think. From the nursery school to the university the whole program is to make them more and more efficient in thinking. For almost one-third of his life a person is conditioned to think cleverly. And this is the most important time, the most important years of his life, the first twenty-five years. Then

for the whole of one's life one goes on repeating the whole program that has been put into the bio-computer of the brain; then it is a repetition. And in these twenty-five years feeling is starved; it is deliberately killed, destroyed. And bliss is a feeling; hence the world has become so blissless and so miserable. Unless feeling is introduced into life again, there is no possibility and no hope for humanity.

My effort here is to bring you down from your head to the heart, to give you a new opening in your being, a new dimension. And feeling functions just in the diametrically opposite way to thinking: thinking functions through doubt; feeling functions through trust. These are their diametrically opposite ways. Thinking is basically logic, feeling is love — and love and logic never meet.

They are parallel lines. Maybe they run very close — the heart and the head are not very far away, just a few inches distance — but they are like a railroad track: just the two parallel lines running always at the same distance. They never meet, they cannot meet. They are Euclidean parallel lines. But one can jump from one line to the other, and that jump is what sannyas is all about. It is not a gradual process; there cannot be any gradual process. All gradual processes belong to the head. The head person moves in steps, gradually, cautiously. If you are very cautious and move step by step, you will never be able to drown yourself in that blissful state. That *is* your birthright — you are born for it. It needs a quantum leap, just a jump.

And I am not against the head, remember. It can be used and it can be used beautifully, but it is very superficial. Its function is only on the periphery of your life, not at the center; at the center is the heart. And a man should be capable of being at the center as much as he is capable of being at the circumference.

When in the marketplace be on the circumference, but when you are at home then *be* at home, be at the center. When you are working in a scientific lab function through the head, but when you enter a temple or a church then function through the heart. When you are bargaining, mathematics is right, absolutely right; but life is not only bargaining and man cannot live by bread alone. There are higher things, far more valuable. There is a higher nourishment too without which the soul dies . . . and one has to be alert about that dimension. That dimension is of feeling.

Think when thinking is needed, feel when feeling is needed, and remain capable of moving, absolutely capable. That is the total man, and a total man lives in a balanced way. He is extrovert and introvert both; he is Eastern and Western both; he is man and woman both, because he is logic and love both. The head is yours and it has to be used, but the head is a servant, it is a machine — just like a beautiful car. But it is not the driver and it should not be the driver.

The driving force should come from the heart, from the very core of your being. When feeling dominates, when feeling is the master, life has joy. It has the quality of celebration around it, it has the aura of bliss. This is the meaning of your name.

He tells Corinne
from Germany to allow whatever
wants to be to happen — to be totally
available to His energy,
just like a puppet. . . .

The puppet seems to be a passive one
but when He calls her back
her eyes are glazed with
the mist of looking-deep-insideness.

BHAGWAN: Good. Come here.

This will be your new name: Ma Anand Bela.

Anand means bliss, bela is a beautiful Indian flower. It blooms in the summer nights and has one of the most penetrating fragrances . . . haunting too. Your full name will mean: a flower of bliss. And remember, this flower blooms only in the summer when days are hot and difficult.

The journey towards bliss is an ardous journey; it passes through a summertime, and only those who are ready to go through the summer attain to the flowering of bliss. Because people are not ready to pay anything for blissfulness they remain miserable. Misery is cheap, it costs nothing to be miserable; hence so many people purchase it. It is so cheap and you can have as much as you want, to your heart's content. You can have mountains of misery around you. But even to have a small flowering of bliss, just a small fragrance of bliss, one has to pay tremendously.

And the thing that is needed, the thing that makes the journey very arduous is: the center of the ego has to be dissolved, has to be dropped, has to be renounc-

ed. The world is not to be renounced, only the idea of the "I" has to be renounced. And the moment you function without the "I" there is bliss. But to drop the "I" is difficult because we have cultivated it with great care; we have invested all that we have in it. Our whole life is an investment in the idea of the ego: I *have* to be somebody, I *have* to be special. And I have to be separate and different and unique. This ambition is what ego is.

The reality is that we are not separate, and the reality is: either *all* and everything is unique or nobody and nothing. We are one with the reality, constantly one — not even for a single moment is there a separation. We breathe reality in, we breathe reality out. We are bridged. Our idea of the ego is as stupid as if a leaf on a tree starts thinking, "I am separate," because sometimes when a small breeze comes it dances, and the whole tree is not dancing . . . and sometimes the sunrays are reaching *it*, and sometimes the moon is there, just very close to it, sometimes a cuckoo comes and starts singing around it. The leaf can start thinking, "I am separate and I am special — the cuckoo comes to me and the sun reaches to me and the moon too. I am the very center of all this existence. Everything is moving around me." The leaf can completely forget that it is joined with the tree and that it is joined with the earth, that not even for a single moment can it live without the tree. It is nourished constantly.

We are leaves of the divine. We can also become flowers of the divine, and that is the meaning of your name. We can become flowers of the divine if we

drop the idea of separation; then the divine can flow more into us. The ego prevents it — it hampers its speed, its quantity, its quality. The divine can enter into us only from the back door because of the ego; it cannot come from the front door as a guest. The ego dissolved, God flows from every place, nook and corner towards you; suddenly one is overflowing with energy. And energy is delight, energy is celebration. When there is so much energy that you cannot contain it, you bloom in a flower and the fragrance is released.

So sannyas is going to be an arduous journey . . . but one cannot attain anything valuable without paying for it. And when one has arrived, attained, then one comes to know that what we have paid was nothing and what we have gained is immense. That is only when you have attained, that is only when you have arrived. But on the way many times the mind starts thinking, "Why should I drop this? Why should I drop that? I am dropping so many things — doubt I am dropping, ego I am dropping, negativity I am dropping —and what am I gaining?"

The gain is only in the end, and you have to drop the whole way. The gain comes only when *all* is dropped. This is the risk that the seeker has to go through; this is the summer I am talking about. One has to go on dropping and nothing comes back. If something starts coming, one can go on dropping; one can start thinking that more will be coming and there is no worry. But that is not the way things work. You have to go on dropping, dropping, dropping. When you have dropped all, utterly. . . .

There is a beautiful parable: A great king came to Buddha. He had brought one of the most valuable diamonds he had, a rare, unique diamond. Many kings were jealous of his diamond. He had brought it as a present for Buddha, but his queen said to him, "Buddha has renounced all wealth. It may look a little stupid of us to bring a diamond to him — it is just a stone for him. The value is in our eyes, not in his, so my suggestion is: take it with you but take a rose flower also. He may like the rose flower more than the diamond. He himself is a flower, and it is far better to bring a fragrant flower to him than a dead stone. His whole teaching also is that everything is momentary — the flower represents his teaching: in the morning the flower is there and by the evening it is gone. The diamond represents permanence, not momentariness. But take both, and as you feel: if you think that it is not good to give the diamond, give the flower. Or you can do both: first you can present the diamond, and if you see that he does not feel anything for it, you can immediately present the flower.

So he brought both things.

First he presented the diamond and Buddha said "Drop it!" Very unwillingly of course, but when Buddha said "Drop it!" he had to drop it. It was almost as if he was dropping his own heart; that was his most precious thing. And Buddha said "Drop it" as if it was just an ordinary stone! But he had to drop it, and thousands of people were there watching. He wanted to say no, his heart was saying no, but it was impossible to say no to Buddha and before so many people, so he dropped it.

Then he presented the rose flower with his other hand. He was thinking that Buddha would accept it. He said "Drop it!" He dropped that too. Now there was nothing left with him.

So with empty hands he bowed down to Buddha and Buddha said "Drop it!" Now he was very puzzled and he said, "I don't understand you, sir, at all. Now I have nothing to drop."

And one disciple of Buddha, Ananda, started laughing and he said, "Now the real thing has to be dropped: drop yourself! It is easy to drop a diamond. Although we could see that your heart was saying no, still in spite of all that you dropped it. It is easy to drop the flower . . . now the real problem is: drop yourself! That is the only present one can bring to a Buddha: dropping of the ego."

And that is the only thing you can bring to me: dropping of the ego.

Let your initiation into sannyas become a beginning of this dropping. Slowly slowly, part by part, layer by layer, go on dropping the ego, and keep patience. One day when the ego has disappeared, God descends. The energy starts dancing and the flower blooms, and for the first time your fragrance is released to the winds. And that is the moment of fulfillment, the moment of enlightenment.

Get ready for the summer!

Something you would like to say to me?

ANAND BELA: Yes, I feel very much torn, torn in two pieces.

BHAGWAN: What about exactly?

ANAND BELA: In the morning I feel so full of panic and I want to go immediately and start an education for the handicapped in South Africa. Then it turns around and in the day. . . .

I feel that there are curtains gone away and I don't know what to do. I'm very torn.

BHAGWAN: Wait a little, because you yourself are handicapped right now!

She wryly grins admission.

BHAGWAN: The idea is good, but first become whole yourself. Then you will be of immense help; then service comes naturally, spontaneously. Otherwise it becomes an ego trip. All service can be very dangerous: serving the poor and the handicapped and the blind and the deaf and the dumb or people who are in any misery can give you a great ego trip. It is so subtle and it is so appreciated by the society that you will never become aware of it.

The first thing is not to help others; the first thing is to become healthy in oneself, and then out of that health sharing will come. Then it will not create any ego, it will not become a trip. And then it will take its own natural course. One never knows what course it will take. One has to wait and let things start happening on their own. The first thing is to go deep in meditation; then compassion comes as a by-product.

This is the basic difference between the Western and the Eastern religions. Christianity teaches service — go and serve people, and through service you will attain to God. In the East, just the opposite has been

our experience: Attain to God and then comes service, because nothing is left — you are all love, and you have to share love. And my own observation is that the East is absolutely right about it.

Christianity has created great missionaries but those missionaries are not mystics. They serve people and they do good work, but they themselves are in great misery. They themselves are like dark nights trying to bring light to other people. They themselves are mad inside and trying to help people towards sanity. Their whole effort is dangerous. It is like a blind man leading other blind men. They will all fall into a ditch or a well.

First open your eyes and become a light unto yourself and then things start happening. Then certainly one has to serve somewhere or other. What will you do with your energy? What am I doing with it? — helping handicapped people! *(laughter)* And physically handicapped people are nothing compared to spiritually handicapped people!

The idea is not bad — keep it alive as a seed; one day it will sprout. But first be ready and prepare for it. I would not like you to become a Christian missionary or something like that. That is an ugly phenomenon. I would not like you to become a public servant. I would like you to become one who shares his or her love with no motive at all: just because he has, he shares. Then you go anywhere — Africa is as good as any other place, because the whole earth is a dark continent, not only Africa — and everywhere people are in great need of being helped, but first be ready.

What happens actually is that getting involved in

other people's problems is a way of avoiding one's own problems. It is an escape. I know many people who have served their whole lives. When they come to me and I talk to them and I make them aware, then suddenly like lightning they can see what has happened: they had problems, they wanted to escape from their problems, and the best way is to become interested in other people's problems, particularly people who have bigger problems than you.

It is as if you have a headache and you want to get rid of it and you can't find any way. I set your house on fire — you forget all about your headache! It is like that. Bring a bigger misery and the lesser misery is forgotten, but it is only forgotten. It is not changed, you are not transformed.

Many people become missionaries, servants, and do *good* work, but basically they are just avoiding encountering themselves. So early tomorrow morning when you again feel that idea, just think first of yourself: are you capable of helping? Don't take it for granted. Are you ready to help? Are your problems dissolved? Is your mind at ease? Are you fulfilled? Are you contented with yourself? Are you happy with yourself as you are? When this idea comes again tomorrow morning just think of these things, because this is what you are avoiding.

I will make you ready to help many people. Each of my sannyasins has to become a great help to the suffering humanity. But that is only possible when you have arrived, not before it. So wait a little, keep a little patience. Good, Bela.

Tuesday, September 19th

Australian Lavanya and her
week-old baby girl
move into the light
of Bhagwan's smile
to be shone on and the baby
named Ma Deva Pritamo —
God's beloved.

Something to say?
No, the somewhat dazed-looking father
replies,
and Lavanya says
she just feels wonderful.

Jeff and Cindy now;
they're from Singapore.
Come close . . . come here
and Jeff begins the
journey home
to the further shore.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Swami Deva Sindhu.

Deva means divine, sindhu means ocean — divine ocean. Man appears to be just a dewdrop, but that is only the appearance — don't be deceived by the appearance — man contains an ocean within him. The boundary of man exists not. The boundary is just our imagination, because we begin nowhere and we end nowhere. There is no way to define man or to define

anything for that matter. Everything penetrates everything else; all is joined together, all is one. The idea of separation is the only illusion. The moment we drop that idea of separation all illusions disappear. Suddenly, one is full of light and one knows what one is.

The name is to remind you continuously that you are unbounded, that there is no boundary, that the body is not the end, that the body is connected with the whole universe; it is not separate anywhere. You are not only breathing from the nose; you are breathing from every pore of your body. If your body is covered with paint and your nose is left to breathe you will still die within three hours. The body is connected through each single pore with the existence; it is breathing from everywhere. And we are in constant contact. The clouds move in the sky and something changes in your mind. The sun rises in the morning and sleep disappears. The full moon is there and you are stoned by it. A cuckoo calls and your heart responds. Somebody laughs and you start laughing; somebody dies and something dies in you.

We are continuously in exchange, so never think even for a single moment that you are separate. The idea of separation gives birth to the idea of the ego. And the ego is the barrier, the only barrier there is; once the ego disappears all is celebration.

Only the ego carries suffering. It suffers because it separates. To be separate is a suffering, that's why there is constant longing to be loved and to love. That longing arises because we feel so separate. At least with someone we can feel one. If not with the whole

then let it be a woman, a man, a child, a friend, a tree, a dog . . . but at least somewhere we would like to be one, somewhere we would like to drop the ego and not function through it. And whenever it is possible that the ego is dropped between a man and a woman, there is joy . . . or between a man and his garden, there is joy . . . or *even* between the man and his machine, his car, there is joy. Infinite joy is waiting if we can drop this ego from everywhere. Then this whole existence is simply made of the stuff called bliss.

Come here! Just look at me.
From Cindy's rounded
budding mother's cheek
a tear plummets wildly into the air.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Ma Deva Anutosh.

Deva means divine, anutosh means contentment — divine contentment. Man lives in discontentment, in desire . . . always asking for more and more. And whatsoever is given to him, it never brings any contentment; he immediately starts asking for more. The desire for more is what the mind consists of. The mind can be called "the desire for more" — so there is no way to satisfy it. You can go on fulfilling its demands and it remains unfulfilled. It wants a big house: you have the big house and immediately it starts asking for something else, *immediately*; it does not give you even a single moment's pause, a single moment's rest. It cannot afford to. If it gives you a

single moment's rest, a single moment's contentment, you will never go into the mind again. So before you understand the bliss of no-mind, the mind takes possession of you again. And the mind means desire, discontent; the mind means a constant demand for more and more and more.

This is the way the mind keeps you tethered to itself.

This is the way the mind keeps you a slave and goes on goading you and driving you into futile searches. If they are not fulfilled you are in misery; if they are fulfilled nothing is fulfilled. So either way the mind creates frustration. If failure comes, you are frustrated; if success comes, immediately the mind starts asking for more. So even the success is not a success; nothing ever succeeds with the mind. It can't afford it, it can't allow it. It lives in the tension between that which is and that which should be. It is that tension between these two polarities. It is always a beggar . . . it is a chronic begging.

To understand this is to get out of it. Seeing it — how it is driving you mad, how it is driving the whole of humanity mad — one slips out of it. There is no need to fight — one simply slips out of it and starts enjoying whatsoever is available. And then life is totally different, because then you never think of "more"; you only think of that which is. Then you never think of the future; you live in the moment and in the present. And to live in the moment and to live in the present is to live in God. God means now, God means here . . . and the mind is always there and then; it is never now and never here.

Your name means "divine contentment." Become contented with whatsoever is. Remain contented in the moment — silent, enjoying, celebrating — and see how your life starts becoming a totally different affair. Then one makes no shadow, one makes no misery. Then one creates no smoke around oneself; one lives like a flame, a smokeless flame. And one is so utterly here that the whole mystery of existence becomes available, because existence only exists in the present. If you are also in the present there is a meeting — that is the meeting of man and God. God is not in heaven — God is in the present moment. If you are also in the present moment you enter the temple. Hence contentment is the way to God.

To be utterly contented is to be suddenly in God. God explodes in you. And once you have tasted the joy of it, the freedom of it, the fragrance of it, then you are never the same again. You will never follow the mind, and slowly slowly the mind disappears of its own accord . . .

How long will you be here?

ANUTOSH: We hope to stay as long as we can.

BHAGWAN: Be here as long as you can, mm? Would you like to do a few groups?

SINDHU: I have been assigned a few groups.

BHAGWAN *(to Anutosh)*: Would you also like to do a few groups?

ANUTOSH: I am eight months pregnant.

BHAGWAN: Then it will be difficult. Just rest and

be here — that is your meditation: be contented!

Imbibe my energy as much as you can, so later on you can start working in Singapore — I need people there. So you are my first people there and much has to be done!

Anurupa, Italy-bound,
is not sure whether she wants
to accept the invitation to
come back and be here forever.

RADHA *(translating)*: In Italy she writes a lot and she feels that she is expressing her creativity in writing. When she's here she cannot write because she is always full of silence, she says, so she is afraid to lose that.

I *would swap a sackful of my words*
for a fingertip of silence!

BHAGWAN: Then be in Italy, mm? When you start feeling totally to be here, only then do you have to be here, not before that. Even if you feel to be there only one percent, be there. When you want to be with me one hundred percent, only then can you be with me, otherwise not.

So go and be there, create, write and fulfill your desire. When it is fulfilled and you feel that you would like to be here — when you feel that *totally* — then only is this place for you, not before that. Even if a slight lingering desire is there to be somewhere else,

then my suggestion is: go there and fulfill it. It will be fulfilled — soon you will feel that it is gone, mm?

And remember: creativity and silence are not antagonistic; *real* creativity comes only out of silence. The creativity that is against silence is nothing but fever: it is the feverish activity of the mind. It is just the noise of the mind, it is not much, it has no value really. When something is born out of your silence then it has significance. And one has to live in silence before one can write or say something valuable, because only in silence do you gather, do the juices of your being become integrated . . . and then one day you are capable of overflowing. That is creativity: overflow is creativity, overflowing energy is creativity. One can write, one can compose, one can sculpt, one can paint, just from the mind. Then they are therapeutic. It is good therapy, art is good therapy; it unburdens you, it makes you feel relaxed.

See the point: there is a creativity that comes out of relaxation — I call it true creativity — and there is a relaxation that comes out of so-called creativity; that relaxation is only because you are unburdened. Something was haunting you — you have written it; it is a catharsis. Something was torturing you and you have painted — you have thrown it out. Now it no more haunts you, no more tortures you; you feel good. It was like a burden on your head. You have put it into a poem, into music, and your head feels unburdened, *but* the causes which created the burden in the first place are still there; they will create it again. Within a few days you will again be burdened, again tensions will accumulate and again you would

like to do something. And always when you do something you will feel relaxed.

It is like making love. Love is also of two kinds — one, that comes out of meditation, silence, relaxation, rest; it is tantra. There is another kind of love that is known in the world — when you are too tense with sexual energy and you don't know what to do with it and you make love. The energy is thrown out; you can fall asleep better. So many people use their lovemaking as a sedative, as a tranquilizer. It helps give a good sleep, but within two days again the tensions will be there, and again the same process . . . so it becomes a circle and you go on moving in the same circle. And that's what your so-called creativity is. It is not creativity.

I will teach you what real creativity is, but for that one has to go into silence. It is so in every direction; in every creative direction these two things are to be remembered. For example, one can speak out of silence, as Buddhas speak, but there are orators who don't speak out of silence; in fact, after speaking they feel relaxed. They have unburdened themselves. And there is a subtle law, a fundamental law of life: when you are speaking you cannot think. You cannot do two things together; the mind can either think or speak.

So people who are too burdened with thinking will always feel relaxed after they have spoken, because while they are speaking they cannot think. Thinking is nothing but speaking to yourself. What else is thinking? — speaking to yourself; it is monologue. When you start speaking to somebody else there is no

need to speak to yourself, so thinking stops. Hence people love talking, gossiping. Everywhere all around the earth people are talking and talking and talking. It is a catharsis, it is therapeutic. That's why one always feels good when friends meet and there is good conversation; after the conversation one feels very relaxed. For a few hours one really feels good, but again the tensions will be there.

But right now, go. That's why I had given you the message: I wanted you to see exactly how much you would like to be here and how much you would like to be there. A heart that is divided will not be of much use here. But soon the moment will come when you will feel that all that creativity is nonsense; silence is true creativity. And after a great silence you may become capable one day of writing something which will be of some significance to somebody, which will become a lighthouse to those who are stumbling in darkness. Otherwise, at the most your writing can be a kind of entertainment. And unless you can write something which becomes an enlightenment to others it is not worth much.

But right now you have to go, finish your writing and desire and being there. . . . And be totally there for a few days, a few months, so that you are finished soon and fast. And then come back and be here!

Our professor of
darshan of the fourteenth
is returning to his university
in Strasbourg.

Help people towards me
says Bhagwan. Are there a few
sannyasins there?
He doesn't think so.
So create a few! All the
universities need my people.
They are the places where I am going
to find the new man . . .
so help!

Help my people there,
he reiterates to Surya
(she's going back to Holland).
You have sannyasins around you?
No, not close by, but I can reach them,
she says.
But create a few there!
(eyes opening wide and eyebrows
shooting high.)
People are ready —
you have just to start doing something
and they will come.
I know there are
many potential sannyasins
around the world.
You have just to create the rumor
that it is possible
and they will start . . .

Wednesday, September 20th

Japanese interpreter, Prabuddha,
for Itaru
changes Bhagwan's words into
their language, which always
delights me, for it seems more
like chopping sounds and swishes
and strikes, grunts and groans
and sometimes, something
stuck in the throat!

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Swami Deva Nirmalo.

Deva means divine, nirmalo means innocence — divine innocence, the original state of consciousness, the empty state of consciousness, before knowledge enters in. That's what Zen people call "the original face" — the face that you had before you were born and the face that you will have again when you are dead. Between the two we have many false faces — all those false faces constitute our personality. The word "personality" comes from *persona; persona* means "the mask." We are not it; we are behind it and beyond it. We are not even touched by it. It is just around us but not in us.

Your mind is just something that is happening around you. Nothing is happening at the very core of your being; nothing ever happens there. It is always the same — uncontaminated, pure, innocent, virgin.

And one can reach it in a single instant. It is only a question of turning inwards.

We have taken the personality as our being, hence we don't look in. We have become identified with the false, with the taught, with the conditioned, with that which society has cultivated. But once we remember, we can't be this. Before a name was given to you, you were still there in the mother's womb; even before a face started in the mother's womb you were there. At the first moment of conception there was no face — nothing of the personality — but you were there in your essence. And that's where you are still. It is only a question of looking back again into one's own depth. It is not a question of achieving something new; it is already the case. We *are* it, hence the possibility of sudden enlightenment. If something has to be achieved it can be achieved only gradually.

For example, if you go to the university for a degree, you can achieve it only gradually. That's why it is called "graduation." You move step by step, class by class, grade by grade. You cannot suddenly become a Ph.D.; knowledge has to be gradual. Hence enlightenment is not knowledge; it is just the contrary: it is innocence. Drop your Ph.D. and you are enlightened, drop knowledge and you are enlightened, drop mind and you are it. To attain something a gradual process is needed, but to drop it needs no gradual process; one can simply drop it just like that.

This is the meaning of your name. You have to look inwards. You have to remember the essential; you have to forget the false. You have to start being less and less identified with the mind and the

thoughts. You have to become more and more alert and aware of the witness of all. That is your original face. That is your primal being. And that's what God is all about.

Sannyas is a sudden jump into it . . . not a gradual achievement. It always happens in a single instant, because it is only a question of dropping something.

Long hennaed hair,
a spangling scarf,
Maria, blue eyes blurred with tears,
places herself at His feet.

BHAGWAN: Good. Come here! This is the right way to come close to me.

This will be your new name: Ma Deva Parjata.

Deva means divine, parjata is an Indian flower, very beautiful, very fragant. The name will mean "a divine flower." And flowering represents spiritual unfoldment. Just like a flower one opens up. One does not become somebody else; one remains the same. The only difference between an unenlightened person and an enlightened person is that of flowering. The unenlightened person is a closed bud. The enlightened person is an open flower. That's the only difference, a very slight difference. Every bud can become a flower and every flower has been a bud; hence it is said that every saint has a past and every sinner has a future.

Everybody carries the Buddha within their soul; all that is needed is the unfoldment of it. The people who are afraid and live in fear cannot unfold because fear

makes them remain closed. Fear is the root cause of remaining closed. Love helps to open up. Love is the secret of the secrets. It is through love that one opens up, hence the beauty of love and the longing for love; hence the constant thirst for love. Love is the right climate in which the flower opens up. Whenever you are in love you start opening up.

Sannyas has to be your ultimate love so that you can open ultimately too. It has to be your love affair with God. Less than that won't do. Between man and God there can be no bargaining; there can only be love. There can be no conditions; it has to be unconditional surrender. That's what I teach, and that's what my people are practicing here.

Today you are entering into a new way of life. . . . Ordinarily the religions have taught fear — the priest has depended much on fear; that is his trade secret. And people can remain fearful only if they are not allowed expression of love. You cannot be both loving *and* afraid — that is impossible. If you are in love, fear disappears, just as when there is light, darkness disappears; if there is darkness that simply means there is no light.

Fear exists only in the absence of love; hence all the priests of the world have been trying to destroy the possibility of love. They have invented very cunning devices to poison the love energy of man and woman, to condemn it, to make people feel guilty about love. War is okay, love is not okay. Everything else is accepted. Love is not accepted, because if people are allowed to love fear will disappear — that is the problem — and if fear disappears, the priest cannot exist.

He exploits the fear. He makes you afraid and then you have to go to him. Then he gives you security. He says, "Don't be afraid. Pray. Take this mantra, chant it and Jesus will save you," or, "Krishna will save you. . . ." Or, "Just have this Bible. This is your way, and remain a Christian, otherwise you will fall in hell," or, "Be a Catholic," or, "Be a Hindu or a Mohammedan."

First he creates fear — the disease — and then he is there selling the medicine. If fear disappears priests will have to go. And the priest has been supported by the politician down the ages because he also wants people to live in fear, because when people live in fear they can be dominated, when people live in fear they need leaders. Only fearful people need leaders because they cannot trust themselves; they are shaking and trembling within. They don't know how to stand on their own. They need somebody to lean on.

The politician knows that if people become fearless they will not need leaders; they will not need stupid politicians to guide their lives. They will not need even so-called governments; they will not need nations. And if people are unafraid they will love to live their lives in totality. They will paint and sing and create music and they will make their lives a celebration. Why should they be interested in war? Why should they waste their lives in quarreling, fighting, murdering each other? But when love is denied these things are easy.

Once love is denied a person becomes a victim of the priest and also of the politician, and once he cannot love his whole energy turns into hatred. Then he

wants to kill. He has nothing to celebrate. He wants to destroy because he cannot create.

Wars will disappear only when love is given total freedom, not before it. Wars exist and will continue to exist. In spite of all pacifist propaganda and talks about peace and all that nonsense, war *will* continue because war is fulfilling something: it is a release of the pent-up energy. The energy that should have gone into love and creativity has turned upside-down, has become destructive. So after each ten years a great war is needed, because people go on accumulating poison.

And always remember: it is the same energy that was creativity that becomes destructivity; it is the same energy. If it is allowed natural movement then it has grace and it creates. If it is prevented from its natural growth then it becomes a wound; the pus oozes out of the wound. That's what war is.

The politician is very happy that the people are afraid, because when people are afraid they can be enslaved easily. The priest is happy because if people are afraid they have to come to the church, to the temple, to the mosque to find consolation, security.

My whole work here is just the opposite. I want to release your love energy so that you can be free of both the priest and the politician. So if priests and politicians are against me, that is just natural, obvious. I don't hope otherwise. That is just natural. I am destroying the very root on which they have depended for centuries and through which they have exploited man and destroyed man and crippled humanity.

When love flows in your being you start opening up, you become a flower. The flow of love creates the flowering in you. And once one has known one's own flowering, one has known God, one has known paradise. One has regained the lost paradise. One is again back in the Garden of Eden.

How long will you be here?

PARJATA: I think maybe ten months.

BHAGWAN: That's very good; that will do. Would you like to do a few groups?

PARJATA: I already did Enlightenment, Centering and Alchemy.

BHAGWAN: Then just meditate and be here. Just being here is enough.

Something you would like to say to me?

PARJATA: I feel lost and I don't know what I can do about this feeling.

BHAGWAN: Allow it — this is a good beginning. Unless you feel lost you cannot come home. The real problem is with the people who think they are not lost. The real problem is with people who think they know. When you come to me the first thing that is going to happen to you is confusion, because I will start taking away things that you had always depended upon . . . which were giving you the feeling that you were not lost, that you were secure and certain. I will start pulling away the very earth underneath your feet. Hence you will feel lost and you will feel confused. But this is a good beginning. That means that my work has started on you.

First I will have to take away the false clarity that you have always been thinking you have. It is a false clarity; it is not real clarity. It is just the clarity that is created by belief, by believing in a certain system — Christianity, Hinduism, Islam, communism, capitalism. Any ideology, if you believe in it, gives you a false kind of clarity and security and certainty. It is false because it is not based on your own experience. It has to be taken away. I will destroy all your belief systems, and you will have to pass through a state of being lost and confused. Every sannyasin moves through it.

Don't try to repress it, otherwise it will take longer. Allow it. It is a good catharsis. It is a good unburdening, it is a cleansing of the heart. And soon you will see: first clarity goes, the false clarity, and because the false clarity goes confusion arises. But if the clarity is completely gone confusion goes of its own accord. You can be confused only if you believe in something.

For example, a person believes in God and I take his belief; he starts feeling confused. Now he does not know what to believe in, whom to look up to, to whom to pray, what to pray. He feels confused. Since childhood he has been taught a certain prayer, a certain formal religion — going to the church, reading the Bible, saying his prayers before going to bed . . . all formal. Nothing has happened through it, but it was good. One felt secure, one was doing the right thing. Now suddenly that right thing is gone. Now what to do? You need an immediate substitute, and I am not going to give you a substitute. If I give you a substitute, that will become another belief system.

I am not going to give you a substitute. I will wait. First the clarity will go, and it goes only because it is false, otherwise it cannot go; real clarity cannot be taken away. Once it has gone completely and you have left all desire to hold onto it, you will be surprised; in the wake of it the confusion also starts disappearing, because the confusion cannot live without a belief. Confusion is the shadow of a belief. You don't see it because the belief is there; when the belief goes you see the shadow, but the shadow cannot remain alone. If the belief has gone the shadow will follow it, and then you are left with a clean slate — which is *real* clarity, which is perceptiveness, which is not a belief system and not confusion. You are simply more alert, more aware, more conscious, and you start living life out of your consciousness, not out of any belief system. And that is the transformation that has to happen.

Just be here, allow me to confuse you totally! *(laughter)* Only total confusion cures. Confusion is an *immense* blessing. It is just because the belief has been taken and you feel empty; the belief was giving you a feeling of fullness. The belief has been taken away; you feel empty. It is just like a person who has suffered from a certain disease his whole life. Now he is cured he will feel empty and confused, because his whole life he managed with a certain disease; he created his whole life around a certain disease. Now that center is gone. His whole life up to now has become irrelevant; he has to begin from abc again. That's the situation you are in: you are lost — you have to begin from abc as if you are born again this

very day. And that's what sannyas is: a new birth, a new beginning, utterly new, utterly discontinuous with the past. This is a blessing.

Just wait. Be here, meditate, feel the energy that is being created here. It is an energy field. Absorb the energy and wait and in the right moment, just as clarity is gone, confusion will be gone. Then you are free of the so-called clarity and of the so-called confusion. Then suddenly you are yourself, standing on your own, not leaning upon anything, and that has beauty, tremendous beauty. That is freedom.

Sannyas is the process, freedom is its outcome. Just wait!

It must be two years
since Sona was last here —
husky-voiced Sona who used
to read the Tarot cards.

How are you? Bhagwan greets her
with affection,
then answering His own question,
Looking great . . . as ever!
Her ten-year-old daughter
by her side has received
her sannyas name
but not its meaning
so Bhagwan, leaning closer
to her little upturned face,
His feet crossed sort of casual,
cozily explains . . .

BHAGWAN: Prem means love, samir means a breeze — a love breeze. And love is as free as a breeze; it comes when it comes. You cannot invite a breeze, you cannot force it to come. It comes and then it goes. It comes from the unknown and it goes back to the unknown. It is from God, a gift. We cannot cause it. It is not man-made, man cannot manufacture love. Love is God's gift. One can only be receptive to it — with an open heart one can take it in. So when it comes, enjoy, dance, celebrate. When it is gone, rest, relax — don't try to hold it.

And what is true about love is true about many things: laughter, joy, silence, bliss. All the great things of life are like a breeze. The problem arises because we start clinging to them. We say, "I would like to have it forever." We start becoming possessive, and to become possessive is to destroy all the beauty. You cannot hold the breeze in your hands, you cannot have it in your fist. There is no way to hold it. When it comes, dance like a tree; when it is gone, be silent like a tree. And enjoy both . . . both are beautiful.

So you have one of the most beautiful names. And this is the time when one should start learning how to love and how to receive love. If the foundation is right — and this is the time when the foundation is laid — then life becomes a temple. Otherwise millions of people create their lives on the model of a prison, not like a temple. Love makes life a temple; fear makes it a prison. So live lovingly and learn how to love without possessing.

And much is going to happen!

Then He calls close
Sona's friend from France,
Jean-Pierre.
He listens deep-eyed,
leaning forward on his haunches.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Swami Deva Paritosho.

Deva means divine, paritosho means contentment. Be contented with whatsoever is; never ask for more. The moment you ask for more you have asked for hell. The moment you ask for more you have asked for misery. The desire for more creates misery.

That's why millions of people live in misery: they live with this idea of more and more and more, and they are never contented with anything whatsoever. They are not contented with their relationships, they are not contented with themselves, they are not contented with *anything* at all; whatsoever is, is wrong. How can they be happy?

And if this is practiced for long — that everything that is, is wrong — then it becomes a chronic habit. Then even if you are thrown into heaven you will miss. There too you will ask for more; that chronic habit will persist and will make it a hell. Hell is the mind that always asks for more and heaven is the mind that is contented with whatsoever is the case. And to be a sannyasin means to be contented.

So from this moment start being contented . . .with

small things: the food that you are eating, be contented with it. It may not be the most delicious dish in the world, but whatsoever it is, if you are contented, it *is* the most delicious dish in the world. Love the woman you are with — she may not be a Cleopatra, but if you love and you are contented, she *is* Cleopatra. The fault-finding mind will find faults with Cleopatra too. It is only a question of a different vision of life. Then a homely woman is as beautiful as one can desire.

We are all ordinary, but when love comes we all become extraordinary. Extraordinariness is nobody's quality; it is the happening of love, the miracle of love, the magic of love that makes people extraordinary. When you love a woman you transform her into an extraordinary being; when a woman loves you she transforms you into an extraordinary being. Then you are the most beautiful man in the world who has ever been and who will ever be; you are incomparable. Love has that alchemy, it transforms. It makes ordinary pebbles precious diamonds. But the whole secret is in contentment.

When you love you are contented, when you are happy you are contented, when you are silent you are contented. Then a small hut is as beautiful as a palace and poverty *is* richness.

He turns now to Sona
and they chat
about her other children coming,
Samir's schooling, this and that, then,
Just be here! He beamingly concludes.

Maria Nelly following
in the footsteps of her children,
Prashant and Shahida . . .

BHAGWAN: This will be your name: Ma Deva Kastura.

Deva means divine, kastura means a musk deer. The musk deer is a very significant symbol. The musk is created in the deer's own body — it is created out of his own sexual glands; it accumulates near the sexual glands inside his body. But when it ripens, the fragrance of it starts coming out of his body. And the musk deer goes crazy. The smell is such that he wants to find from where it is coming. He runs this way and that, hither and thither; he goes mad, all over the forest. He thinks it is coming from here, it is coming from there. It is coming from his own navel, but the poor musk deer, how can he conclude that is is coming from his own innermost core? He smells it and logically he concludes that it must be coming from somewhere, so he tries to find it, goes crazy, goes mad.

In India this has become a symbol of the seeker. God is within you like the musk in the deer; and we go all over the world seeking and searching for him. We go to Kaaba, we go to the Himalayas or to Jerusalem — we go everywhere *except* inside. We go to the church and to the temple, and to the mosque, and we go to the Vedas and to the Bible and to the Koran. We go on seeking and seeking and searching, but always outside, never for a moment thinking that the sought may be in the seeker himself. And it is so: the one you are searching is within you. That's what

Jesus means when he says again and again, "The kingdom of God is within you."

We are all musk deer, and certainly as the musk deer goes mad, seekers after God go mad, because they cannot find him, and the more they find that they cannot find, the more frantic becomes their search. Slowly slowly they see that their life is slipping by, time is becoming shorter and shorter every day; time is running out and any moment death will knock at the door and they have not found yet! The search becomes more and more maddening.

But one cannot find God without. Not that God is not without, but before you can find him without you will have to find him within. Once you have seen him within yourself you will see him within everything, within every being; not only in man and animals and birds but even in trees and in rocks. But the first vision, the first insight, has to happen inside.

So the real seeker has to drop searching and seeking, because *all* seeking and searching is taking you outside. The real seeker has to become a non-seeker; he has to close his eyes and drop all search. That's what meditation is: dropping all search, forgetting all goals, abandoning all future, turning in . . . sitting silently, looking in, looking in the seeker himself.

So the only significant question is "Who am I?" That has to become your meditation and your name will remind you again and again.

How long will you be here?

KASTURA: Two weeks.

BHAGWAN: Would you like to do a few groups?

KASTURA: Yes, but I'm afraid about my health.

BHAGWAN: What fear is there?

KASTURA: My heart.

BHAGWAN: I will give you something for your heart! *(laughter)*

Something happened thirty years ago,
she explains, that affects the
pumping of the blood.
Now she's feeling apprenhensive . . .

KASTURA: And I'm so far away from home now.

BHAGWAN: No, don't be worried! You are closer home than you have ever been! *(laughter)*

KASTURA: It's true. Sorry!

BHAGWAN: Don't be worried!

KASTURA: I mean, after I read all the papers. . . .

I guess she is referring to
the reports of torrid goings-on here
currently splashed through
many newspapers.

BHAGWAN: So you just be here — just meditate and be here.

KASTURA: Thank you. That's what I want . . . that's what I want.

BHAGWAN: Something you would like to say to me?

KASTURA: Thank you!

BHAGWAN: Good, Kastura!

As dark and lithe
and even with that same quiet
kind of dignity that Ethiopian Neeraj
has about him,
his friend, Abara
(he's studying at the local Wadia college)
comes forward for sannyas.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Swami Deva Anuragi.

Deva means god, anuragi means a lover — a lover of God. Love is the only possible relationship that can exist between God and man. All other relationships are formal. If you call him "father," it is a formal relationship; it is not so intimate. It is institutional, because father himself is an institutional phenomenon and does not relate really, does not go to the very core of the matter.

Or call him "mother". . . .There are religions who call God "mother"; they are better, on a better grounding, than than the people who call God "father." But there is again a problem: the child has to go away from the mother. The growth of the child is necessarily going to take him away from the mother. The child will never come back closer to the mother again. He *has* been close, but he will never be again; each day he will be farther and farther away. For nine months he was one with the mother — then one day he has to leave her womb; he becomes separate. He will depend on her breast for a few months, for a few

years; then he will leave her breast too. Then one day he has to go to the hostel, then to the university. Then he will fall in love with a woman and will turn his back upon the mother. So to call God the mother is not right either, because we want to go *closer* to him, not away from him.

God can only be either a lover or a beloved; these are the only two possibilities, and there have been people. . . .For example, Sufis think of God as the beloved; then God is thought of as a woman and the seeker as the lover. That is beautiful — that is the most intimate relationship. Or in India the Bhaktas, the devotees, think of themselves as women and God as the lover. That too is perfectly right. Either of these two possibilities, in fact, one possibility with two alternatives . . . but think of God as a lover or a beloved and you will find more doors opening and you will find yourself coming closer and closer to the mysteries. So whatsoever is natural to you: you can feel God as a woman, a beloved, or you can feel *yourself* as a woman and God as the lover — whichever comes naturally to you. That you have to decide.

You need not say anything to anybody. Deep in your heart it has to be a secret. That's why *I* am not deciding it — I am just leaving the alternatives open to you. You have to decide it in your total aloneness. And keep it a secret — let it be a seed inside — and you will be surprised: the more it is a secret, the faster it grows, because when you say something about it you release energy, and that energy is lost, dissipated.

There are a few things which should be kept *utterly*

secret; this is one of those things. The relationship between man and God should be utterly secret . . . just in the heart, nobody knows. So all the energy that is available goes on pouring back upon itself, it becomes a reservoir, and the whole energy feeds the seed. Soon you will be surprised: your life is changing slowly slowly, and not from the outside but from the inside.

Good, Anuragi.

What are you studying here?

ANURAGI: I'm doing business.

BHAGWAN: Business? That's good! So you will be staying here in Poona?

ANURAGI: Yes, I'll be staying here for another year.

BHAGWAN: That's very good. So be in close contact with me and my people as much as possible, mm? — because this is ultimate business!

Moist of eye and quavery-voiced,
Veet Daso — who is going
back to England —
says he thinks and feels
so negative so much of the time.
And his hands move back and forth
to soothe his thighs.

BHAGWAN: Has it always been so or just recently?

DASO: Yes, always, but now more.

BHAGWAN: More? Allow it. You have carried it all along from your childhood, and it is good that it is coming up. I know that you don't want it, so there is no problem. The problem arises only when a person is attached to his negativity. You are not — you don't want anything negative in you; you want to get rid of it — but it has become a program in your mind. It always happens becuase our society is run through authoritative strategies.

The father never explains to the child why something should be done. He says, "Simply do it because I say so." The teachers don't explain. Nobody is in any way concerned to explain to the child; everybody orders, commands. And the child again and again feels hurt; he is not respected, his intelligence is not respected. Sometimes he feels to do just the opposite, but the parents, the teacher, the people who are powerful, don't want it that way. He cannot live his own way — he feels hurt, crippled. He starts gathering negativity against all authority figures. And when the time comes that he *is* capable of living his own life, the program has become very rooted.

That's what is happening: now you want to live your own life, you don't want to react negatively; you want to say yes to many things, but the program of the past is there. It says no to many things which you would like to do, which you *want*. But the program is there, and because of the program you start feeling antagonistic to all the past authorities.

For example, I am not an authority figure at all, but whosoever comes to me will project his authority

figures on me; he will think of me as his father or his teacher or this and that and then a subtle negativity will arise against me. This is very natural — you are not at fault; this society is run in a wrong way. You are just a victim. And I can see that you want to get rid of it. Then another problem arises: because you want to get rid of it you can repress it; if you repress it, it will come again and again. It will become a life pattern: you will repress and it will come back, you will repress and it will come back. You will become a continuous civil war, fighting with yourself. That is very destructive.

My suggestion is: you don't want it, that is very good, but don't repress it — allow it. If you really want to get rid of it, allow it; when negativity comes, feel negative. Just remember one thing: don't act in those moments, that's all. When negativity comes go and lie down on the bed and let the negativity be there and give it full freedom. Let the negative possess you, but remember only one thing, that while the negative lasts you are not to conclude anything and you are not to do anything, that's all. If it stays for a few days, allow it, but don't commit yourself to anything in your negative mood, because that becomes a problem later on.

Just remain as you are and allow the negativity to take possession of you. Soon it will surface completely and it will be gone. And once it is gone a natural yes will come to you. I call it a natural yes. Right now if you try it will be an unnatural yes; you can say yes but that won't help. No need to say it. When you are with me we are *really* going to change things. Just a

false yes won't be of much value. I am interested in the real yes, and it *wants* to come but it is hidden behind the no. The no has to go, then only can the yes find a way to come up.

When will you be coming back?

DASO: I don't know yet.

BHAGWAN: Whenever it happens.

He asks Daso to turn to one side,
then motions forward
Alchemy groupleader, Maitri,
to take hold of his hands
and for both of them
to allow their energies to
meet and merge,
to become one circuit.
Maitri's Californian-
sunlit face uplifts,
her skin translucent
and hair around her face
like fairy floss or mist.

A Bhagwan finger on
each third eye
the two of them
sink into each other gracefully.

BHAGWAN: Good. Come back. It will go. Nothing to be worried about, because at the deepest core the yes is waiting; it wants to come. The no is only on the circumference, so allow it. Just remember not to act out

of it, that's all. And whenever you need me just put it *(a box)* on your heart, and come back whenever you feel.

Meeten, (looking
sort of samurai-ish tonight),
is returning to the States.
Bhagwan encourages him to start
a center there, for he has
much energy, which unless it is
put to some creative use
can become destructive.
(Some months ago he'd gone for
Hansa, one of the sannyasin guards!)
It is better to punch
people's minds rather than their noses!
jokes Bhagwan, and
Meeten smiles a watery admission.

BHAGWAN: This will be the name for the center: Sahid. It is a Sufi name for God. Literally it means "the martyr," one who is ready to die to help people. For example, Christ is a *sahid*: he died so that people could live on a higher plane of life. Socrates is a *sahid*: he died in the service of truth. So those who are ready to sacrifice their lives for something higher — truth, God, love — are *sahid*. That is the literal meaning, but it is also a name of God, because God is ready to sacrifice himself for his world. He is always ready to die so that we can live.

Satranga, fresh
from the U.S.
would like to know about his name.

BHAGWAN: Anand means bliss, satranga means the rainbow, the seven colors of the rainbow. Bliss has to be multi-dimensional. It has to be a rainbow, it has to be all the colors and all the notes of life. It should not be only spiritual, it should not be only psychological, it should not be only physiological; it should be all together. From the lowest to the highest, it should bridge life. Nothing should be denied; that much acceptance is needed.

In the past people have always chosen a certain dimension. For example there have been materialists who chose only the bodily bliss, pleasure, and they thought, "That's all — there is nothing more to life." That is a wrong attitude, that is just taking the first rung of the ladder and thinking that this is the whole ladder. It is not . . . it is just taking one window and thinking, "This is all — the whole sky." It is not.

Against them there have been spiritualists who think that the body has to be denied, pleasure is sin, and one has to only have spiritual bliss, pure, uncontaminated by the body. Their bliss is only an abstraction — it is not very substantial; it cannot be. It is like a flower in the sky without any roots in the earth. From where is it going to get nourishment? And then there have been people between the two who think that the real joy is of the mind — literature, music, poetry, painting, sculpture; this is the real joy, they think.

All are right and all are still wrong, because all are

partial. The part is not the whole, although the whole has the part too; but the part is not the whole. And the whole is not only the sum total of the parts either: it is *more* than the sum total of the parts. A rainbow is not only seven colors; a rainbow is something more than just the seven colors. Out of the meeting of the seven colors something new is created which is the rainbow.

That is the meaning of your name and that is my approach towards life: *all* has to be accepted, from the lowest to the highest. From the earth to heaven, all is ours. And I don't deny anything. My yes to life is absolute. I am not in favor of renouncing anything. The people who renounce are cowardly. I would like everything to be transformed in such a way that life becomes a harmonious whole, not fragmentary. And this totality I call religiousness. That is the meaning of your name, and that's my whole teaching too.

German artist, Geet Govind,
confesses that he's happy.

BHAGWAN: That's good. That's how one should be: just happy, for no reason at all. When there is a reason for happiness, the happiness cannot last long; sooner or later it has to go. When happiness has no reason it can be forever.

So one has to learn how to be happy for no reason at all — just to be happy. Then happiness is just like your being, nothing added to you, nothing extra, just your very being.

It is good, and I am happy with you. Things are going well.

You might remember Lola
whom you met through Divya
on the second of this month,
when she asked Bhagwan
about continuing her yoga.
She's had her leaving darshan
tonight, but as a bonus
is now called up
to help Premananda
with his coming close.

Nothing every dramatic seems to happen
to Premananda,
but in the three weeks Lola has been here
all traces of the yoga teacher
have utterly disappeared
for she falls into the
most spontaneous and
vibrant orgasmic energy.
True to her name,
she seems possessed
and continues sighing
and deep breathing, obviously
out of all control
when Bhagwan repeats His call
to come back to earth.

He motions forward Prabuddha
to assist her to her place
then says to leave her,
seeing she is still spaced out,
and, chuckling, turns

and, over Lola's prostrate body,
addresses Maitri.

BHAGWAN: Maitri, how was the group?

MAITRI: Fine, it was good. I feel like an energy that happens inside me . . .

She pauses as Lola
utters little cries
of delicious
quivery
ecstacy.

MAITRI: . . . is really new when I'm leading a group.

BHAGWAN: That's good.

MAITRI: I'm slowly relaxing into it, but it's scary.

BHAGWAN: You have to relax — it is my energy! You have to utterly relax. You have to be just like Lola *(chuckling)* Now she cannot do anything! You have to relax and you have to just go into it.

It *is* scary in the beginning because you are no more in control. But there is no need — when you are here working with me you need not be in control. *I* am in control; just allow me to function through you. And greater results will be coming out of it, because then I will be touching people through you.

I am preparing many people so I can touch others through them. Because it is difficult for me. . . . Thousands and thousands of people will be coming soon and I will need many hands to function as *my*

hands, and only those who have utterly renounced themselves, abandoned themselves, only they will be able to function as my hands.

So it is getting ready, the place is getting ready slowly slowly to work on a bigger and bigger scale, and each year it has to become bigger and bigger. I need thousands of hands who will be *my* hands, utterly in my control . . . and you have to become one. So just relax and allow it. Good, Maitri!

Lola, come back!

He chuckles at
the havoc His energy has wrought,
and Lola somehow manages
to pull herself together,
and place her hands in namaste. . . .
What a way to go!

Thursday, September 21st

Ingrid from Germany
is first to sit before Him.
She relaxes
listens to the sounds,
her breathing deepens.
Bhagwan calls her back
to rename her
Ma Deva Artha.

BHAGWAN: Deva means divine, artha means meaning — divine meaning. Meaning has disappeared from man's life. These three hundred years have seen it disappearing slowly slowly. Now man stands utterly devoid of meaning. And he is very hollow, naturally. He feels there is no purpose in life; nothing seems to make sense any more. This is one of the greatest crises that man has ever faced.

Either man will die and will not be able to survive this crisis or man will have a new orientation, will start living in a new way, with a new style, with a new context. Either man will not prove strong enough to go through this crisis of meaninglessness and will commit suicide, or he will be able to bring a new meaning. The old is gone. The old was fictitious; it had to go someday. The old meaning that man has lived with for centuries was very childish. It was just as children playing with toys are so happy, but one day they come to know that toys are toys and suddenly they will feel lost.

That's what has happened: man has come of age. All the old toys make no sense any more. In these three hundred years something immensely valuable has happened: the old meaning is dead and the new is not born yet — and we are in the gap.

Sannyas is an effort to give a new meaning to your life, a new way to discover purpose. All the old religions are still beating the old drums. And they know that man cannot feel any attraction again for those old toys, but they are desperate and they don't know what else to do. They cannot conceive of a new meaning. They cannot live without meaning so all they can conceive is bringing the old meaning back. But it can't be brought back. Man cannot be thrown back to his childhood again; it is impossible. Life always moves forward. Those dreams are gone, that paradise is lost.

It started with Galileo — he was the beginning of a great revolution. He said that the earth is not the center of existence, of the universe; and that was the first blow to the old toys. The earth had always been thought to be the center and the whole universe to be serving the earth. In the name of the earth man was at the center, the very center of existence; the whole universe was to serve man. Man had dignity, superiority. He was just a little below the angels: just one step more and he would be an angel; two steps more and he would be a God. Paradise was not far away. Life had a certain context. But Galileo said that the earth is not the center . . . and he was right. The old toy was taken.

Once the earth was no more the center, man was

just ordinary. He was no more powerful, he was no more in the higher position, just below the angels; suddenly God was very far away. The universe was big and the earth was so small — the sun is sixty thousand times bigger, and this is a very mediocre sun; then there are other suns, millions of them. Suddenly man was lost. He belonged to a very very mediocre sun and to a very very small planet, earth . . . almost negligible, of no significance. That was the beginning of a great revolution. Man was dethroned.

And then came Kepler and he said that even the sun is not the center — the sun itself is moving around some bigger sun. The earth was thrown even further away . . . almost of no value. Then came Darwin and he said that man is not just below the angels, he is just an evolution of the monkey. That was a great blow. Man had always thought of himself as the son of God; now he was nothing more than the son of a monkey, a baboon, a chimpanzee. His own image fell into pieces. This went on and on. . . .

Then Marx said that consciousness is just a byproduct; in reality there is no soul. Man is only matter. Then Freud said that there is no reason; man lives irrationally, at the mercy of the unconscious, is not the master of his own life. It is impossible to think that he can be the master of existence — he is not even the master of his own body, of his own mind. Nine-tenths of his mind is unconscious, irrational, and he is just a victim. He is just fulfilling a certain program that has been given by blind nature to him. All Buddhas, all Christs, Krishnas, simply disappeared and became myths; they had never existed. And it went on and on.

Now, the ultimate is B.F. Skinner who says that man has no freedom, no dignity, that we have to drop the whole idea of man's freedom, dignity, etcetera. All nonsense! And Delgado says that man is just a machine. We have to accept it, we have to be courageous enough to accept it — that man is just a machine, a small electrical instrument.

In these three hundred years from Galileo to Delgado, all meaning, all dignity, all purpose has disappeared. Delgado says we should not ask the question, "What *is* man?" We should only ask what we want to make of him. Man is a machine — we can make anything out of him.

This is the situation and in this situation a great insight is needed again which can make life meaningful. Man cannot live by bread alone and man cannot live by science alone either. Man needs religion, but the religion cannot be of the past. It cannot be Christianity, it cannot be Judaism, it cannot be Hinduism — they are all out of date, their days are over. We can take insights from them, we can pick a few points, beautiful insights out of them, but their systems are no more meaningful. Anything that was evolved before Galileo cannot become significant again.

A new kind of religion and a new kind of consciousness and a new man needs to be given birth to. That's what sannyas is all about: it is an effort to introduce meaning, not through outer props — that the earth is the center, that man is just below the angels, that God created man in his own image . . . these are just childish props — but through the recognition that man has the seed to become, to grow. Man has the

seed of infinity in him, and that seed needs no outer props. It simply needs a meditative energy to surround the seed. Just as a child needs a mother's womb, the new man needs the womb of meditation. A great meditative energy is needed, and out of that meaning will start entering life again. And this meaning will not be of toys; it will not be based on any ideology; it will be based on your existential experience.

So, here, entering into sannyas means you are helping a tremendous movement to bring a new man on the earth. With that enthusiasm, the work has to be done upon yourself. It is not only a question of you; it is a question of a new humanity, the very survival of humanity.

So I will give you this name: Deva Artha — divine meaning . . . and that has to be searched for, explored. It is a beautiful adventure to explore meaning in your life. *There is* meaning but it is not available on the surface. One has to dive deep, one has to go to the very center. It is not in the sun, it is not in heaven, it is not in the stars; it is in *you!*

We should forget looking for meaning in the outside world. We have to move into the inner. The journey that is extrovert is the journey of science; the journey of introversion is the journey of religion. And man has both: an outer side and an inner side. The outer side cannot exist alone — it needs to have an inner to it. Inevitably the inner is there, but science has completely denied it. It has to be introduced into life again. Not only has it to be introduced; it has to become the very central core. The outer should be in

the service of the inner, then meaning arises. When the inner is in the service of the outer, meaning disappears.

Sandy, a Shiatsu student from Australia,
half smiling
looks unblinking
as Bhagwan
explains her new name
Ma Deva Layo —
"utterly drowned in God" . . .

BHAGWAN: It happens through love, because love is the only intoxicant that is capable of drowning you utterly. It is only through love that one can evaporate, and only when the ego evaporates does God become available. One has to die for God to be; less than that is not of much help.

Jesus says, "Until you are born again. . . ." That means that a death is a must. And only after that death will a new life start. And that new life will not be ego-oriented, that new life will not be yours — it will be divine. God will live through you, and life is significant only when God lives through you. When you live, you live alone, and it is miserable. When God lives through you it has immense beauty and splendor. Then each moment is a joyous moment. Then the very flavor of life is rejoicing. But one has to do one thing: one has to stake oneself totally, one has to risk.

That is the meaning of "layo": risking oneself totally,

drowning oneself totally, becoming intoxicated and mad. Only then do we go beyond the so-called boundaries of the ego. And once we have seen something beyond the boundaries of the ego, we cannot fall back — that is impossible. Just a glimpse of the beyond and one is caught . . . caught in a tremendous energy and pull. A new law starts functioning as if one starts being pulled upwards — just the complementary law to gravitation, opposite to it but complementary. I call it grace. Gravitation pulls you down towards the earth; grace pulls you up, towards the sky. But for that one thing has to be done: our chains with the earth have to be broken.

Those chains are the basic constituents of our ego, hence the ego is always afraid . . . of drowning, of death, of getting lost. It is afraid of love for the same reason, because love is the beginning of prayer. It is afraid of prayer. And out of fear it denies. It says, "There is no God." It says, "There is no meaning in prayer." It says, "Meditation is all nonsense." Out of fear, all these denials.

I don't say, "Believe in prayer," and I don't say, "Believe in meditation or in God"; I say, "Experiment." There is no need to believe. They are truths — just experiment and the truth itself convinces one. There is no need to believe. Belief is needed only when something is untrue. When something is true, belief is pointless. You cannot disbelieve or believe the truth. The truth is — it is self-evident.

To be a sannyasin means to go into this great experiment of love, prayer, meditation, God, existence. Not to experiment with existence is to live in a useless

way, is to live surrounded by trivia. To experiment with God is to start living truly authentically. The word is not important — one may call it God, one may call it truth or beauty or love or nirvana; it doesn't matter. One thing is certain, that the circumference is not all; there is a center to it, and one should not leave this earth without knowing the center. Then life is fulfilled.

And that's my whole effort here, to help you to move towards the center. And the closer you come, the more blissful you become, the more silent you become. The moment you reach the center of your being then all the Buddhas and all the Christs are proved true; you have become a witness to them. Then only is a man really religious — not by belief, but by his own experience!

Pragyan walks and sits
before Bhagwan
erectly attentive, yet soft.

PRAGYAN: Bhagwan, at the first lecture I attended here I had the beginning of a dying experience and I stopped it because of fear. What can I do?

BHAGWAN: Mm mm.

PRAGYAN: I always stop it.

BHAGWAN: You always stop it, mm? But you will not be able to stop it for long. It will be coming again and again, and each time it is going deeper and each time you are learning to go into it a little bit more; that's

how it happens. Nothing can be done about it; it will take its own course. One day it is going to happen and that day will be of great celebration.

But it is happening. Don't be in a hurry and don't try to speed it up. Leave it to itself. Naturally, slowly, allow it to happen. . . .

Anuragi, back from England,
home again
feels a bit shaky
eyelids quivering
breathing deeply.
A slow quiet smile
creeps over his face
every now and then;
he looks glad
to be sitting here.

BHAGWAN: Hello, Anuragi! When did you arrive?

ANURAGI: Three days ago.

BHAGWAN: And how long will you be here?

ANURAGI: Forever.

BHAGWAN: That's very good, Anuragi — be here forever! Something to say to me?

ANURAGI: It feels new — it's like taking sannyas again.

BHAGWAN: That's good! It is always new. It is good . . . if I always remain new for you, it is good. That

means you are discovering me more and more, that the discovery is going on, that the exploration continues. The moment a relationship, any relationship — between two lovers, between the Master and the disciple, between two friends, any relationship — starts getting old and when you start feeling it is the same, you have stopped growing in it. Hence it seems old. It is no more an exploration. You have taken it for granted. You have stopped at a certain point.

A relationship becomes old only when you stop it. If it remains alive, flowing, it never becomes old. And this relationship that exists between me and you should never become old; there is no need for it to become old. Only then can it help you to grow to the ultimate. God is ever new . . . so has to be our life. Each moment, look again, allow yourself to be surprised, feel wonder and awe.

And never start feeling that it is going to be the same tomorrow. It is *never* the same; it is only the mind. Because the mind does not want to learn any more. Learning is hard, arduous. And learning means that you will have to drop your old knowledge; then only can learning continue. The mind is more interested in knowledge than in learning. If it ever learns, it only learns to gather knowledge, but its interest is in knowledge. Knowledge means of the past, old, dead. The mind is interested in the old and the dead because the old and the dead can be manipulated, controlled.

The mind is not interested in learning because learning can never be controlled and manipulated. Learning means opening to the future. Learning is

always future-oriented, and knowledge past-oriented. Knowledge gives security, safety, and a great feeling of ego, of "I know." But it makes you feel bored too, because then it is always the same and you are moving in a circle; you are a gramophone record. Security is there but there is boredom too. Safety is there but there is boredom too, and boredom is hell. If one wants to remain alive, interested, exploring, then one has to drop the security that knowledge gives. One has to know the insecurity of learning, and one has to remain childlike.

Any relationship in which you can remain childlike will be of tremendous value. And this relationship particularly, between me and you, has to remain always innocent, of learning, of exploration. Never take it for granted, never make it old.

Good, Anuragi.

Friday, September 22nd

The rain falls around the
auditorium, soft, fine
and tonight feels like a protective
kind of curtain.

Inside I rise and fall
like a kite flirting
with the wind,
Bhagwan's voice the string
that both anchors me
and is the means by which
I am sent soaring higher
than I'd ever dare alone,
letting me out inch by inch. . . .

BHAGWAN *(to Gisela)*: This will be your new name: Ma Deva Samai.

Deva means divine, samai means ecstasy — divine ecstasy. The word "ecstasy" is very significant. In its root form it means "to stand out" — *ex-statis.* The moment you can stand out of your mind you are in ecstasy. Ordinarily we are too involved in the mind. We have become the mind, this is our agony, so we have completely forgotten who we are. The host has become too lost and absorbed in the guest. The host has to stand outside the guest. The host has to become an onlooker, a spectator, an observer. One has to learn to watch one's own mind, body, and all that happens surrounding one's being. One has to

become a witness of it all — just a seer. That brings ecstasy, that brings infinite joy.

The whole art of knowing God or of knowing oneself is the art of standing outside one's mind, of watching the thoughts passing by, the fantasies, the desires, imagination, memories, projections. The traffic continues, day in, day out. In the day we call it thinking, in the night we call it dreaming — it is the same process. In the day we use words, in the night we use pictures, but the traffic continues.

Only for a few hours in the night does the traffic stop. Those are the moments of dreamless sleep. But when the traffic stops you are unconscious, and when you are conscious you go on remaining engaged in the traffic; when the traffic stops you fall unconscious. But you never know yourself, who you are, neither when the traffic is there nor when the traffic has stopped.

Meditation creates a third kind of state. These are the two states: one is, you are awake but involved in the traffic; the other is, the traffic is no more there and you are no more involved in it but you are fast asleep. The third state that meditation creates is: the traffic is there, you are not involved in it and you are alert, not asleep. This is the whole secret, the secret of secrets: one has to start watching one's thoughts. . . . Sitting silently just watch, don't judge.

The moment you judge, you jump into the traffic. You start choosing — this is good, that is bad, this is beautiful and that is ugly; I don't want anything of that and I want the whole of this — you have forgotten that you are a watcher, not a chooser. The

chooser cannot be a watcher. The watcher has to be completely unconcerned; there is no need to judge and there is no need to choose. This is meditation: just watching, without judgment, without like, without dislike . . . not functioning as a judge but just as an observer, neutral, unconcerned, indifferent. Slowly slowly you will be surprised — slowly slowly the gap between you and the traffic arises. The traffic becomes more and more distant, and the more distant it is, the more you start feeling yourself. You are out of the crowd.

That is the meaning of the word "ecstasy," to stand out. The crowd is far away, you are alone. You are yourself. There is nobody else, no interference, no shadow moving in you, nothing disturbing; and the traffic goes on becoming more and more distant.

A train's hoot
punctuates
our disciple silence.

BHAGWAN: A moment comes when you can only hear the noise from the very faraway place, as if you have moved onto another planet. And then the last moment comes when the traffic simply disappears, evaporates. You are left alone in your absolute beauty, benediction, bliss. You are left alone in your utter nakedness.

This is the original face Zen people talk about . . . this is God!

To be left absolutely alone and alert and aware and awake is to become a Buddha.

Grey-bearded, plump,
Andre from Belgium . . .

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Swami Deva Pramano.

Deva means god, pramano means proof — God's proof. Philosophy cannot prove God, logic cannot prove God — not that it has not been tried. For at least five thousand years man has been trying to prove God logically, but it has been an utter failure. God cannot be proved logically *and* cannot be disproved either. God can only be proved by your existential experience. *You* can become the proof of God, nothing else; not your mind but your total being.

Yes, there have been proofs of God — they are not logical, syllogistic arguments but men — a Buddha, a Christ, a Ramakrishna, a Raman. These are the proofs. Even they cannot prove logically. Existence is too big for logic to comprehend it. Logic is the function of the small mind inside you. It is not your totality, just a part, and the part cannot prove the whole. Only the whole can prove the whole. *You* can become the proof of God. Each man has to become a proof of God . . . by his living, by his being, by his silence, by his love, by his peace, the *way* he is, the vibe that he creates, the presence that he brings to the world.

No person can be a proof of God, but the presence of a certain person can be a proof. God can be proved only through existential valuation. So those who search intellectually search in vain. It is a question of

guts. You have to become involved in it totally, with all your blood, all your bones, all your head, all your heart and all that you are. Nothing has to be left behind. Either it is all or it is none.

Sannyas means this jump, this total jump . . . an effort to explore God existentially. There is no need to believe in God, and those who believe will never know; their very belief becomes a hindrance. They become complacent: they believe so they start thinking they already know. Their belief becomes a substitute for knowing. It deceives them. Millions in the world are deceived because they go to the church evey Sunday or to the temple or to the mosque, or they do a certain prayer every night before they go to sleep. And they think they know because they believe.

It has been taught to people, "Believing is seeing"; it is utter nonsense. You cannot see by believing, and whatsoever you see by believing is just your projection, it is your imagination, it is your fiction. It is a kind of hallucination. Yes, you can *see* it — if you insist and you go on insisting, your mind will give you a toy: it can give you a Christ, it can give you a Buddha. Hence Zen masters say, "If you meet the Buddha on the way, kill him!" They don't mean the real Buddha; they mean the Buddha that you can project. And only you will meet *your* Buddha. One day on the track of your mind you can see visions of Christ or Buddha or Mohammed or whatsoever you want. It is your game — you can play it, and believing can become seeing, but it is not true seeing because whatsoever you are seeing you have created. It is your

own work, your own painting on the canvas of the mind.

My approach is just the reverse: seeing is believing. First seeing has to happen, and then comes a belief which is not ordinary belief; it is faith, it is trust. It is not that you believe in some authority — the authority of the Bible or the Koran, or the authority of Buddha or the authority of me or anybody else. If I say to you, "Believe because I have known," that will be false for you. There is no need to believe in anyone or in anything. Belief is absolutely unnecessary. All that is needed is existential experience.

And one criterion has to be remembered — because that is the way one comes to know and to see — that criterion is integration. Whatsoever integrates you will bring you closer to God. Whatsoever disintegrates you will take you farther away from God. So if one can remember a simple criterion — of seeing whether whatsoever one is doing is going to integrate one or disintegrate one. . . . If you love, it integrates; if you hate, it disintegrates. If you are angry, it brings disintegration to you; if you are compassionate, it brings integration to you. So go on judging by integration.

If there are too many thoughts in the mind they disintegrate you; you become fragmentary, you start falling apart, in pieces. If there is no thought in the mind and there is absolute silence, you are integrated, you are one. Hence thoughts take you away from God, meditation brings you close, closer. Each step in meditation and you are coming closer home. Hate takes you farther away, love brings you back to the

source . . . and so on, so forth. One can go on judging.

Each moment of life has to be judged by this criterion, and slowly slowly you will see that if you start moving towards integration you start feeling God, you start creating God in your life. And it is not an hallucination, because it is no more a vision; it is not an experience at all. You *are* it — it is not separate from you. You suddenly become infused with the spirit of God. And the day one is integrated, one becomes the proof of God.

So just go on judging by the criterion of integration. Do only things which integrate you and slowly slowly drop things which disintegrate you. If you are in the past or in the future you will be disintegrated. If you are in the present you will be integrated, so be in the present.

Enjoy things — for example, music, nature, beauty — because they all integrate. Seeing a beautiful sunset, all past, all future disappears. You are in the here, in the now. The setting sun is there, you are there, and a moment comes when *you* are the sun. There is no distinction between the seer and the seen, the observer and the observed. In that moment, suddenly everything falls into one whole — you become a togetherness. Hence all beauty nourishes. Just seeing a beautiful person you feel nourished. Just seeing a beautiful flower you feel nourished. Something starts happening in you. Just listening to classical music, beautiful music, music that has some depth in it, you start disappearing as a mind, you become a silence. Or just listening to this rain . . . and suddenly there is silence.

Anything that makes you one, that makes you whole, that makes you healthy, nourished, integrated, is religious, because it brings you closer and closer to God. And many times glimpses will come. Suddenly you are transported into another world where God is the only reality. You will fall back many times but each time you will be a totally different person, again and again; you will never be the old. From each insight you will be transformed, little by little, bit by bit, and one day one is ready to be a proof of God.

My effort here is to create as many proofs of God as possible. God needs proofs today. Science has condemned God, philosophy has condemned God, logic has failed God. The so-called organized religions are no more in the service of God; they are serving Satan, they are serving power politics. They are not serving people, they are not helping people to come closer to God.

My effort here is not to give you a convincing philosophy, but to make you a convincing proof. So the very presence of a sannyasin immediately makes others feel something new, something beautiful, so that each sannyasin becomes a blessing in the world. It is possible! One can become a curse, one can become a blessing. And when you are a curse you are not only a curse to others — you are a curse to yourself too, because whatsoever we do to others, we have to do it to ourselves in the first place. Whenever you are a blessing to the world you are a blessing to yourself because that is the only way to be a blessing to the world. One has first to become a bless-

ing to yourself too, because whatsoever we do to others, we have to do it to ourselves in the first place. Whenever you are a blessing to the world you are a blessing to the world. One has first to become a blessing unto oneself, because we can give only that which we have.

My message is: become a God, a proof of God, and help others to move towards the truth of God . . . not to a dogma, not to a belief, not to a certain system of thought but a totally different way of living. Let God become your life. God is thirsty to become your life and the life of as many people as possible. It is not only that man is searching for God; God is also searching for man. Once the search is in the right direction the meeting happens. And the meeting is the purpose of us all being here.

The earth is an experiment — an experiment in going away from God and coming back, because to know this unity with God a certain experience of going away is needed. It is like you take a fish out of the ocean and throw it on the shore, on the hot sands; then only does the fish know what a blessing it was to be in the ocean. Then a great desire arises, a great longing. And if the fish can fall into the ocean again, now she will know the gift. This earth is an experiment so that we can go away from God and can come back again.

The ancient society used to prepare a man for both the processes — first to go away, and then, in the middle of life, how to start coming back. The modern society teaches only one: how to go away; there is no turning back. The modern society is a linear move

ment: it moves in one single line. The ancient society was a circular movement — it used to come back to the first place from where we started. The alpha has to become the omega, then life is complete and fulfilled. And when life is a circle it is a proof of God, because it is perfection and it is fulfillment and the fish is back in the ocean.

Pramano would like to do
some groups, but he had a
heart attack just two years ago.
Sometimes just walking or running
he feels some pressure on his heart.

BHAGWAN: Your weight also can be a pressure on you. Mm mm.

So one group will be immensely helpful; that is Hypnotherapy. It is not in any way . . . it cannot be in any way harmful, it can only be helpful. It will be immensely relaxing and helpful. And the second group you book for is Leela. But if you feel that something is difficult for you, don't do it; just sit silently. There are not many things in it which can be difficult, but if you feel anything is, just sit silently; otherwise there will be no problem in it either. These two you do first and then I will give you a few more.

Anything you would like to say to me?

PRAMANO: Well, I'm glad to be here!

BHAGWAN: Good . . . good, Pramano!

Paras' mum, Pratima,
has come back from England
with her.
Become part of the family!
Bhagwan invites her now.
What you were doing there
is meaningless.
And forget everything,
otherwise those things will
go on in the mind and
will haunt you.
(Last darshan, perhaps
eighteen months ago,
she'd left to try to
patch up or resurrect her marriage.)
It is always good to get rid
of the past, Bhagwan continues.
Never carry the burden of the past;
one should learn to say goodbye.
And it is not in any way
going to be a loss — it is going
to be a great benefit to you.

Yogeshwar is going back to Norway.

YOGESHWAR: Every time I come to Poona I feel after a while that I start to forget myself for long periods of time. Then going back to the West, it's the opposite process: just to survive I have to remember myself, get into some kind of game or something to not fall through.

Especially coming back to Poona, I feel it takes me

months to just get back to square one again. It's tearing me apart.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm mm. Then this time finish things there and come permanently. That can happen because these are polarities. And it is the best thing to forget oneself completely. It is an unnecessary burden to carry oneself; it is a disease. But I can understand, because in the West you will have to, otherwise you will not be able to function at all. Here you can remain drunk.

So do one thing . . . otherwise you will be continuously pulled into opposite directions. You will not be able to manage it; you will have to decide finally. So this time settle things there. Even if it takes a little longer time, finish this time and then be here forever!

Saturday, September 23rd

Come here . . . sit here. . . .
Head to the earth
home at last,
Duane, from America.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Swami Deva Sahaja.

Deva means divine, sahaja means simplicity, naturalness, spontaneity. Simplicity is living a life without any idea about how to live it, without any ideology. Ideology brings complexity into life. Animals are simple, no animal is ever complex because no animal is burdened by any ideology. There is no "should"; the animal simply lives the way it feels. It has no goal to achieve, nowhere to go, but just to live the gift of life that has been given to it.

Simplicity is animal-like — the same purity, the same innocence. One should not live through "shoulds," one should drop all "oughts." The isness of life is enough; nothing else is needed. Life has no goal. It is enough unto itself. Life is not a means to some end. It is the means and it is the end; it is both. And when you are simple, you are naturally natural.

To live in nature is to live in God. To live through a certain culture is to go away from God. The more cultured, civilized, cultivated, a person is, the farther away he is from God. To know God one has to be in

a state of primalness . . . just as trees live. Be simple like the animals, be natural like the trees. And if you are simple and natural you are bound to be spontaneous. Then you cannot live out of the past. You have no obsession to be consistent with your past; you are free to live the moment. You are not somehow to make your present consistent with the past.

The person who tries to make his present consistent with the past is thought to be the man of character — virtuous, religious. He is not — he is a dead man. If your present has to follow the past, how can you be alive? The present has to have its say, sing its song, dance its dance, unburdened, untethered to the past. There is no necessity to be consistent with the past. The spontaneous man is always inconsistent — bound to be, because each moment has to be decisive on its own. No moment has to be decided by another moment, neither of the past nor of the future.

There are two kinds of dead people: one, who is dominated by the past; another, who is dominated by the future. But both kill their present, hence both are dead. The spontaneous man knows only one time, and that is this moment; there is no other time for him.

These three things are the foundations of *sahaja.* It is one of the most significant approaches towards life. Sahaja means Tao. So live like animals, live like trees, live like small children, moment to moment. The child is laughing one moment and crying another moment and has no confusion about it, that he is being

inconsistent. One moment he says, "I will never see you again" — he is so angry. Another moment he is sitting in your lap and has completely forgotten what he had said just a moment before.

This moment-to-momentness makes one free, alive, total.

Renee's whole body
listens,
poised
and very here,
as He explains her name.

BHAGWAN: Deva means divine, aggeya means the unknowable. God is not known, has never been known, will never be known. God cannot be reduced to knowledge — God remains love. God is something that happens through the heart and not through the mind; hence the impossibility of knowing. Knowledge is the function of the mind; you cannot love through the mind. And in the same way you cannot know through the heart. The heart loves — the mind knows. God is available only through the heart. You can love God, you can *be* God, because love leads one to being, but not to knowledge. If you really love you become it.

The real lovers lose their separate identities; they become one. Even if their bodies are separate, even though they function as separate individuals, somewhere on a deeper level they are no more separ-

ate, they are bridged, as if there is one soul in two bodies, or it will be even better to say: two bodies in one soul. But love never becomes knowledge. That's why man has loved woman down the ages and has not yet known what a woman is. Woman has loved man for centuries, but has not known exactly what a man is. There is no way of knowing.

God is the ultimate love affair. These small love affairs that happen between man and woman, between man and man, woman and woman, are just preparations for the ultimate love affair, just steps to the door of the divine. But each love leads you towards prayer. Prayer is love with God.

So God cannot be known . . . it is an absolute truth that God cannot be known. It is not that God is *unknown*, because anything that is unknown can become known someday. The moon was unknown; now the moon is known. Science has changed many unknowns into knowns. So God is not only unknown — God is *unknowable*, cannot be reduced to knowledge ever. Its unknowableness is its intrinsic nature. It is impossible . . . it is as impossible as seeing through the ears and hearing through the eyes.

Knowledge relates to the mind. Knowledge means that you are separate from the object known. Knowledge implies separation. Knowledge means that the knower is there, the known is there, and between the two there is a certain kind of relationship happening. Knowledge is a relationship between the two. Love is the experience of becoming one; it is not

between the two. Love is not a communication, but a communion. Knowledge is a communciation, knowledge is a dialogue. Love is silence. There is no "I," no "thou."

This is the mystery of existence. It is good and it is immensely beautiful that it cannot be reduced to knowledge, because once something becomes known it becomes mundane. Once something becomes known we cannot have any wonder about it any more. Wonder is killed by knowledge.

God means the ultimate mystery of existence; it cannot be killed. One can go on wondering and wondering and wondering and there is no end to it; it keeps man wondering. And wonder has immense beauty because in the moment of wonder you become a child again, in the moment of wonder you are innocent again. When you know, you are no more innocent. Knowledge corrupts you, makes you cunning and clever. You become knowledgeable, it gives you ego. Wonder, and the ego disappears, and with the ego all its trips are gone. You know nothing. In the state of wonder you are in the state of not-knowing, and that not-knowing is immense. Knowledge is always limited, non-knowledge is unlimited. Knowledge can be increased, decreased — innocence cannot be increased, cannot be decreased.

By giving you this name I am simply giving you an indication to become more and more ignorant, to become utterly ignorant. When one is ignorant one is full of heart. Then the heart really beats, then one really breathes. And then one is in tune with the

source again . . . one has fallen into nature and its harmony again.

In Ann's *listening a sense of*
vibrancy, expansion,
as if something
very dynamic is happening
in the hearing.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Ma Deva Sugita.

Deva means divine, sugita means a song — a divine song. Life should not be taken seriously. The moment one starts taking life seriously one becomes calculative, and to be calculative is to miss all. Life belongs to those people who are non-calculative. Life does not belong to arithmetic — it belongs to art. Life is known only through being sensitive, aesthetic, vulnerable. Life cannot be approached through logic. The door to life is not logic but love. Anything that makes one serious is part of death. Anything that makes one sing, dance, laugh, love, is part of life.

Millions of people are really dead. They breathe and they go on doing their things day in, day out, but they are not alive — living, but not alive. Their flame is burning very low. They don't know any inspiration. They don't know any song bursting through their souls. They have never seen any arousal in their being, they have never moved to any higher plenitudes of consciousness. They only crawl and creep;

they never soar high. Yes, they are living but it is a pseudo kind of life.

Life happens only when you become a song, you become a dance, when you start blooming. Life is life only when there is a great inspiration in you; and remember, inspiration is not excitement. Because people are bored they seek and search for excitement; because people are dead they seek and search for excitement. Anything that excites them makes them feel a little unburdened, but again they are back in their bored state.

Inspiration is a totally different phenomenon. Excitement comes from the outside; inspiration comes from the inside. That is the very meaning of the word "in-spiration": it comes from your inner core, it grows like a tree in you. Excitement is momentary, inspiration is a continuity.

People are bored, hence they search for excitement — any kind of excitement; through sex, through drugs or through traveling, through violence. If they cannot commit violence then at least they can see it on the TV or in the films, or they can read a detective novel. That is a vicarious way of living violence. That's why whenever there is a war people become very excited. This shows that life is being lived at the very lowest stage. People need constant props from the outside to remain a little excited, otherwise life is dull, meaningless.

Inspiration is an inner flow, an inner song . . . as if one is constantly humming inside, singing inside, dancing inside. A man who knows the way of inspira-

tion never seeks excitement. There is no need — he is not bored at all, he is living at the maximum. His life is ecstatic; hence there is no need for any excitement.

This is the meaning of your name. I would like you to become a divine song, an inner humming, an inner chanting, an inner dance that continues.

He is leaning forward
and seems to impart
with every syllable
something of His hidden harmony.

BHAGWAN: Whatsoever you are doing on the outside, it still continues like an undercurrent; like a small stream it goes on flowing. Slowly slowly you can feel it even while you are engaged in work, occupied, doing things — cooking, cleaning, taking care or whatsoever — but you can feel it constantly. And whenever you have time you can close your eyes and you can listen to it, you can *be* it.

And this is possible, because I see a song that is just waiting, which needs just a little help, a little persuasion. And that's my work here: to persuade people to laugh, to love, to live.

Robyn is from Australia;
she's an artist.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Ma Deva Prashanti.

Deva means divine, prashanti means silence, deep

silence — a deep divine silence. Man can cultivate silence but then it is neither deep nor divine. Man can practice a kind of silence. It remains human, practiced, it remains just like an outer layer of your being. Deep down you go on boiling.

You can see many people who look silent but deep down they are getting madder and madder every day. They go on repressing: first they repress from others, then slowly slowly they start repressing from themselves. That's how the unconscious is created. If a person never represses anything he will not have any unconscious mind. The unconscious mind is just a part of the mind that you don't want to look at, that you are afraid to look at, that you are afraid to accept. All that you have denied goes on accumulating there. It is a kind of basement where you go on throwing all the rubbishy things that you don't know how to get rid of. You don't want to keep them there — they are ugly and you don't want anybody to see them in your house — and you don't know how to get rid of them, so the only possible way seems to be to hide them somewhere in a dark corner where nobody will see. Slowly slowly you start avoiding that dark corner; you don't go to that side. You start forgetting about it — you want to forget about it; that's how the unconscious mind is created. The unconscious mind is a man-created phenomenon.

If a man never represses anything — rather than throwing things in the basement he tries to understand them — there will be only consciousness in him and his whole house will be full of light, because

through understanding, whatsoever is useless dissolves. Understanding is a fire. Understanding is one of the greatest energies in the world. Just by understanding something totally, it is burnt; it simply evaporates. You need not repress it. You cannot even find it, so how can you repress it?

And if something is valuable, if something is part of your inner nature, then understanding cleanses it, burns that which is not natural to you and cleanses and purifies that which is natural to you. Understanding is a double-edged sword: it cuts the unessential, the psuedo, and it sharpens the essential and the natural. Understanding is a great miracle, the secret of all magic, of all transformation, of all alchemy.

So if somebody represses his tensions he can create a kind of silence which will only be on the surface. But he will know that the enemy is still there and fully alive and will assert itself someday, whenever the time arrives, and will not only assert itself but will assert itself with a vengeance.

That's why you see these things happening: a silent man suddenly murders somebody. One never even thought that he would be a murderer. You had lived with him so long, you had known him — he was so beautiful and so sweet and so gentlemanly — and one day suddenly in the morning newspaper you see he has murdered someone or committed suicide. Seems almost unbelievable, but it is unbelievable because we don't know his inner story. The inner story is that on the surface he was maintaining a face, a mask, and deep down he was just the opposite. He carried it as

far as was humanly possible; then the limit came. Either one goes mad or commits a murder, commits suicide or something like that. That's not true silence.

True silence is when you don't cultivate it but on the contrary you start looking into your anguish, anxiety, tensions, thoughts, all of your mad mind . . . when you look into it deeply, perceptively, sympathetically, lovingly, because you want to understand. It is your mind and you want to understand it, because without understanding it you will never be wise, without understanding it you will never become known to yourself; there is no possibility of self-knowledge. And without self-knowledge all other kinds of knowledge are just futile.

So try to understand your mind. Don't condemn it, don't repress it. Give it full play . . . allow it. Bring all that is thrown into the basement back into the consciousness. Allow everything to come to the surface so you can see, watch, observe, analyze, look into, with no prejudice, with no antagonism. Because if you have even a slight antagonism it will not come up, it will hide.

To be friendly with one's mind is one of the greatest steps in self-transformation. And all the religions of the world have been teaching just the opposite. Not Jesus, not Buddha, but the priests and the pundits and the people who have created Christianity and Buddhism and Hinduism — the people who are really politicians in the name of religion — these people have been teaching you to condemn your mind, to repress your mind. They have driven the whole of

humanity insane, they have made the whole earth a madhouse.

My work here is totally different, diametrically opposite; hence they are all angry with me. If I succeed then there will be no possibility of any priesthood in the future, no possibility of exploiting humanity and driving people mad.

And this is the fundamental law of dissolving all kinds of madnesses: try to understand everything that arises in you with great love, with great caring. And you will be surprised — if you understand it, two things are possible: if it is useless to your growth it will be burnt and nothing will be found, not even a trace; if it is helpful to your growth, beneficial to you, it will be strengthened, nourished, it will start growing.

Then comes *prashanti* — then comes real, deep silence and that silence is very alive. It is not the silence of a cemetery, it is the silence of music, it is the silence of a garden. It is the silence which throbs with life. It is a silence that can sing, that can dance. It is a silence that can be creative; in fact it becomes creativity. It is silence that wants to share itself with others, a silence that wants to give itself to others. It is a silence that becomes love.

A young lean face
colt-limbed,
Stan, from America.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Swami Deva Nutano.

Deva means divine, nutano means new. Life is always new, it is never old; only the mind becomes old. The mind is always old, it is never new. Hence life and mind never meet. One is always old, the other is always new. How can they meet? Where can they meet? The mind cannot be new, life cannot be old; there is no possibility of any bridge between the two. So those who live in the mind cannot be alive, and those who want be alive have to be courageous enough to come out of the mind and *live*.

The mind gives a kind of security, safety, because it moves only in the familiar. It is a very cowardly mechanism, very orthodox. Because it moves in the familiar it feels good — you know everything, you know the whole territory, you are efficient. Life always demands learning: you have to learn moment to moment. You are always in the process of learning with life. Life never gives you a chance to become knowledgeable. It goes on changing so fast that by the time you know something it is already out of date, it is no more relevant. Life has moved ahead. Life creates new questions and the mind goes on repeating old answers.

To be a sannyasin means: start inquiring into this phenomenon. Scrutinize your mind and see yourself that it is always old. It is not in its nature to be new. The mind means memory. How can the memory be the new? The mind means the experienced, the mind

means that which was yesterday. Yesterday has left a few traces in your memory; that is your mind. And if one lives in the mind, yesterday demands your today also to be like it and your tomorrow also to follow in the same track. Then you go on missing life and slowly slowly you start living in the mind. That's what madness is: to live in the mind irrespective of life, to live completely in fantasy which is absolutely irrelevant to the reality outside. That's what madness is!

To be sane means to live with the reality as it is. To be sane means not to live through the mind. Use the mind — it has certain utilities, but those utilities are only technological. Use the mind for technological ends but don't use it for living purposes. It is a good mechanism, like a computer, so when you need some information about the past, consult it, but don't let it hinder your life. Keep it aside. Live fresh, not through the memory, not through conclusions, not through knowledge. Live utterly nude, innocent, like a child . . . with open eyes, with no knowledge, with wonder and awe, and you will be surprised because you will confront God immediately.

To live without the mind is to know God. To live in the mind is to live without knowing that which surrounds you. The man who lives through the mind is the irreligious man. The religious man is one who lives without the mind, never allows the mind to interfere in his life, keeps his mind aside for other purposes. The mind is a good library, a good Encyclopedia Britannica. Yes, sometimes it is needed — one can consult it. Consult it, thank it, but don't let it

become your master; let it remain your servant. It is a good servant and a very dangerous master.

This is your name: Deva Nutano. It means divine newness.

Divakar —
his face one that looks
most natural in a grin —
is going back to France.

BHAGWAN: Something to say to me?

DIVAKAR: Just thinking and thinking about coming back here forever.

BHAGWAN: Come back forever! No need to think — just come back! *(laughter)*

DIVAKAR: I *am* a thinker!

A finger
pokes his head.

BHAGWAN: You can think but that will not be of any use — you have to come back. Think or not, you are possessed already!

DIVAKAR: I know!

He screws his face
up in a smile
and punches his palm
in mock frustration.

BHAGWAN: So go arrange things and come. Good, Divakar!

Mother and brother
killed in accident,
says the note beside Azima's name
on my darshan list,
and I discreetly search her face
for signs of how
that might have affected her.
Bhagwan too is watching her
as she sits, smiling, down.

BHAGWAN: When are you leaving?

AZIMA: Monday.

BHAGWAN: What happened?

AZIMA: Well, um . . . a lot of things, but the main thing that makes me go back so quickly is that my mother and one of my brothers got killed in some kind of accident . . . I don't know how. And my father wants me back to help him.

Her tone is chatty.

BHAGWAN: Mm. How old was she?

AZIMA: About fifty-five.

BHAGWAN: And the brother?

AZIMA: Twenty-three.

BHAGWAN: And how many brothers and sisters do you have?

AZIMA: One more brother.

BHAGWAN: How old is your father?

AZIMA: About the same . . . fifty-five.

BHAGWAN: You go — you are needed to help there.

He smiles
and seems to pause,
perhaps bemused.
She grins again
and I wonder if
she might be in a state of shock.

BHAGWAN: And when will you be back?

AZIMA: When I get the money to.

BHAGWAN: Come back soon!

He passes her a box,
and she beams a cheerful,
Thank you, Bhagwan!

She is replaced by Italian Geetam,
and when he's had his say —
been welcomed back and given groups —
Bhagwan looks again in Azima's direction
saying, Come here! I would
like to touch you before you go.
Her eyes are closed,
and she falls slowly backwards

as Bhagwan's finger gently
alights on her third eye.
Good, Azima. You are perfectly ready,
He tells her now.
Help your father —
they need your help, so go . . .

Something to say to me?
he asks of Vibusha, back from France
with Murari, her companion
(they're here to stay).

VIBUSHA: Yes. I feel like I'm too active all the time. I always go to things and never let them come into me. It's like I don't live moment to moment. It's the trouble between Murari and me.

BHAGWAN: Nothing to be worried about — I need a few active people too! Just get involved in the ashram activities; nothing is wrong. You have the energy, that's why, and if you try to become passive, that will be repressing it. You have to use it in the right, creative way. And it is good — to have more energy is a blessing! It can become a curse if you don't know where to put it, how to use it; then it can drive you neurotic. If energy is used rightly it becomes creation; if it is not used rightly then it becomes restlessness.

So don't be worried, I need so much energy — so much work has to be done in the world. So don't make a problem of it — just put it into the work.

He turns to Murari.

BHAGWAN: What would you like to do?

MURARI: Work in the carpentry.

BHAGWAN: Good. *(to Vibusha)* And you?

VIBUSHA: I work in the kitchen.

She says it laughingly.

BHAGWAN: Very good — that's the right place!

Sunday, September 24th

Danielle's face looks
thrilled to see Him,
lit up and responding to every word
as if each is more fantastic than the
one before it.
He uses the giving of her name —
Ma Prem Prartho —
as an occasion
to teach her prayer . . .

BHAGWAN: Prem means love, prartho means prayer. Love is not an act. It is a state. You cannot do it — you can only be it. And love is not a relationship either; it is a participation. In a relationship two persons become entangled with each other, intertwined. They create slavery for each other, a mutual kind of bondage. In participation they come close, they come very close, they come into a kind of togetherness, but they are not intertwined. They are close but not dependent on each other. They are close and yet free. Their freedom remains intact; then it is participation.

If freedom is destroyed, then it is relationship. Freedom is the very criterion of whether love is real or not. If love destroys freedom then it is not worthwhile. Then it is something else masquerading as love, pretending to be love. The deeper you go in love, the freer you become. Freedom means you are free to come close or to go far away. The other will

not hinder you in any way, the other will not interfere with your space and you will not interfere with the space of the other. You both will have tremendous respect for each other's independence. Then it is participation.

So love is not an act — you cannot do it. If you are ordered to do it, you will find it impossible to fulfill the order. At the most you can manage to move in the empty gestures of love but there will be no love in it. And that's what happens in the world: parents say to the children, "Love us — I am your mother, I am your father." The child *has* to love, and the falsity enters. The child is not allowed to feel love. He is ordered, "Kiss daddy" . . . whether he feels like kissing is not the point at all. He has to do it. Hence people learn from the very beginning that love is some kind of duty that can be done, an act that can be fulfilled. It is not — it is not an act at all. It is not within your doing capacity; it is beyond you. It comes when it comes. When it is there you are overwhelmed by it; when it is not there you can only wait. You cannot do anything at all. There is no way to bring it into being.

Once this has been learned — that love is a state that happens, not something that can be managed to happen — a great insight has entered in your being. And when the second thing is learned — that it is a participation, not a relationship — then another insight has entered in you. And the third and the greatest insight about love is that at its highest peak it becomes prayer. Then two lovers are no more going downwards.

Sex has a downward pull, love has an upward pull. Sex brings you closer to the earth, it is earthbound. It is under the law of gravitation. Love is not under the law of gravitation, it is under the law of grace — it pulls you upwards. When two lovers are in a participation, in a state of love, they both start rising higher . . . as if the smoke from incense is going upwards. It is a very subtle process of going upwards. That upward movement is prayer.

Prayer is not that which is done in the churches and the temples; that is just a ritual. Prayer is that which is done in the climate of love, in the temple of love. When two or more persons are so overwhelmed by love that they all meet and merge and disappear into each other, they become one great current of energy and the energy starts rising upwards and it starts having a dialogue with the sky.

Sex is a dialogue with the earth, prayer is a dialogue with the sky, love is just in the middle of the two — it is a link between sex and prayer, between earth and sky; it is a bridge.

Will it be easy to pronounce your name? — "Prem Prartho."

Yes! laugh her eyes,
her nose screwed up
and eyebrows dancing with surprise.

I am filled softly, deeply,
with gratitude for
being allowed to
watch as people lay
their selves at His feet.

From His side where I sit,
so many profiles pass
before me . . .
and in profile people seem
somehow more vulnerable,
exposed,
and I savor with
tenderness
and with respect
each unique and lovely face.

BHAGWAN *(to Helge)*: This will be your new name: Swami Deva Atikramo.

Deva means divine, atikramo means transcendence — a divine transcendence. Man is the only animal who is aware of himself, and man is also the only animal who can go beyond himself. Transcendence means "going beyond the self." But to go beyond the self the first thing that is necessary is the awareness of the self. No other animal can go beyond itself because it is not even aware that it is. It *is* but unaware that it is. Man *is* and is *aware* that he is. Hence the anxiety in life. No other animal suffers from anxiety, cannot suffer. Because the animal is not aware of himself he cannot be afraid of death, he cannot think of death. He cannot think of respect, disrespect, fame, prestige, respectability. He cannot at all be concerned about himself; he cannot become self-conscious, he cannot suffer from the pain of self-consciousness. Hence he remains in a kind of deep sleep.

Man is a little bit alert — not awake, not asleep, but in the middle . . . just as it happens in the early morn-

ing. You are neither asleep nor awake. You can hear the milkman knocking on the door and yet the dream persists, and you take another turn and you go under the blanket. You can hear your woman preparing breakfast, you can hear the children getting ready to go to school, but in a very vague sort of way. Nothing is clear — hazy, foggy — and you go on slipping back into sleep. One moment you surface and you hear something, another moment you have gone down again and again you are in your sleep and a dream persists. So this is the state between waking and sleeping; it is exactly where man is.

He is no more as asleep as an animal, he is not yet as aware as a Buddha . . . a little bit aware, a little bit unaware, hence torn apart. A part wants to wake up, a part of the mind says, "It is time — you have to go to the office — get up!" And a part says, "Just a little more, five minutes more — it is not going to disturb much. You can afford five more minutes of sleep. And it is so beautiful and so sweet. . . ." And you are torn apart. Man is pulled between these two directions: the animal and God. God means total awareness, transcendence of the self. Animal means total unawareness. It is below the idea of the self — God is above the idea of the self.

But one cannot go back; one can delay awakening, but one cannot go back. Man cannot fall asleep again and become an animal; that is impossible. We have passed that point, we have crossed that boundary. That is no more our world, although great nostalgia is there. The body is accustomed to being an animal and it knows the joys of being an animal. It knows the

peace and the calm and the unworried state of an animal. It knows the spontaneity, the naturalness of the animal. The body has lived for millions of years like an animal. That idea is there — the body would like to go back — but the mind has tasted something of awareness too, and that taste cannot be forgotten.

The only way to get out of this conflict is to become more and more aware . . . to become so aware that the shadow of the self disappears in that light. That is transcendence: when there is only awareness and no center to it — nobody aware, just awareness. You are full of light, but there is nobody to claim, "*I* am enlightened, *I* have become a Buddha." If somebody claims, "I have become a Buddha," he has missed. To be a Buddha means that now there is nobody inside; it is pure emptiness, it is virgin nothingness. And that is the goal.

Initiation into sannyas is initiation into that virgin consciousness.

You are entering a new dimension of your being with your sannyas. Much will have to be done, much needs to be done, but it is not impossible. It is hard, it is arduous, because to change is always a death and a rebirth. But whatsoever is going to die is just the past — which you cannot live any more, which you cannot claim back, where you cannot go — and what you are going to gain is the future, and the infinity of it. It is risky, but the risk is worth taking.

I teach how to risk . . . I persuade people how to risk. The journey is long — although I go on saying that it is not so long.

I have heard: A great emperor got lost in the

jungle. He had gone hunting, lost track of his friends, and the whole day wandered around and could not find the way out. By the evening he came across an old man and a woman sitting under a tree — beggars. He asked the old man, "Can you show me the way to the town and tell me how far it is?" The old man said, "It is ten miles." The emperor was so tired, so dead tired, that ten miles appeared to be almost like ten thousand miles. He was not able even to take a single step more; he was just on the verge of falling. Seeing the situation the old woman said to her old man, "Make it two miles — look at the man, how tired he is. Make it two miles!"

And that's my effort: when it is ten miles I make it two; when you have passed two I make it two again. Slowly slowly, step by step, those ten miles are completed. Even ten thousand miles can be completed. The journey is long, the journey is arduous, but it is not impossible. It is a great challenge, the greatest, and when you accept a great challenge, you grow with it.

So take sannyas as a great challenge, the greatest of your life, because it is through sannyas that all that is beautiful, valuable, can become possible and can become available to you.

Tony?
He's from Australia, whispers
Mukta confidentially.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Swami Deva Sankalpo.

Deva means divine, sankalpo means decisive. Sannyas is a very decisive step. It is a turning-in. You will never be the same again. It is as if you become discontinuous from your past, as if you start a new life from abc. It is a conversion.

When a Christian becomes a Hindu I don't call it a conversion; when a Hindu becomes a Christian I don't call it a conversion, because the man remains the same. He used to worship Krishna and now he worships Christ . . . and Christ is another name of Krishna. First he used to go to the temple, now he goes to the church. He has changed his ritual but he is the same person. First he used to read the Gita, now he reads the Bible . . . with the same fanaticism, with the same obstinacy, with the same prejudiced mind, with the same closed heart. Nothing has changed — it is not conversion.

I don't make you a Christian or a Hindu or a Mohammedan or a Buddhist; I don't give you another creed to cling to, I don't give you another dogma to be fanatical about, I don't give you any ritual to replace. I simply give you an insight into your own being — and that insight is conversion. You become a changed person. You may still go on doing the same things but you are not the same person. You function from a different center.

There are three possibilities of real conversion. First: the conversion can be emotional. You can be affected by me emotionally — your heart starts beating faster. You can be in a love kind of relationship with me. It is good but it is partial, and one cannot depend long on emotions. Today they are there, tomorrow

they are not there. They come from the blue and they disappear into the blue any moment. And an emotional kind of relationship cannot be very stable either; it is founded on the sands.

The second kind of conversion is intellectual: you are convinced about what I say. It is a logical conviction, rational, conscious, but again it is partial. Good, but only your head gets involved and your whole being remains outside of it. Then you will become more philosophical. *I* will become your philosophy, but that will remain verbal. You will talk about me, you will discuss me, you will argue for me, but that's all. It will be more stable than the emotional, but it will be less significant than the emotional. The emotional has intensity, depth; the intellectual has length, stability. It remains for a longer time but it doesn't go very deep because it never touches your heart.

The third kind of conversion is total: *all* of you is involved in it. Your head is involved in it, your heart is involved in it, your body is involved in it — all that you have is involved in it, you as a total being are involved in it.

Sannyas can be a transforming force only if the conversion is of the third kind: if you are with me in totality, if you start feeling me not only in the heart, but in your guts too, if you not only start thinking about me but you start breathing me too. It is not only that emotionally you are with me, but *existentially* you are with me. You dissolve your identity, you forget your ego. You come to me with absolute openness. Nothing is being held back. You come uncondi-

tionally, no strings attached. Then sannyas is a flame — it can consume you and it can give you a rebirth.

Hence I call sannyas a great decision in life. It is not frivolous, it is not just curiosity. It is risky, it is a gambling. It is going into the unknown. It is leaving the familiar shore for the unknown shore. You cannot even dream about the unknown shore — it may be, it may not be. It is like Columbus sailing for some America which *he* thinks must exist, but who knows? It is risky. There may be some error in his calculation — the earth may not be round, nobody has known, nobody has gone around the earth; it is just an assumption.

You see me, but you can't see where I am — that you only assume. You can see my form but you can't see my reality, because that reality has no form.

Our silence is more
deeply so
in the cricket's song
as He reveals in this rare moment
something of His magnificent
and ultimate aloneness . . .
speaks of another
space and time — or timelessness —
wherein we only sense He lives.

BHAGWAN: You can only have vague notions about it. Still, you decide to go on this journey. Even the decision itself is of great value. It integrates, it makes you one, because it needs courage.

Good, Sankalpo! How long will you be here?

Sankalpo waves a hand

and shrugs a shoulder
that says . . .

SANKALPO: Forever, I think.

BHAGWAN: Forever? — that's perfect! That's the meaning of your name!

Something has breathed
its potent breath into
this night
and the atmosphere feels
both weighted with its
import and made light.

Dark curly-haired,
full lips and red,
Jason inhales
the lotus fragrance
of satsang.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Swami Deva Anubhavo.

Deva means divine, anubhavo means experience. God cannot be known, God cannot be seen, but God can be experienced. God can *only* be experienced. It is like music heard, fragrance smelled, food tasted — it is an experience! Of course, when you experience music you experience only through one of your senses. And when you taste food you experience it only through one sense. God is the experience of your total sensitivity. It is music heard, fragrance smelled, beauty seen, taste tasted — *all* together; hence is is in-

expressible. If it was of only one sense we could have expressed it. It is multi-sensual, it is multi-dimensional.

And our language has no words for multi-dimensional things — it can express only one thing at a time — because our language is based on our senses and our senses are separate. The eyes see and the ears hear; the eye cannot hear and the ears cannot see, so we don't need words in which eyes and ears participate. Our words are attached to the senses and God is the experience of our totality, of all our senses, simultaneously. Hence the elusiveness, the mysteriousness, and the inexpressibility of it. And that's what we are trying to make available here.

This place is just an occasion. If you are ready to jump in, you will be immensely benefited. So don't remain a spectator; become a participant, because these things cannot be observed from the outside. One has to go in, one has to become an insider, and that's what sannyas is: you are becoming an insider. But one can become an insider formally and may yet remain an outsider.

So there are two initiations: one intiation is in the formal sannyas. The second initiation is when you are *really* possessed by me, when you have given me total freedom to work upon you, when you have said yes in the absolute sense; then the second initiation happens.

The first is happening this moment; pray and aspire for the second to happen soon. And that happens in your inner world. You will know when it has happened. When the yes has arisen and you have started do-

ing things without any idea, judgment; without any idea of whether it is good or bad, but just because I have said to go into it, so you are going into it, then you have become innocent. Then you start functioning from that innocence, and that is real initiation.

But the first is needed for the second to happen. The first is outer; the second is inner. And I can see that the second is going to happen soon. I can see it just as a sculptor can see the figure of Christ in a block of marble.

I have heard: One sculptor was working on a marble piece, chipping and chipping and chipping, and a boy from the neighborhood would come and sit there and watch. Slowly slowly the figure started coming up. Weeks afterwards the figure was absolutely visible, then more weeks went by and the child would come every day and would sit there and watch; he had seen the whole process. After months of work it was no more just a block of marble — it was a beautiful image of Jesus.

When it was finished the boy asked the sculptor, "Sir, can I ask one question? How could you know that Jesus was hidden in this block of marble?"

Just as a sculptor can see a Jesus in a block of marble I can see in people what is hidden in them. Of course, you will have to go through much chipping, many chunks will have to be cut off. And it is painful, because you have always thought of them as your being; they are not. They will have to be taken away, many things will have to be taken away; slowly slowly the new man emerges.

That is the function of a Master: to see in people

the potential, the possible, and to help them to realize it.

How long will you be here?

ANUBHAVO: A year.

BHAGWAN: That's good! — perfectly right for chipping!

Laughter,
and Anubhavo turns to go.
Our eyes meet — his are
limpid, moist — and he smiles
full and rich and chocolatey.

Nilabha and his partner,
Ida, Germany-bound . . .

IDA: We have been in relationship together for seven years. I am surprised that we are still not separated because here many relationships drop.

BHAGWAN: That's good. So you are destined to be together it seems! If you have survived here it will survive! It's good. There is no need to separate. If one can be in one relationship long enough, slowly slowly it gains depth, intimacy. In a fast-changing world everything is changing fast — relationships also. Just as people are changing their jobs, changing their style of life and their clothes and their cars and their houses, naturally they are changing their relationships too, but then something immensely valuable will be missed.

There are a few things which need time to grow. If you don't give time for them to grow they will never grow. All trees are not seasonal flowers. If you are in a hurry then you will get only seasonal flowers. Mm? They come fast, they go fast. Within six weeks they are there and within six weeks they are gone; the whole life span is three months. But if you want the great Cedars of Lebanon, then they take hundreds of years to grow. And so is the case with love.

Sex is a momentary phenomenon — you can easily change your relationships — but when two persons live together long enough, *only* when they live together long enough, do some edges slowly slowly start disappearing, some conflict starts dropping. They start understanding each other on an intuitive level. When people are together long enough there is no need to say anything — they understand. If you are not feeling good, he *will* understand. You may not have said anything at all, you may not have even showed it, but he will understand. Something deep in his heart will start feeling that something is amiss.

This is intimacy, when intellectual communication becomes secondary and intuitive communion becomes primary. And then you care for each other; you are not just there to exploit each other — caring is born. You stop the old ideas about how the other should be; slowly slowly they are dropped.

In the beginning every love relationship is a kind of conflict: the woman wants the man to be according to her idea of a man, and vice versa. It takes a long time to learn the lesson that nobody can change anybody, that the other has to be accepted as he is or she is, that

not only does the other have to be accepted but respected too, that the other has a certain dignity that should not be interfered with.

Her head bows down;
shoulders hunched over
her touched and woman's heart,
Ida weeps.

BHAGWAN: It is perfectly good. Be together, and go on growing in this intimacy.

Aranya, grinning and
enjoying just the intimacy
of several feet away, sitting
on the marbled, crazy-patterned floor,
is leaving tomorrow;
and smiles some more.

BHAGWAN: Something to say to me?

ARANYA: Yes. What do you suggest to me?

BHAGWAN: About?

ARANYA: About *all!*

A large, intellectual's head,
horn-rimmed glasses, he is very French,
and gesticulates in grand style
at "all!"

BHAGWAN: Mm mm! Would you like to come here?

ARANYA: That's the problem.

BHAGWAN: Finish things there and come here! Don't hesitate about it . . .

ARANYA: Yes.

BHAGWAN: . . . because nowhere now will you feel at home. Mm? that is the trouble I create! *(much laughter)*

ARANYA: Yes. That's what I feel.

BHAGWAN: Good. Finish things and come back!

Sushilo's first meeting with Bhagwan;
she'd like an introduction
to the one
He sees inside her.

BHAGWAN: Sushilo means the virtuous one, but to me virtue is not something imposed from the outside. If it is, it is pseudo. Real virtue is something that wells up within, that comes to the surface but originates from the very center of your being. In real virtue you are not in a kind of constant conflict. You are not doing it — it is simply happening; it is natural and spontaneous, otherwise it is just a pretension of virtue.

And that's how the so-called virtuous have become in the world: they have managed a certain character around themselves, but that character is not in tune with their consciousness. In fact it is constantly in conflict with the consciousness. They are not living their consciousness — they are living some commandments that have been given to them from the outside,

maybe from Moses or Christ or Buddha or *me*. The commandment has come from the outside and they are acting it out in their lives. But their inner consciousness remains aloof, detached from it; it has no participation with it. It does not nourish it — in fact it feels caged, imprisoned in it.

So my vision of virtue is not that of an imposed character — because that is how people become prisoners; my vision of virtue is that of freedom. One should live moment by moment, never deciding ahead but leaving the moment to decide itself. And the decision always has to come from the consciousness, not according to some scripture. And whatsoever it is, one has to be it. It is dangerous, it may not coincide with the idea of the society, but I say it is better to fight with the society than to fight with yourself, because in fighting with society nothing is destroyed, but in fighting with yourself you commit suicide.

Jesus fought with society — the society murdered him — but that is far more right than to yield to the demands of the mob and the masses, to yield to the stupid mind, the mediocre mind, to yield to tradition. That is suicide. It is better to be crucified — at least you die with dignity. Jesus died with immense dignity, a beautiful death, carrying his own cross on his shoulders . . . a right kind of death. Millions die but they die a wrong kind of death, because they yield, they surrender, they become slaves.

Just the other night I was reading about this murderer, Charles Manson. When the court sentenced him to death, he laughed. He said, "Ha, ha! What

are you doing? — trying to kill me and I have always been dead!" I liked that statement: "I have always been dead. You killed me when I was a child. My parents killed me, my society killed me, and because everybody killed me, I took revenge — I murdered innocent people. And now you are sentencing me to death? Ha ha! Trying to kill a dead man! I have never been alive."

But that's how millions of people are: they have never been alive — they were born dead or were immediately killed the moment they were born, or we started poisoning them and sooner or later we got hold of them. My own feeling and observation is that by the time a girl is three and a boy is four they are butchered.

Jesus lived a long life — thirty-three years — a really long life, because people die at three or four . . . although these dead people think, "Poor Jesus, died when he was only thirty-three." They feel sorry for Jesus. He *lived* those thirty-three years with intensity, with passion. He burned his torch of life from both ends together, and died aflame with love and life, with prayer on his lips, with compassion in his heart. But he didn't yield. This is virtue.

Virtue has to be rebellious, because to live according to your consciousness is going to create many many problems for you. But those problems are creative; they are not pathological. They are not to be solved or explained or explained away; they have to be faced, encountered. Virtue has to come just as you draw water from a well: virtue has to be drawn out of you. Hence virtue is a kind of education, a drawing out.

So here I am not going to give you a character, but help to destroy all character that you have and to leave you free to yourself, alone, so that you cannot lean upon anything and you have to fall back to your own source and you have to search there. All the answers are there, all the joys are there, all the songs are there. Once you have stopped looking outside, stopped looking towards authorities to order you to do this and that, immediately your own consciousness takes possession of you and starts directing you, and then life is a celebration.

His crutches left behind him
Keshava comes slowly forward,
sits, greets and is greeted, and
then says that he has already
booked for groups.

BHAGWAN: Good, Keshava. Start meditating, and start feeling at home, because you are going to stay long, mm? So don't be in a hurry — go slow, feel things and allow things to happen.

Ninety-nine percent of things have only to be *allowed* to happen. You have to do only one percent. That one percent triggers the process for the ninety-nine percent, but the major part happens on its own. Just the minor part, the beginning, the first step you have to take, and then things start happening. It is a chain reaction. Once the process is triggered, it doesn't stop!

His stay has been brief —
this sojourn by the oasis
called Bhagwan —
but something inner feels
replenished . . . something
green and lovelike just begun,
within Bhagat.
He says that he is leaving now.

BHAGWAN: Help people in Israel towards me — Israel needs some centers. We don't have any yet. Would you like to start a small center somewhere? Mm?

BHAGAT: I *am* a small center.

BHAGWAN: That I will do — you need not worry about that. Where do you live in Israel?

BHAGAT: Jerusalem.

BHAGWAN: Then start a small center there. Should I give you a name. Or don't you feel courageous enough to face the ancient Jews there. *(much laughter)* Next time!

BHAGAT: Difficult people.

BHAGWAN: Yes, they are difficult people but they are my people — fifty percent of the people here are Jews. I have something Jewish in me! *(laughter)*

BHAGAT: I know!

BHAGWAN *(chuckling)*: So next time I will give you a name for the center. Good!

Monday, September 25th

Something wistful in the face
that scans Bhagwan's . . .
a sense about Paul as if inside
there lies an ancient memory
or secret dying to be known.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Swami Veet Chhitijo.

Veet means beyond, chhitijo means horizon — beyond the horizon, beyond the horizontal. Life consists of two dimensions: one is horizontal, the other is vertical. Millions of people simply live in the horizontal — they crawl and creep, they remain asleep. That's why in sleep you have to go to the horizontal position. It is easier to fall asleep in the horizontal position; if you are standing it is difficult to fall asleep.

Hence, animals have remained unconscious; they are in the horizontal position. The great revolution that happened on the earth happened with a few monkeys. They took the greatest revolutionary step ever — they started to stand erect, they changed the posture of the body, they became vertical. With that verticalness something immensely important changed in their very being: consciousness entered. Man's standing erect has been the greatest evolutionary step in existence. But this is only a physical verticalness. There is, parallel to it, a spiritual verticalness, and

that is the work of meditation: to help you to become vertical in your inner consciousness, in your awareness.

The Christian symbol of the cross represents these two dimensions. The one part — on which Jesus' hands are nailed — is horizontal. The other part — on which his whole body is nailed — is vertical. That cross is an ancient symbol, more ancient than Christianity or Christ. It simply shows: don't exhaust your life in the horizontal. Life does not consist of the horizontal only. To become mindful of the vertical is the beginning of a journey that ends in God. The more aware you are, the more vertical you are.

So become more alert, even in ordinary day-to-day functions: walking, don't just walk — be alert too. Otherwise you walk like a sleepwalker. Then you are physically vertical, but spiritually horizontal. If you are alert you are physically vertical and spiritually vertical, and when both these are vertical, great ecstasy starts happening. Something from the beyond penetrates you . . . you become open to the beyond.

The horizontal is the dimension of the world and the vertical is the dimension of religion. I am not against the horizontal, because that is the very base. I am not against sleep either — it is relaxing; but it is relaxing only if you know what it is to be vertical. And the horizontal is a base only if you start creating a vertical temple; then it becomes a foundation. Otherwise it is only a foundation — futile, meaningless. Hence the meaninglessness in the world. Everybody feels that life is meaningless because it is just a foundation and there is no temple — there is no

house to live in; just the foundation is there. You cannot live in it, it cannot give you a shelter, it cannot protect you. It is useless unless a temple is raised.

Once the temple is raised the foundation is useful, utterly useful. Without the foundation there will be no temple either, but only with the temple does the foundation start having significance. The moment you are vertical your horizontal life becomes meaningful. The vertical brings meaning, significance. The very touch of it and life is a poem, a song, a celebration.

And the vertical is born by becoming more and more alert. While you are eating, be alert too. Why does it happen that by being alert one becomes vertical? There is a fundamental law behind it: when you are alert you are in the present; when you are not alert then you are either in the past or in the future. The past and the future are parts of the horizontal; the present is part of the vertical. The past goes on like a line moving backwards — a line, a vertical line like the horizon. So does the future: in the opposite direction again a line goes on moving into infinity. But the present is not a line. It does not move backwards or forwards; it has height and depth. Its movement is totally different. It is an entry into eternity, not in time.

Time is horizontal, eternity is vertical. When you are utterly in the present there is no mind, because the mind consists of the past and the future, memory and imagination. When you are in the present — alert, utterly alert, awake, watchful, mindful — there is no mind, there is only silence. In that silence you start

falling into the abyss. That abyss is God. That emptiness is God. Hence God is indefinable. It has no form . . . it is pure emptiness, and only a very few courageous people gather enough courage to take the jump.

But once you have taken the jump, you know that by dissolving you have come home, that by dropping the mind, you have become a being, that by dropping time you have become deathless.

A thumb graceful as a dancer
pirouettes on Chris' brow
and ancient eyes look into him . . .
eyes of liquid love
that evoke in me
a sadness, deep
as a forgotten well
in some fern-shaded glade.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Swami Deva Urjo.

Deva means divine, urjo means energy — divine energy. There is a very famous statement of William Blake; it says "Energy is delight." It is one of the most profound statements ever made by any poet or any mystic. He was both — a poet and a mystic. It contains a great secret. Delight is nothing but overflowing energy. When you cannot contain it — it is so much that it starts overflowing — that is delight. All that is needed is to become a container, all that is needed is to become a great reservoir. People are un-

necessarily searching for bliss. They will never find it. In fact in searching for it they will dissipate more energy. In their very pilgrimage they will be wasting all possibilities and opportunities of being blissful.

The man who attains to bliss is the man who does not seek, because seeking is dissipating energy. All searching is wasting energy. Once this is understood one becomes a container. One simply does not dissipate energy in any way. Such a man will not get angry. Not that anger is bad, not that to be angry is not gentlemanly, not that to be angry is immoral, not that if you are angry you will fall into hell fire — no — but just because he knows that the energy is wasted and he will have missed an opportunity of being blissful.

Such a man becomes very alert about what he is doing with his energy. And the more you become alert, the more you will be surprised: almost ninety percent of things that you have been doing and wasting your energy in are utterly useless. You could have avoided them very easily, with no loss to yourself. And the remaining ten percent is not harmful to the energy; the remaining ten percent is nourishing to it.

So that which nourishes your energy is religion and that which dissipates your energy is irreligion. This is my definition of religion. That which preserves, conserves, is moral. It has nothing to do with the other, it has nothing to do with the Ten Commandments of the Bible — it simply has something to do with the science of energy. Hate is immoral because it dissipates energy. Love is moral because it nourishes

energy. The more you love, the more you have; the more you hate, the less you have. Hate takes something out of you and love brings something in.

Whenever you love you will immediately find that you are soaring high, that you are more than you were before. The feeling of expanded consciousness is a byproduct of love. When you hate, you shrink; when you become angry, you become small. Not only in the eyes of others, in your own eyes you become small. Something inside you starts hiding. So let this be the criterion: whatsoever helps your energy to become more is good. Whatsoever destroys it, dissipates it, harms it, is bad.

And you will be surprised that thousands of things simply become impossible — you cannot do them, because they are foolish. Not that they are going to take you to hell or you will be punished on the last day of judgment — all that nonsense . . . nothing. The punishment is *immediate*. God cannot wait that long! The moment you dissipate energy you become miserable; the result is immediate. It is not going to wait for the last judgment. It happens *this* very moment, instantly. And so it is with reward: whenever you do something nourishing, health-giving, that brings well-being to you, you are rewarded.

So this is a valid criterion, an existential criterion. Always keep it in mind.

Whenever you are doing something, remember: if it is existentially valid in the sense that it nourishes you, fulfills you, makes you healthier, holier, more integrated, more centered, more alive, aflame, then it is good, then it is virtue; otherwise it is a sin. There is

no need for any other, outward criterion. No authority has to be consulted. No moral code has to be used as a criterion for judgment, but this simple existential experience: you feel nourished, it is good; you feel starved — a kind of sinking feeling, shrinking, you become less than you were before — then be aware, you have been wasting your energy.

Modern science has discovered a significant law. The law is that every qualitative change is basically a quantitative change. First the quantitative change happens and then the qualitative change comes. The qualitative is not really different from the quantitative change. For example, if you heat water it remains water even when it is ninety-nine point nine degrees. Point one degree more and it evaporates; at one hundred degrees it evaporates. So you go on giving more and more quantity of heat to the water and then suddenly a jump, a qualitative change. Now, vapor is totally different from water. In many symbolic ways too it is different: water moves downwards, vapor moves upwards; water can be seen, vapor soon becomes invisible. If you are thirsty water can be of help — vapor will not do. It is qualitatively different now, but the change was coming through the quantitative change.

And exactly the same is the case inside, in the inner world: you go on conserving energy — at a certain degree, at one hundred degrees, a qualitative change happens. Suddenly misery disappears, misery is no more found. You are blissful, you are overflowing.

I totally agree with William Blake: energy *is* delight. There is no need to go anywhere — just

become a great container of energy. The first thing is: drop useless activities . . . minimize; all that is useless cancel it. Because each person is born with infinite capacities, but we dissipate those capacities and then we remain poor, beggarly. We live like beggars and we die like beggars. But we are not born beggars; we are born emperors. Then we start losing our treasures in utterly futile activities.

You don't know how much we dissipate when we are anxious, when we are tense. You don't know how much we dissipate when we go on thinking utterly foolish and mad thoughts. Now there are ways to measure it. Fifteen minutes of anxiety dissipates as much energy as one hour's physical activity — digging a hole in the garden or chopping wood for one hour. Fifteen minutes of anxiety dissipates as much energy as you will dissipate in one hour's chopping of wood. And after one hour you will at least have chopped wood with you, and after fifteen minutes of anxiety, nothing — just an empty person, lost, angry with himself, boiling, almost in a state of madness.

So first one has to drop all unnecessary physical activities, then all unnecessary mental activities. This is the path of meditation. Slowly slowly you conserve so much that one day you have so much that it starts overflowing out of no motivation at all.

When energy flows, overflows, without any motivation, it becomes delight. That is the moment when you have started pouring into God. And the moment you start pouring into God, God starts pouring into you — it happens simultaneously.

How long will you be here?

URJO: Perhaps two months.

BHAGWAN: That's very good. Something you would like to say to me?

URJO: Yes. I don't spend much energy in searching these days; I'm more concerned with healing my body.

BHAGWAN: Perfectly good.

URJO: And in trying to balance up this. . . .

He indicates the
mad machine we call the mind.

BHAGWAN: This is going to happen — that's my message. Just be here, do a few meditations, sit silently. Just enjoy! Just enjoy the sheer being, the sheer joy that we are . . . the sheer joy of the sky and the trees and the birds and the people, this miracle that is happening around you, this fantastic world, this incredible existence. Just enjoy it and it will start showering many new flowers on you. Simply remain still, silent, absorbing, and the energy will accumulate, will become a reservoir, and one day it starts overflowing for no reason at all — not that it is going to search for anything, not that it has any motivation, not that it has any goal, nothing . . . for no reason at all but simply because it is too much and you cannot contain it. And it is not that you are trying to pour it into existence, no. It is happening on its own — you are just a watcher. And there is delight, and there is celebration.

He is leaving, says Pushkara,
and though while doing groups
he felt an opening,
now he feels he's closing off,
that something odd is happening
to his energy.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. The group is a very artificial situation. One should not expect that what happens in a group will remain the same after the group. The group only gives you a glimpse; it cannot change you. It only gives you an experience. That experience becomes proof that change is possible. But the group cannot change you, no group can change you; otherwise change would be very cheap. But still the group does great significant work: it gives you proof that, yes, change is possible. Even in *you* change is possible. You need not believe in darkness — you have seen something. But that vision is like when you are lost in a dark night in a jungle and suddenly, the lightning. For a moment all is light and you see the path winding through the trees, then the lightning has disappeared. . . .

You cannot expect to go on seeing that path, but now you know it is; and that is tremendously significant. Now you have to search in the darkness again, but now you will be searching with a trust. Before the lightning there was no possibility of trust; you were searching utterly in darkness. Maybe there is a path, maybe there is none. Who knows? How to believe it? There is no evidence of it. In fact all the evidence is contrary to it.

You are lost — that is enough evidence that there is no path — and you have been searching long, and still you have not found. Maybe it doesn't exist. Maybe the people who say that it exists are deceivers, or, even if they are not deceivers then maybe they themselves are deceived. They have seen something in a dream, they have been hallucinating. Who knows? Or they may have auto-hypnotized themselves. Who knows? Or they may just be cheats and trying to exploit innocent people, giving them great ideas and ideals of finding the path and reaching God . . . just driving people unnecessarily crazy, and exploiting their craziness. Maybe they simply want to become leaders and they are in search of followers — they are on an ego trip. All these are possibilities.

But once you have seen the lightning and once you have seen the path, again there is darkness; in fact, more darkness than before, because when light happens and it goes it leaves you in more darkness than before. Your eyes have to become accustomed to the darkness again; the light has been such a disturbance. A group is a lightning experience. . . .

One should not become a group addict. You can become a group addict if you start thinking that a group is going to change you. *No* group can change you — only *you* can change yourself — but the group can give you insights.

So it was just an insight, an opening. Now you are out of the group and that insight is no more there; you are closing. Now you will have to work it out in your day to day life. You cannot live in a group forever. Now you will have to seek and search in

your ordinary day to day life how to remain open. You will have to look and see what you were doing in the group. Why can't you do it outside? How were you relating with people? Why can't you relate the same way with your woman, with your friends, with your parents, outside? You will have to risk, you will have to experiment. And there will be many mistakes and many errors, but that's how one grows; by trial and error one evolves. Soon you will find that even in ordinary day to day life, one can remain open. But for that you will have to work. You cannot depend only on the group. That dependence is what I call "addiction."

This is just a withdrawal symptom. It is just like a drug: you take a drug and you feel good. One day you stop the drug, then there is a withdrawal: your whole body hankers for it, your whole mind asks for it and creates trouble for you. So when you go into many groups — and it is good to go into them, but a danger is there — you may become addicted to groups like drugs. Then there will be this withdrawal symptom. Then you will suffer, you will miss. You will feel that you are not as alive as you were in the group, that you are not as open as you were in the group, that now things are closing again, and it will create much anxiety in you and sadness. But that is natural.

After each great opening in a group this is going to happen. This will only not happen to those people who remained closed in the group; then the group didn't work for them. So they are pefectly happy — outside, inside, they are the same. But something *has*

happened to you, and that is good, you are fortunate. A window opened for a moment and you have seen something beyond yourself. It was a fleeting moment; in the beginning it has to be that way. So now you will have to work hard for it in your normal life.

The group life is not a normal life. It is a very artifically created situation in which things happen, are forced to happen, which may not have happened in years. Within days and hours they are forced to happen. It is a very very special situation. You will not find that situation readymade outside, but you can use outside situations. Now that you know something is possible you can start working.

For example, if you love a woman, be utterly honest and sincere to her. And that becomes a group; let it be an encounter. And tell her also to be sincere and honest, whatsoever the cost. It is costly, because it will hurt. It will hurt like hell many times, because you are walking with your woman and suddenly she sees a man walking and she says, "Look. I am attracted towards that man — for a moment I had completely forgotten you." She is being honest, but it hurts. Nothing is wrong in being attracted to that man; she is not comparing you to that man. In that moment you were not there so how can she compare? In that moment you were simply forgotten.

Now, ordinarily we don't say these things to each other. It is said that if every person starts saying the truth, then there will be no friendship in the world, no friendship at all — no lovers, no friendship, no marriage, nothing. All these things will simply disappear. Then it will be a group, the whole situation will

be a group. Then everywhere you will be continuously in a group situation.

But one can work slowly, particularly in intimate relationships. And if both are willing to go into the depth of sincerity and honesty, it pays. Your love will become deeper; it will have something of the beyond in it soon. If you can be honest and yet together, if you can suffer the agony that honesty brings, then one day the ecstasy that honesty, only honesty, can bring also follows.

So small groups you can create with your friends, with intimate people, slowly slowly. And as you become more and more integrated and centered, more and more open, you can start being more honest to people who are not very intimate either, because then you will know how to tackle the situation of being open. Then even with strangers you can be open. Nothing will be lost, and incredible, immense will be the gain. But that will take years.

A group simply gives you a key. Now you have the key, try to open locks in life with the key. And whenever you are able to open a lock on your own, without the group leader and the group situation, your joy will be far more important, far deeper, far more profound, because you have done it on your own. You will have the feeling of freedom too, and you will know now that you can use this key.

You will have to work on it. Something good has happened, now follow the track. And don't start doing too much, otherwise you can spoil the whole thing. Go slowly slowly — first with the person you are very closely related to, and that too in

homeopathic doses, just small doses so that one becomes accustomed slowly slowly; then go on increasing the doses. Don't start with allopathic doses, because sometimes even nectar can become poison if you cannot absorb it, and vice versa: if you can absorb poison, slowly slowly it can become nectar. It all depends on how much you can absorb. And to absorb truth one needs great preparation.

So go and start small experiments in life on your own. You are ready for that, and within six months' time you will be able to open up on your own, and that will be very very healthy. You will have the feeling that now you can open on your own — it is your freedom: you can choose whether to remain closed or open. And you don't depend on anything, you are not addicted to anything. To be addicted is bad. It gives you a kind of dependence. And all addictions are bad. There are no *good* addictions — addiction as such is bad. So go and experiment.

My whole idea here is to just give you a few glimpses of life so that you can go and experiment in the greater world. I am not against the world — I am all for it — but if you can live in a totally different way in the same world, you will be surprised: this very earth is the lotus paradise, and this very body the Buddha.

Buddha-in-waiting
smiles
at Buddha celebrating.

BHAGWAN: When will you be coming back?

PUSHKARA: I hope within six months.

BHAGWAN: Good. That is the right time — that is what I was thinking — six months will do. Help my people there!

Samadha is back after some months
traveling outside
and wonders if she should
do some groups,
though really she'd like to
just meditate and be.

My feeling is that you are
not ready just yet
to be left alone,
Bhagwan observes.
A few groups will be helpful —
do at least four more.
Four is not a big number.
Mm? People are here who have done
at least eighteen *groups . . .*
and twinkling, He holds
up two fingers . . .
and then I give them two more!

Prem Sudheer took sannyas
by pòst, back in the West.
Would you explain the meaning
of my name? she asks
Bhagwan, who smiles and pauses
then begins, as if He's never

talked before of wisdom
and of love.

BHAGWAN: Prem means love, sudheer can mean two things: one is patience, the other is wisdom. It means both, because wisdom comes through patience, and also only wise people can be patient. The fools are in such a hurry, always in a hurry. And this century is proving itself very foolish because of its hurry. If we have lost anything important in this century it is patience. And because we have lost patience we have lost God, we have lost wisdom. Now people are more knowledgeable than ever, but less wise than ever. Buddha was not *so* knowledgeable, nor was Jesus. Any schoolboy knows more than Buddha and Jesus, but even if we put all our professors together they are not wise compared to a single Buddha.

Wisdom is something totally different from knowledge. Knowledge is information gathered from outside; it is borrowed, it is never original. Hence it has no beauty and no life; it is a dead weight.

Wisdom is a growth inside. In wisdom you become a tree . . . great foliage, fruits and flowers, and they come from *you!* Wisdom is original, it is yours; hence it is authentic. It has strength and it has beauty and it is alive. Its very touch is enough to transform anything into gold.

So you have to learn a few things. One: love. People have a wrong notion; they think they already know what love is. Nobody knows. Everybody is born with the capacity to be loving just as everybody is born with the capacity to swim. But still one has to

learn swimming, and in the same way one has to learn loving. They are both alike; swimming and loving have something very similar.

What do you do when you learn swimming? It is not really an active process. You have only to learn how to float. Floating is a passive phenomenon — but not utterly passive either. It is neither only activity nor only passivity, but something higher than both, transcendent to them both. If you are absolutely passive you will be drowned. If you are absolutely active you will never learn how to swim and you will be exhausted very soon. You will be tired by your own activity. The real swimmer knows how to cooperate with the energy of the water, how to be in harmony with the energy of the water, how to use the capacity of the water in such a way that he is not in conflict with it.

That is how to learn cooperation, so there is no conflict at all. You are neither active nor passive but in a total understanding with the water element. It is a kind of love/awareness relationship. A great love is needed for the water; only then does water reveal its mysteries to you. And great awareness is needed so you are not drowned. You have to be passive so that you don't start fighting with the water, and you have to be active so that the energy of the water does not become too much and drown you. You have to keep a balance.

That's what in China they call action without action — *wei wu wei.* That is the whole secret of Tao and that is the whole secret of love too. Love cannot be active, otherwise it becomes acting. Love cannot

be absolutely passive either, otherwise it becomes dull, dead. It has to keep a certain balance between activity and inactivity. It has to be action without action. It is a great art, the greatest. If one can know love, and be love, one has known all that this life has to give, that is worth knowing.

And to know love one has to be very very patient. Love is a slow-growing plant: it needs time, intimacy, patience. You cannot pull the plant forcibly upwards, you cannot pull the leaves out of the plant, you cannot force the buds to become flowers; otherwise you will cripple the whole phenomenon. Love needs the climate of patience, and if one is loving and patient, wisdom comes of its own accord. It simply showers on you.

I teach love, I teach patience, so that wisdom becomes attracted towards you, starts moving towards you. This existence is full of wisdom. That is the meaning when we say that the existence is full of God. That is another way of saying the same thing — that existence is utterly intelligent, it is full of wisdom. It is just that we are stupid because we don't know how to relate to this wisdom, how to come to terms with this wisdom that fills the whole existence. It is a superb masterpiece of wisdom.

So become loving, become patient. Drop all hurry, all impatience. There is no shortcut to wisdom. If somebody tries a shortcut he becomes a victim of knowledge. Wisdom comes of its own accord, in its own time; one cannot force it. One has to wait . . . with great love, with an inviting heart, with great longing, aflame, but still waiting patiently. . . .

Gyan Bhakti, English
and our ashram jeweler,
is first in line
to "come close" tonight.

Watching Bhagwan greeting her
I fancy, as I have before,
that between the Master and
this Bhakti there is a very fond
rapport, a special connection,
of which in her innocence
she seems almost totally oblivious.

Her energy moves softly
and relaxed and within moments she
has fallen — typically with no
particular ceremony or fuss —
into a waiting sannyas lap.
She has flopped too distant from
Bhagwan's reaching hand for it
to retain contact with her brow.
Now He, leaning over her,
places His fingers on her throat
stretched taut and white. . . .
And half an aeon later
calls her back.

BHAGWAN: Really fantastic! Good! I am happy. Things are really going great. Your energy is moving in beautiful spaces — just go on. Just go on allowing me to work more and more on you.

All that you need now is to remain available to me; nothing else is needed. Now nothing has to be done

from your side; you have done that which was needed. You can start floating — you have learned swimming. Good, Bhakti . . . good!

All eyes look softly
upon the blessed Bhakti
whose smile is tinged with
something like surprise
at this totally unexpected
graduation prize!

Her long and golden hair
in waves is disarrayed around her face
and large blue eyes brimful with
tears and gratitude,
as Astha savors still
the aftermath of coming close
as in light-fingered caresses
His energy cascades through her
and beyond.

My eyes move reluctantly
from her child's beauty
to Raj Bharti . . .
beloved Raj — large
soft and silver-haired,
a little boy in hiding, not too
well disguised by the deep
commanding voice.
I have followed him in his life
as a sannyasin and a Colonel, based
here in Poona . . . was at darshans

when he'd share with Bhagwan
the unhappiness of those days
of being misunderstood
among people who spoke
a foreign tongue . . .
listened in as he thought aloud
about leaving the confines
and security of that life
and turning to something
he'd always felt an attraction for —
show business!
He ummed and ahhed
but took the plunge.
We've seen him little in these
months of his Bombay-ing
and I wondered if we'd lost our Raj.

BHAGWAN: Hello, Raj! How are you?

RAJ BHARTI: Fine, Bhagwan.

BHAGWAN: Good! Things are going okay?

RAJ BHARTI: Things are going . . . interesting.

Bhagwan chuckles with
the special warmth reserved
for ex-colonels
turned movie producers

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. That's good!

RAJ BHARTI: I'm getting my old fears back, Bhagwan. One is that I feel I'm away from you physically and

coming back from work, from various people, I miss you very much. I've got that box, I sometimes take that box — I sometimes forget to even take it. . . . And there is a fear of age kind of catching up and I'm not able to finish what I set out to do in Bombay. Panic, death — that keeps hovering around . . . I may pop off and things.

You sent me to Bombay — I feel that's your responsibility. I say "No, that's His responsibility, so I'm not bothered," and then I say I've got to complete this. But I want to come back here to the ashram.

BHAGWAN: In the new commune. Six months more — finish things in Bombay.

RAJ BHARTI: But those six months are going to be terrifying, Bhagwan.

BHAGWAN: No, no, they will not be terrifying. Nothing will be . . .

RAJ BHARTI: Because every moment there without you is just, just hell, nothing else. I meet all these people and . . . we need *you* there! Sometimes I feel like shouting across and saying, "What have you done? Why have you thrown me away?"

BHAGWAN: No, no, it will be good. These six months, let them be hell but enjoy it! *(laughter)* Because hell also has a few beautiful things in it, and when you are in heaven, you start missing hell, so you have to go through the experience.

Just be finished with it — six to eight months at the

most. Mm, you have to come to the new commune. And tell Usha *(his wife)* also — she is going into a far deeper hell. So let her . . . mm?

RAJ BHARTI: She is in a much deeper hell.

BHAGWAN: It is good — you will feel very good coming back. This suffering will make you aware of what you are missing. Otherwise if you had remained in Poona you would never have known. So sometimes it is good to go away from home and suffer; then one comes back and rediscovers the home. It is going to be real discovery. And the more you suffer, the better! Good, Raj! . . . good.

Tuesday, September 26th

We lift our faces, as He enters,
like flowers
to the sun
or to a long-awaited breeze.
Or the bees
who, humming, dream
of the lotus bloom.

BHAGWAN *(to Rhonda)*: This will be your new name: Ma Deva Rasal.

Deva means divine, rasal means full of juice — full of divine juice. My teaching is of life-affirmation. The old religions were based on life-negation; they denied life, they were against it. Their God could only be reached if you denied life. That was a false God, because God cannot be against life. God is the source of life — in fact God is another name for life. The creator is not separate from his creation. He has disappeared into his creation, he has become it. Now you cannot find God anywhere. He is in the trees and the mountains and the rivers and men and women and stars . . . he has become all this. So God is this *wholeness* of existence. He blooms as flowers, he sings as birds. He is here, he is now.

But the old religions were against life. They were negative. They made man feel guilty. They repressed man, because that is a way to exploit and enslave.

The priest can enslave you only if he makes you feel guilty, and the best way to make you feel guilty is to condition your mind against life; then you are always feeling guilty. Because you *have* to live your life, and it is always wrong to live it. You cannot drop living it, because then you will be dead. That will be suicide. Only a few suicidal people can do that, hence in a religious country very few people commit suicide because religion becomes a protection for them; those suicidal people become saints.

For example, in India, very few people commit suicide, and the reason is very strange. The reason is: they can become great saints. Why should they commit suicide? They have a far better way of committing suicide. In a religious garb they can start killing themselves slowly. They are against the body, they are against food, they are against love, they are against relationship, they are against the world, they are against *everything*. It is a slow way of poisoning yourself.

Whenever a country becomes non-religious more people start committing suicide. In the West more people commit suicide, and the reason is: now there is no religious way of committing suicide available, so they have to commit it in a secular way, in a simple way, straightforward. There is no indirect way possible — they have to commit it directly: through poisoning, through drugs, through jumping from a high tower or drowning themselves in alcohol or in the ocean or just shooting themselves. This is the secular way of committing suicide.

But all the old religions were a little pathological,

and when I am saying that I don't mean that Buddha was pathological or Jesus was pathological — they were full of juice, they were full of life — but the priesthood that developed afterwards was. When Christ became Christianity then the problem arose, then something went wrong.

He was a very joyous man but Christians say he never laughed. It is impossible to conceive of Jesus never laughing. He enjoyed eating, he even enjoyed drinking . . . he enjoyed company, friends. It is impossible to conceive of him never laughing, but the way Christains have been painting him is as a very serious, long-faced man.

If this is the true Jesus then it is impossible to conceive how he became friendly with a prostitute, Magdalene, how he was friendly with drunkards . . . it is impossible. This Jesus must be false. A totally different kind of Jesus existed which has been falsified by Christianity. The church has to falsify because the church is an effort to dominate people.

Jesus never tried to dominate people. Even when there were opportunities available, he never used those opportunities to make people feel guilty. When a woman was brought to him by the people — and the people wanted to kill her because it is said in the scriptures that if a woman commits adultery, she has to be stoned to death — Jesus didn't use that opportunity. He could have made that woman feel guilty, but, on the contrary, he saved the woman. And when the woman herself felt guilty, he said, "Don't feel guilty. Who am I to judge you? Whatsoever you do, you are accountable to God. You have to encounter

God, so think about facing him. Who am I to judge you?"

And he told the people, "Yes, it is written in the scriptures, but I make a condition: the first stone has to be thrown by a man who has never committed adultery and has never thought of committing it." The people had to slowly slowly disappear, because they had all thought to or had committed adultery. And it is the same whether you think or you do. When you think, you have done it already in your heart; you have committed it. And when Jesus and the woman were left alone the woman fell at his feet and asked to be forgiven, but he said, "Who am I to judge you?" This man cannot be a priest.

His very strange statement is: "Judge ye not . . . not even the evil should be judged." The priest cannot exist without judgment. He has to condemn, he has to command, he has to say, "This has to be done and that has not to be done. If you do it, you will be punished in hell, and if you follow me you will be rewarded in heaven." That's the whole strategy of priesthood.

So when I say "old religions" I mean old priesthoods — Christianity, Hinduism, Mohammedanism, Judaism — but I don't mean Buddha, Jesus, Krishna. They are a totally different kind of people; they are life-affirmative. If any day some priesthood arises after me it will be life-negative. A priesthood cannot be life-affirmative. It cannot live on life-affirmation. It has to condemn, of necessity; only then does the priest become powerful. And that is the difference between an enlightened person and a priest: a priest is

a businessman; an enlightened person is here to help you to become enlightened. He is here to help you to become free. His message is bound to be of freedom, joy, celebration.

And that is the meaning of your name. I would like you to become more and more full of divine juice, divine song, divine dance. Love totally and live totally — that is the only way of becoming whole and holy. Live unconditionally, without any strings attached. Risk all in living. Never be afraid. Fear is irreligious: fearlessness is spirituality.

Never live according to any commandment. Live according to your consciousness. Don't live out of the conclusions of others . . . not even your own conclusions of the past, because they also are no more relevant. Live moment to moment without any conclusion. Let the moment be there and respond to it. Don't bring in your memory of the past. Don't try to be consistent with your past, otherwise you will not be able to live totally. Be consistent with the moment, not with the past; don't think of the future either.

The person who lives with "don'ts" lives not. His life is shallow, his life is psuedo, and his life is dry of all juice. He lives as a tree uprooted, he has no more roots in existence. Then he cannot bloom. It is impossible that he will have green sap running through his life.

Man is also a tree, man also has roots — those roots are of love, of joy, those roots are of a kind of drunkenness with life, being drunk with life. Then you have roots, and then you will have great foliage and many branches and much fruit and many

flowers. Only then is there fulfillment. And that is enlightenment — to be fulfilled is to be enlightened. To be fulfilled is to know God, is to be God.

He turns to Prashantam
here with his Kyo group
and asks how it went.
You did it again, Bhagwan,
grins he — it was beautiful!

It's about this fear . . .
begins a tentative Yuthika
who had done the group.

YUTHIKA: I can't seem to go beyond it. I put it aside to a point and I can go so deep and then it just becomes more and more. When I meditate I just see blackness and nothing there and then just so much fear comes.

In the group most of the time I felt paralyzed by fear, and just crying two days and a night . . . it was very heavy.

BHAGWAN: And the fear is focused on anything in particular?

YUTHIKA: It's a feeling that I'm just going to disappear . . . that I just don't know what's going to happen.

BHAGWAN: Prashantam, something to say about her?

PRASHANTAM: She came into the group in that space and went through it during the whole group. At the end she felt that she wanted to talk to you about it. There's something about her returning to the West —

it seems to have something to do with her fear.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. And when did it start?

YUTHIKA: It started in the Counselor Training group and it's been going ever since then, and more so since Arup said that I am to go back to the West one more time.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm.

YUTHIKA: I'm really afraid that I will get caught like last time and that I just won't be able to get back, that it will take so long to get back again.

Tears well up
salty as the sea
for which the landed fish
will long.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. How long will it take for you to come back?

YUTHIKA: I really don't know. Maybe I can do it in a few months. . . .

BHAGWAN: Just go and do it fast, and there is no problem — nothing to be worried about. And the fear that is coming has nothing to do with anything that is harmful. It is something beneficial. You should not take it as an enemy; it is a friend. It is how the ego dies — this is the way. And when the ego dies great fear grips one, one becomes overwhelmed by fear. It has nothing to do with anything in particular. Sometimes you may find that it is focused on something but those are just excuses.

For example, going to the West — it has nothing to do with it. Even if you don't go it will be there. That is just an excuse right now; you will find another excuse. If you don't go, if I say, "Stay here," then you will find some other excuse, because the mind cannot conceive of a fear which has no object to it. The mind can always conceive of a thing when it is objectively focused on something. When it is a very general thing the mind is incapable of understanding it.

It is a very general fear of the ego disappearing, but because you are identified with the ego it will feel as if *you* are disappearing. You are not disappearing. You will appear for the first time now if you allow the ego to disappear. The life of the ego is not your life. The ego is a parasite: it lives on you, it sucks you. It drinks your blood, your soul.

When it is gone, for the first time you will be free to live, for the first time you will feel yourself . . . you will feel the presence of your being. Right now it is all ego covering you from everywhere. But this is how everyone is. And the feeling of fear arises only when some holes start happening in the ego, when chunks of the ego start disappearing.

And in fact sending you back to the West is a device, so make it a meditation. Go, and just keep it in mind that you have to finish things as fast as possible. So finish things there and come back. If the ego disappears, allow it. Let it go, allow it to go, say goodbye to it. And don't be afraid of the fear, because this fear is a friend. Not all fears are enemies — some fears are friends. So fear as such is nothing to be afraid of.

For example, if you come across a snake on the road you will jump out of *fear*, but that fear is a friend; it is not your enemy. It helped you, it saved you. This fear is also a friend — it is going to kill the ego and save you. But right now it will be difficult because right now you cannot see the difference between you and your ego; you don't see the distinction and the distance. They have been together so long that they have become almost one.

When the ego disappears it is not like throwing your clothes away, it is like peeling your skin: it hurts . . . it hurts like hell. So there will be great pain, but accept this pain as a growth pain. It is just as when a child is born: the mother accepts the pain, in joy, in ecstasy, because it is going to give birth to a new being — she is going to become the mother. She is thrilled although the pain is there.

This too is a birth pain. You are going to be born. So this fear has to be accepted, welcomed, and allow it to do the work it wants to do; it wants to destroy your ego. And the death of the ego will be a new beginning. Then one *really* becomes a sannyasin, then the real initiation happens.

So go, finish things and come back, and you will not be caught anywhere — I will take care.

Wednesday September 27th

Phil saunters languidly forward
and comes to a halt —
as if by accident
rather than design —
surprised, at Bhagwan's feet, and sits.
Called closer, and His
thumb light upon her forehead,
she jerks back involuntarily
and rights herself to listen
eyes flitting restlessly.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Ma Veet Prabhavo.

Veet means beyond, prabhavo means impressions, influences, conditionings — beyond all impressions, beyond all influences, beyond all conditionings. That is where truth is. That's why the mind cannot know it, because the mind consists only of conditionings. Whatsoever has been taught, whatsoever has been put inside you from the outside is your mind. It is a deep effort, a cunning effort of the society to control you from within.

The society tries to impress children, influence children, to condition children. Hence the child becomes a Christian or a Hindu or a Mohammedan or a communist, an atheist, a theist. This is the manipulation of the parents and the parental society; and the child is completely unaware of what is being

done to him. His mind is being fed with certain ideas. Those ideas will become intrinsic to him and he will think later on that those ideas are *his* ideas. They are not; they are all borrowed. The society has exploited the situation — the child was helpless. It was just a coincidence that he was born in a Christian family, in India or in Japan; it was a coincidence, but he was helpless. His sheet was completely blank and then the parents and the society started writing on that blank sheet.

That's what the mind is. The mind can never know the truth because truth cannot be taught. It can only be experienced, it can only be original; it can never be borrowed. All the methods of meditation are nothing but an effort to disconnect you from the mind. Once you have started seeing yourself separate from the mind, you are free from society, you are free from the past, and you are free to live in your own way . . . free to be yourself. That is the meaning of your name: one has to go beyond all influences. All influences create slavery, bondage, imprisonment.

A sannyasin has to be utterly free from all influences. He has to be himself or herself, authentic, true, and at whatsoever the cost, whatsoever the risk — because life is more valuable than any other thing, and to be respectful towards life means one has to be authentic, true. Truth is not something that can be given from anybody else to you; it cannot be transferred. Only you can go into it . . . alone, absolutely alone. Hence meditations prepare you to go into your inner being, in utter aloneness, solitude, silence. It is

there that one meets truth or God. And the moment you have seen your truth, life becomes love.

Love is a consequence of the realization of truth. Love is a shadow. Only a true person can be a loving person. A false person cannot be loving. He can only pretend, he can only put up a front. That is the meaning of the word "pretend": he can only play a role, he can wear a mask, he can smile. He can go through the empty gestures, the motions of love, but there is no love possible because he himself is a lie, and whatsoever he is doing is lying. Even in his very very intimate moments he remains a pretender because he has not yet recognized himself as something beyond the mind.

Once you know who you are, not as taught by others but directly, immediately, the truth is achieved and love follows like a shadow.

Do you know the meaning of your old name "Phil"?

She is startled to attention
momentarily distracted
from her restlessness.

PRABHAVO: Love.

BHAGWAN: That's right. But love can come only when truth has arrived. There is no other way for love to come. Love is a byproduct. One cannot be loving *unless* one is true. So whenever you are true, you are loving — *of necessity*. The man of truth is full of love.

Homa is going back to Belgium.

BHAGWAN: Something to say to me?

HOMA: I don't know which meditation to do. I like all of them so much.

BHAGWAN: You did all the meditations here? And which one did you like the most?

HOMA: Karate.

She giggles
then bends over in laughter
at herself.

BHAGWAN: Karate you were liking the most? *(chuckling)* Good! Mm! You are a dangerous sannyasin! But on whom will you practice there? You have some boyfriend there? Practice karate on him!

HOMA: Dynamic is also very good because my mind is . . .

BHAGWAN: No, no, you can do it. Is it possible to learn karate there?

HOMA: I don't know.

BHAGWAN: You can continue — it is beautiful if you can continue it. If it is not possible then just do Dynamic Meditation, mm?

And when will you be coming back?

HOMA: I hope in January.

BHAGWAN: That's good. By that time your thesis will be finished?

HOMA: I hope so.

BHAGWAN: What are you writing on?

HOMA: About body expression for children.

BHAGWAN: Good. Finish it and help my people there!

He is back to stay
forever
says Mahant
and his face looks full
of the significance of that.

BHAGWAN: Forever? That's good, Mahant. Be here forever. Somthing to say to me?

MAHANT: In the last few months there have been moments when I didn't know who I was any more. I just saw my body and I saw my mind, and they weren't me. Much sadness came out of me — sometimes I started crying . . .

BHAGWAN: Mm mm.

MAHANT: . . . as if something in my throat opened.

BHAGWAN: It is a beautiful experience — just your interpretation went wrong, and the mind always interprets in a wrong way. The mind can only interpret in a wrong way, because it is beyond the mind to understand what is happening when such moments come. Those moments are incomprehensible.

For example, the mind believes that you are a person, and you are not; you are only a presence, not a

person. A person is a static thing, defined, well-defined, structured, with a name, form, label. A presence is an undefined, vague cloud. You can feel it but you cannot say what it is. The person is definable — you can pinpoint it; the presence cannot be pinpointed.

This is a great experience, to know that you don't know who you are. This is the beginning of a transformation. This is what I call real knowing. It is not knowledge, it is knowing. It is not information, it is transformation. The person is dissolving and the presence is arising. The presence is vast, infinite. The person is really a false entity that we have created to cling to. It will be very difficult to live as a presence. We live as persons. It is manageable, it is utilitarian. But when you start meditating and the meditation goes deeper, it is bound to reveal one day or other that the person is only a utilitarian device . . . you are not a person.

One cannot know who one is. This is the beginning of knowing oneself. This is the state of innocence. This is what Socrates means when he says, "I don't know," or, "All that I know is that I don't know anything." This is a blissful moment of ignorance . . . utterly clean, clear, transparent. Yes, it is not a moment of knowledge, so you cannot say who you are — there is no need to either.

Relax into this presence. Become more and more available to it. Invite it more and more, and whenever you can find time, just put your person aside and become a presence, a nonentity, a nobody, a nothingness, a no-thing-ness. This is how God

comes in! This is what Buddha calls nirvana. Ceasing to be is the real beginning of being.

This no-thing-ness is the gate. Enter into it and you will arrive at absolute being. But that too never becomes knowledge; it remains an existential taste, utterly inexpressible. That is the difficulty of all the great mystics: they cannot say what has happened to them, they feel dumb. They can only give their love. They can share their presence, but they cannot say a single word about what it is. They can show the way, they can point the way, but they cannot say where you will arrive. They cannot indicate the goal, because the goal is so vast.

Man is not separate from the whole. Man is just a wave in the ocean. When the wave thinks, "I am separate from the ocean," it is a person. When the wave comes suddenly to know that it is not separate from the ocean, it is a presence. . . . This is the difference between a person and a presence.

A Buddha is a presence, a Jesus is a presence; they are not persons. If you go into them to search for a person you will never find anybody there; the house is utterly empty. That is the beauty of it, that is the silence of it. This is what Zen people call "the sound of one hand clapping." If you ask me, it is even deeper really: it is the sound of *no* hand clapping. There is neither one nor two; there is nobody. If you come into me there is nobody. The deeper you go into me, the less and less you will find me, and at the deepest core, just an open sky, with no boundaries . . . unbounded.

These moments were beautiful; these moments are

the moments of meditative consciousness. But our minds cling to the idea of a person, the ego — "I am this, I am that." So when these moments come the mind starts feeling restless. It cannot digest these moments, because to digest them will be a death to the mind. The mind rejects them, condemns them, becomes sad. That sadness came from your mind. That was an effort of the mind to contaminate the whole experience so you would forget all about it. It is a sad experience, an experience of despair, of emptiness . . . not of nothingness but of emptiness.

Emptiness means a negative nothingness, and nothingness means a positive emptiness. Not that there is nothing — when the wave comes to know that it is the ocean, it is not an *emptiness*. Yes, as a *wave* it is nothing, but as the ocean it is all. It is very very positive.

But the mind will give a fight, it will struggle to survive. It will try to convince you, "This is a very sad thing. Don't go into it again." Yes, it is sad for the mind because it is death for the mind, it heralds nothing but death for the mind. But the death of the mind is your life, real life.

A person is a facade, mm? That is the meaning of the word "person" — it comes from *persona*. In Greek theater the actors had to put up a mask in front of their faces and they would speak from behind the mask. *Sona* means sound; *persona* means sound coming from the mask. You cannot see the real face of the person — you can simply hear the sound. You know the mask is false; somebody else is behind it, but

who, nobody knows. The word "person" comes from *persona*. A person is a mask.

And not only do we have one mask; we have masks upon masks, because we need different masks for different situations. When you are talking to your friend you need one kind of mask. When you are looking at your enemy you need another kind of mask; you cannot use the same mask. You cannot smile the way you smile when you see your friend. When you are talking to your wife you have a different mask. When you are talking to your servant, of course, a different mask. And when you are talking to your boss, certainly a different mask. So we have many masks, subtle, and we go on changing them moment to moment. This is what our person consists of: a pile of masks which automatically change; they go on changing.

There is a Russian story of Turgenev's: Two policemen are walking on the street and they come across a man who has been bitten by a dog and the man is beating the poor dog badly. So one policeman catches hold of the man and says, "What are you doing? Do you know whose dog this is? It is the dog of the Inspector General of the police!" And he hits the man. The other policeman picks up the dog and starts patting the dog. Then the first policeman looks at the dog and he says, "No, I am wrong. This is not the dog of our boss." So the dog is immediately thrown down, and the policeman hits the dog, saying, "These dogs have to be killed, poisoned. And that man was doing a good job — these dogs create trouble for people."

But the first policeman goes on looking at the dog and he says, "No, it seems it *is* the dog: it belongs to our boss." They again pick the dog up and again start patting him. This way the story continues and they go on changing: immediately, the moment they think it is the dog of the boss, they start beating the man, saying, "What were you doing here? — creating a nuisance on the road. Do you know whose dog this is?" And the moment they recognize that this is not the dog, they are confused; they start appreciating the same man! And it goes so fast that you can see how the masks change.

It is not so apparent in our life; we have become very skillful. The mask changes so slowly without making any noise, without making any stir anywhere . . . . This is all that our person is, our personality is. It is just clothes. And this person has been imposed on you by others — it is not a growth. Only presence can grow. Personality remains static. It is never dynamic, it cannot be. How can a mask grow? Your real face can grow but the mask cannot grow; it is dead. Your real face, your original face, is not a face at all; it is only a presence. You will never know who you are. To know this is to know oneself. This is positive ignorance . . this is blissful ignorance. It is called by another word, "wisdom."

Wisdom is blissful ignorance. Knowledge is just a deception. You don't know really because you can't know. The truth is beyond knowledge. But you pretend, you believe that you know. Knowledge is really the barrier, not ignorance. Ignorance is the door. But

those moments of ignorance, nothingness, indefinable presence, are difficult in the beginning, because they are so vast that you cannot contain them. They are bigger than you. You cannot hold them in your hands, you cannot possess them — on the contrary you have to be possessed by them. And that is the fear of the mind.

The mind will always give wrong interpretations, and the mind will become sad. Don't think that *you* were sad. Next time it happens, see it, that you are not sad, it is the mind . . . just something around you which is sad, which feels afraid, shaken. Why should you be sad? There is no reason. You should be really joyous. These are the moments when one should rejoice, because one is becoming bigger, vaster, is entering into infinity. And once you start rejoicing, those moments will start coming more and more. Make them invited, welcomed guests, because they are your reality.

And this is what I teach. I teach real positive ignorance. Hence I say drop the whole mind and all its knowledge, all its prejudices, concepts. Drop all the luggage that it has been carrying all along. Just be a child again, innocent, able to say "I don't know" . . . and the door suddenly opens. Whenever you can say totally, truly, sincerely, "I don't know," suddenly a great transformation happens. You are transported into another world. I don't teach knowledge here — that's what I destroy, that's what we are going to burn completely. Slowly slowly my sannyasins will become really ignorant, not knowing a thing at all.

Then you function from that state of not-knowing and then everything is beautiful because everything is true, sincere. It comes from the very core of your being; you are not pretending. Then you start living. Life has a different flavor. That flavor is religion.

So allow these moments — they will be coming more and more. And now that you have come here forever, this is what is going to happen! You have to disappear — only then can you be.

Our ashram dentist, Veet Nirvana,
is back from an eight-month visit
to the West
to take care of "the body"
which had not taken too kindly
to life in India.
With him is his partner
and would-be dental assistant,
Veet Nisha.
Bhagwan greets them warmly.

BHAGWAN: Hello, Nisha! Hello, Nirvana! How is your health?

NIRVANA: Good.

BHAGWAN: That's very good. You took long to come back but you look good. Now take care, mm?

NIRVANA: I'm a little wiser, I think.

BHAGWAN: Yes, that's good. Take care. Just a little care is needed, that's all.

He wrote to Bhagwan
on his arrival, asking that
he might be allowed to
help survey the site of the
new ashram for
health-ensuring-and-
maintainability.

BHAGWAN: I received your message, and we *are* after a new place and after eight or ten days you will be able to go and see it. You will be perfectly satisfied; there will be no problem. I am also worried — so many people fall ill unnecessarily, energy is wasted. It has to be stopped. But in Poona it seems difficult. The water is not right and everything. . . . But in the new place we are making everything absolutely as perfect as possible. Good, Nirvana.

Nisha, something to say to me?

She looks up
and shy, confesses . . .

NISHA: My heart is beating so much.

BHAGWAN: That's right! I make it beat faster!

She laughs with Him,
then ventures a
half-statement, half-request . . .

NISHA: I want to come closer to you.

BHAGWAN: You will . . . you are coming closer every day. Good, Nisha! *(to Nirvana)* And start — your dentistry things are here now.

He has energized Bhagwati and now asks
her what work she does.
Spacy-eyed, Peeling vegetables,
she manages to reply.
That's good! *says He.*
Go on peeling vegetables and
become just like vegetables, mm?
She giggles and then makes to rise
to return to her place,
promptly keels onto the floor,
collects herself and somehow staggers
from His giddy-making grace.

It was good, whisper
Primal therapists Divya and Neerjo
then watch as Jagdeesh
sits before Bhagwan, eyes closed
and hands held grateful,
empty/full.
It was beautiful, says he,
and Bhagwan, glancing at the hands
as if to find in them the
fruit of his therapy, agrees and says
that yes, it has been really beautiful.

The groups are wonderful . . .
this day is wonderful,
enthuses Deva Anand;
then down to practicalities before
he leaves the lotus land.

ANAND: I have a question.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm.

ANAND: In the West I am known by my Christian name in my architecture business in the university, and there's a certain practicality in keeping that. But I don't want to compromise with any of the sannyasin in me. I'm confused.

BHAGWAN: There is no confusion . . . there is no question. If it creates some problem, then change it. Go to a court and it is so simple — change the name.

ANAND: So have just one name?

BHAGWAN: No, no, you can have two — if it creates some trouble in your mind. Otherwise there is no trouble. That old one is okay for the world and the new one is good for sannyas . . . nothing to worry about. It is okay, utilitarian, nothing to worry about.

But if some duality arises in the mind — sometimes it happens to a few people: having two names can become a little difficult, identity gets confused — then it is better to go to court and change it to the new, drop the old completely. That is up to you: if you can manage with two with no problem, perfectly okay. If it is a little dividing and makes you split, then it is better to change. It is so simple, the procedure is so simple to change the name; there is no problem in it.

So go and change it. But be clear — don't remain in confusion. And never compromise! Because there is nothing in life worth compromising for. Every com-

promise disintegrates and slowly slowly one is lost in compromising. So I am not saying to keep the old name. If it creates trouble in your mind, drop it. If it creates no trouble and you feel just playful about it, then it is okay: you can have both.

When will you be back?

ANAND: I don't know — I feel good about coming back.

BHAGWAN: Whenever you like, come!

Thursday, September 28th

Malaed, the five-year-old
sannyasin turns and walks back
to his mom
and slides down, shy,
and overcome into her lap.
His name will be Swami Prem Sanjaya,
Bhagwan explains.

BHAGWAN: Prem means love, sanjaya means a special kind of victory . . . not just victory but a special kind of victory. In English there is no word to translate it. Victory is possible in two ways: one is through coercion, violence; the other is through love. And the ways of both are totally different . . . not only different but diametrically opposite. In the first kind of victory you rape the other person's being. That is the meaning of violence: that which violates the other's being. So only on the surface can you be victorious. Deep down the person will remain antagonistic to you; deep down the person will wait for a time to take revenge. So the victory is only a shadow victory. The heart has not been won, the heart remains totally antagonistic, inimical.

Another kind of victory happens — that is *sanjaya* — through love. Not that you coerce the person or violate his being; it is not through force but through surrender. You surrender to the other person in tre-

mendous love, trust. There is respect for the other, reverence. The other is so revered that he cannot be violated. You cannot treat the other as a means; the other is an end unto himself. With this reverence, with this surrender, a totally different quality of victory arrives. The heart of the other is won and there is a meeting. Two persons slowly slowly dissolve into one person, one presence arrives.

That is the meaning of *sanjaya*. It is not an ordinary kind of victory, but victory that comes through love, through surrender.

Something, Sanjaya, you would like to say to me?

He gazes, wordless, at Bhagwan
then smiles widely.

BHAGWAN: No need to say anything if it is not there!

His mother, brown-maned Rupam,
was told by mail that her name
meant love beauty — would Bhagwan
say some more?
He tells her that love's the
only beauty there is —
it is the golden touch,
for all on whom it falls
are made beautiful.
And the ultimate in beauty
is God itself.

She bends down and murmurs
quickly, quietly, lest something
of her heart be lost in the very saying,
Thank you for being here, Bhagwan.

Kamala now, a grey-haired, middle-aged
American. She's been through
years of therapy — both doing and
being done to.
And on this night is brought
to sit at her Master's feet.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Ma Anand Gramyo.

Anand means bliss, gramyo means wild, primitive, innocent. Bliss is possible only when one is in a natural state. Man is living in a very unnatural state. Man is the only animal who has gone unnatural; otherwise the whole existence is natural. Man has fallen out of harmony, and the misfortune happened because man started improving upon himself, he started having dreams about himself, about how he should be. That was the beginning of the poisoning. That was the most unfortunate moment in human history when "should" entered human consciousness.

When you are simply in the "is" you are natural. When the "should" enters, you start becoming unnatural because you start trying to improve upon your being. You start pulling yourself this way and that, pushing yourself this way and that; you start manipulating yourself, and the innocence is lost. And because you have to become somebody, you start pretending that you are already that somebody. Falsity enters; a kind of pseudo personality starts growing around you. You start deceiving others and you start deceiving yourself too.

This goes on and on, and for centuries this is the

way we have lived; now it is almost impossible to find what our original face is. So many commandments, so many shoulds — they are like mountains on our heart — and nobody can become anything other than what they are; that is a fundamental law.

A rose can only become a rose, and the moment a rose starts dreaming of becoming a lotus, the rose will have to go to the psychiatrist. It will become neurotic, it will be split, it will become schizophrenic. It will not be one any more. That image of the lotus will be a constant pressure, a tension, an anxiety, of "I have not made it yet and I have to make it. Time is fleeing fast, and who knows? By the evening I may be gone . . . without becoming a lotus?" And despair arises. And because the whole energy of the rose becomes entangled in the idea of being the lotus, it cannot bloom as a rose. The energy is diverted. It cannot become a lotus because that is not in its nature, and it cannot even become the rose, which *is* in its nature. This is how man is living.

My approach is that we should drop all shoulds, that we should start accepting our nature, our reality, whatsoever we are . . . not in despair, not in hopelessness, but in tremendous joy and gratitude. This is the way God has made you, this is the way he wanted you. To deny this and to try to become somebody else is to deny God. To accept God means to accept oneself. And the acceptance has to be of great rejoicing — that he has made you this way and only this way; he has given you a unique quality and a unique individuality. Relish it, celebrate it, and then bliss comes of its own accord.

And it is not only that *you* become blissful, you become a blessing to others too. A non-tense person is a blessing; his very presence is a blessing to the world. A tense person is a curse. There are people who are so tense that whenever they come close to others they immediately make others tense.

I know one woman — I have known her for many years — well-educated, she is a professor in a university. But all her friends and all the people who have known her have known one thing: whenever she comes close to them, something goes berserk in them. Not only that — if she comes into a group, people start fighting with each other. And the woman remained completely unaware of the fact. Her whole family was destroyed, her children were destroyed. Her husband escaped and since three years nobody knows where he is. Friends sooner or later leave her, because it is so difficult to be friendly with her . . . and she is a good woman.

I asked her, "What do you carry in yourself?" And slowly slowly she revealed her heart, that she is very split. She is carrying two persons with her, and there is a constant fight within herself. She is a woman of great will so she has forced herself to remain one, but that is only on the surface — deep down she is mad. But just because of the will, she is carrying on, pulling on somehow, with a strong face on the surface. Deep down two persons fighting, and that fight has become so deep that the moment she comes close to anybody, her forceful personality — split, divided, constantly fighting — immediately affects the other person. Something starts splitting in the other person.

This is what Carl Gustav Jung discovered as the law of synchronicity, not cause and effect. She cannot *cause* this in anybody, but just because she has such a vibe, any weaker person, weaker than herself, will immediately start vibrating in the same way, will imitate her, and both will be unaware. And because she is constantly fighting within herself, a civil war going on, if she is in a group people start fighting — people who were not fighting just a moment before. And I saw it!

I told her, "Leave, drop this will. Allow these two persons to have a good fight; then there is a possibility of reconciliation. Instead of being two you have become three. It is better to be two than to be three. Now this is creating a third personality, so at least drop one." For six months she was mad. She dropped that will and became split, but slowly slowly that madness disappeared and she has become one of the most tranquil, calm and cool persons. Now people have a totally different experience of her being.

When a person is tense — and any person who has some idea about how to be, what to be, where to be, is bound to be tense — he is pulled between his present and the future, and the gap is big, in fact, unbridgeable. He is pulled apart. He is a curse, and this type of person is all around. The whole world consists of them, hence after each few years a great world war is needed; somewhere or other a war is a must. It is a release, a catharsis.

In just the same way, when a person lives in the present with no image, with no idea — the rose is happy to be a rose — a great blessing arises. His very

presence becomes a soothing presence in existence; wherever he moves he showers life, love. But for that one has to become natural.

"Gramyo" means as natural as a primitive person, like an aboriginal, one who has not known civilization yet, one who is almost like animals and trees and rocks. Allow that quality . . . and it is there! We are not to bring it from anywhere else — we have already got it, but we have never allowed it to have its expression. We have been enforcing things on top of it and creating a mess. This whole energy can become a bliss.

And remember: one of the fundamental laws of thermodynamics is that energy cannot be created and energy cannot be destroyed; energy can only be transformed. When you are tense your energy becomes involved in tension; when you are non-tense the same energy becomes bliss. Energy can never be created and can never be destroyed; that is impossible. The total amount of energy in existence is always the same. So the only question is: where to put it? In the future? — then you are tense. In the present? — then you are non-tense.

If you put your heart in shoulds then you will remain in anxiety. Put your heart in the isness, this moment, now, here, and suddenly the energy is released from tension, relieved, and there is great relaxation, and that relaxation is bliss. That's what sannyas is all about.

I am not giving ideals to you. I am taking ideals away from you. I want to give you that which you already have: your nature, your intrinsic nature.

Chita sits down slowly,
with significance, then leans
forward, earringed, for her name,
looking deeply at Bhagwan.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Ma Deva Pagal.

Deva means divine, pagal means mad — mad for the divine. And less than that will not do. God is available only to mad people — not the so-called ordinary mad, but there is a totally different madness: a madness with method. The ordinarily mad person falls below mind, uses his mind. The mad person I am talking about goes beyond mind. He also loses his mind. Both are similar in that both lose the mind, and yet they are as far away from each other as possible — because one falls back lower than the mind; the other goes beyond, becomes higher than the mind. One becomes irrational, the other becomes suprarational. But the suprarational man also looks mad to other people.

Jesus looked mad, Buddha looked mad — all the mystics down the ages looked mad . . . mad because they wouldn't follow our ideas, mad because they tried to live in their own way, mad because they lived in the world and yet were not worldly. And that is my definition of sannyas: love the world but don't be worldly, be in the world but don't be worldly. Certainly you will become a stranger, an outsider, because you will have a different flavor to your being and people will not be able to understand you. They will, *of necessity*, misunderstand you.

That has been the fate of all God-seekers, and that is going to remain so forever, because in a world where people seek money, where people seek power, where people seek respectability, to seek God, to seek meditation, to seek silence, to seek love, looks absurd. Where everybody is ambitious and is in search of more and more worldly power, not to be interested in it looks mad. The reality is that the whole world is mad, but the mad are in the majority.

It is like there is somewhere in Mexico a small valley where an old, ancient tribe exists — just a small tribe of seven hundred people. They are all blind, because a certain fly exists there, and once that fly bites the person he becomes blind. All the children are born with eyes, but within four or six months at the most they all become blind. That valley of the blind has always believed that everyone is blind. When the first man from the outside entered the valley just three hundred years ago, they could not believe it — they all laughed at the whole absurdity of it — that somebody could see.

He was at a loss as to how to explain to those people, but he was a very loving person so he started living with those people and started trying to help them to understand what eyes are and what they were missing. He started studying to find out what the matter was. Why had all these people gone blind? And he was surprised — every child was born with eyes and then somewhere. . . . He found the root cause of it, he searched and found out where the problem was arising.

By that time he had fallen in love with a woman of

the valley but the tribe rejected him. They said, "Unless you are ready to become blind you cannot marry this woman. We have never married our girls to anybody other than the blind. Either you have to lose your eyes or you have to lose the woman." And because they were in the majority the man looked foolish.

That's what happened with Socrates — a man with eyes in the valley of the blind. That is what is happening with *me* — a man with eyes in the valley of the blind. And that is going to happen to everybody — whoever becomes alert to the reality of life, of the truth of existence, will become strange, will be an outsider. Then his path will not cross anybody else's path; then he cannot follow the people who move on the superhighway. He will be an outsider, a foreigner everywhere. But it is a great blessing to have eyes, even in the valley of the blind.

My whole effort here is to create as many mad people as possible, because the so-called sane are not sane — they are really mad. And the effort to create mad people is an effort to create sanity. Be as mad as Jesus, be as mad as Socrates — after truth, after God— and you will attain to ultimate sanity.

Kavido, leaving, would like to
talk about the Leela group, in which the
group leader saw something
in his chest like a black cloud.

KAVIDO: When it changed I felt differently. Instead of

feeling above things, I felt part of them, with people.

BHAGWAN: Very good . . . that's very good. It must have been there, a dark shadow on the heart. Many people have that, and the reason is that we have all been trained to be egos. That shadow is of the ego — the ego is a dark cloud; it hovers around the heart. And it keeps you feeling that you are superior, holier-than-thou, higher than others, special, extraordinary. In a thousand and one ways it goes on making you feel above others. And that is a very very destructive attitude towards life, because nobody is higher and nobody is lower. In fact, we are not separate and therefore able to be higher or lower. To be higher or lower we would have to be separate entities, and we are one!

Even Jesus is not higher, nor is Judas lower. Jesus and Judas are both aspects of the same coin: Jesus cannot exist without Judas, and neither can Judas exist without Jesus. The saint and the sinner are two aspects of the same phenomenon. We are all one, and to feel part of the whole is a great relief, because to keep oneself above is an unnecessary effort. It is trying to pull yourself up by your own shoestrings. It is heavy work, it is suicidal, it kills people. But before they kill themselves they kill many others too, because whenever you feel superior to somebody else, you have hurt him.

You may not have said a single word — you just passed by the person and you felt yourself higher and above and holier — but you have hurt the man, you have wounded the man. He may not know, you have

not said, but the wound has happened. That very energy passing by has created a wound inside him; violence has happened. One need not carry a sword to wound people. All that one needs is a strong egoistic image of oneself, that's all. That is enough to destroy, harm, poison. And when you feel higher and above others you will never feel happy, you will always feel sad, because your whole energy will go into this and it will never be available to be happy, blissful, dancing, singing.

It is very good that you became aware of it, and then when it left you also felt you are part of this whole cosmic drama. We are one with it . . . just playing different roles; nobody is higher, nobody is lower. And once this ego and its shadow is no more there, one's being is full of light. That very light creates delight. Delight is its byproduct. When you start feeling full of light inside, outside delight is released. You have the quality of dance then, a smile spreads all over your being and great love happens without any effort. Grace surrounds such a person. And that's what makes life worth living.

So never allow that shadow again. Whenever you start feeling it coming, just relax and become part, just be ordinary. And remember one thing more: don't start feeling ordinary in any extraordinary way, otherwise again the same trip comes in from the back door. Don't start feeling humble or again the shadow will enter. I am not saying to be humble, because humbleness is nothing but another ego trip. I am simply saying you are *not*, how can you be egoistic? How can you be humble? You are not, so how can

you be a saint and how can you be a sinner? Only God is. The whole is. The ocean is — waves are not.

So remember it: the old habit may come again, and again will start dragging you along the old track. The moment you catch hold of yourself red-handed, relax, have a good laugh, and start mixing with life again. The more you mix with life and with people, the more relaxed you will feel.

You must have carried something, but don't allow it again. And I am saying this because it will come: whenever you are unaware it can come again. These are just habit patterns and habits die hard; they become almost autonomous. Whenever you are not looking in, those habits will start functioning mechanically. So for a few months you will have to keep alert and you will not be able to forget about it. For three or four months remember as much as possible; then the old habit loses its impetus, its momentum, its energy. And once you have not traveled on it for long, energy automatically starts moving in the new direction.

It happens many times in groups that you become aware of something — something is relaxed, something changes — but outside the group if you are not alert you will be a victim again. The past is heavy and strong, and whatsoever has happened is very delicate right now, unless you go on nursing it, feeding it . . . .

So keep the old habit unfed, starve it, and give the whole energy to this new experience of being in the world, with the world, part of the whole, neither higher nor lower. This insight will start growing and

may become one of the significant milestones in your life.

Ha-lle-lu-jah! sing the music group
as Lolita takes Kavido's place.

BHAGWAN: Hello, Lolita! I have been waiting for you so long. How many days have you been here?

LOLITA: Two and a half months.

BHAGWAN: Two and a half *months?* Good! And when are you leaving?

LOLITA: Tomorrow morning.

BHAGWAN: Tomorrow morning? — that's good! Finally you arrived!

It feels like some private exchange
between them both
and Bhagwan chuckles, much amused.

BHAGWAN: Something you would like to say to me?

LOLITA: Yes. I want you to tell me more about my name because I took sannyas in the States.

BHAGWAN: It means moving towards God, a movement towards God. Life is not static — it is a constant movement. It is like a river, and just as the river moves towards the ocean, life moves towards God. Nobody is going anywhere else. Even people who don't believe in God are moving towards God, even

people who are *absolutely* against God are moving towards God. It does not depend on your will; it does not depend on your idea and belief and philosophy. Life itself is moving towards God. This is a fact; it is not a question of believing or not believing. I have never come across a man who is not moving towards God; it is not possible in the very nature of things. There is no alternative, there is no question of choice.

But the people who are moving consciously move faster, and that makes the difference, and a great difference too. The people who know that they have to move towards God avoid many many distractions. Others get distracted easily. In fact in others' lives distractions become goals, because their real goal is completely unknown to them, so there are small distractions — have more money, have more power, have more bank balances, have this, have that. Their life becomes a life of *having* things — they lose all awareness of *being*. They are also moving towards God but in a very zigzag way. They may take many lives to reach, because they don't have a direction and they don't have any *sense* of direction either. They don't have any idea of what they are doing with their lives, and why, from where they are coming and where they are going. They are completely oblivious of the whole thing.

Just in the middle they are dreaming of a few things and rushing after dreams like small children running after butterflies or playing with toys. Children are playing with toys and your so-called adult people are also playing with toys. Their toys are different but

toys are toys; their size and their value does not make much difference.

By giving you this name I want you to become alert, aware, so that you can gather together your being, so that you stop being distracted, so that you can pour your whole energy towards the ocean, so that you can reach faster. And if one is *really* alert, one can reach in a single moment. It becomes a quantum leap.

So you have to use your name as a criterion. Whatsoever you are doing, judge it on this criterion: whether it is going to help you to move towards God. If it is going to help, it is good, do it, and do it totally. If it is not going to help, don't waste time.

This is the difference between wants and needs. The person who lives through wants becomes distracted. He says, "I want this, I want that," and he goes crazy because he wants so many things and he cannot manage. He is always frustrated, because whenever he achieves something that he had wanted so long, he feels simply foolish that he wasted so much energy, time, life. Now he has achieved it, and he seems to be getting no joy out of it. The whole effort seems to be meaningless, ridiculous. But before trying to understand he starts jumping into wanting something else. He says, "So this is not the thing; then it must be something else. Let me have this, let me have that."

A need is that which will help you to move towards God; a want is that which will only distract you. A need is a reality; it has to be fulfilled. Needs are very few; they can be easily fulfilled. And wants are

millions and they cannot be fulfilled ever. Not only in one life, in millions of lives they cannot be fulfilled.

So always see whether it is a want or a need. If it is a need, fulfill it. If it is really needed . . . . And what do I mean by saying "if it is really needed"? I mean if it is going to help your growth, to make you more mature, more alert, more loving, more open, more present. Is it going to make you more intelligent, more blissful, more rooted, centered? These are the values. Is it going to give you a kind of integration? Is it going to make you more alert, aware, conscious? Then it is good, it is a need. Fulfill it. Then your way towards God is straight.

Jesus says, "Straight is my way and narrow." The way is straight and, yes, it is narrow too — narrow because only one can pass on it; you cannot take anybody else with you. It is so narrow that only one can pass on it — God is available to individuals not to crowds. Each has to move on his own, alone, utterly alone. And it is straight if you are alert.

Just think of a river going towards the south and then towards the north, and then going to the east and then going to the west; it will just be wasting itself and may get entangled in some desert unnecessarily. But the river follows the shortest course, the straightest way possible, the shortest distance between two points.

One point is you, the other point is God. God means the whole, the ocean of existence. We are small rivers moving towards God.

That is the meaning of your name: judge everything according to whether it is going to help your

movement. If it helps, it is virtue; if it doesn't help, it is sin. And you will be surprised: ninety percent of your life is unnecessary, and that is what goes on creating so many problems — that ninety percent of your life. The ten percent of your life will be really beautiful, and then it is unhurried and you have enough space and enough time and you can live at ease. You can be a let-go, and God happens only when you are a let-go.

The smell of citrus fruit decaying,
seeping back into the moist earth
of the rain-kissed garden,
fills my nostrils sharp and tangy.
Supriya from America — her first
meeting with Bhagwan, and she
is bubbling.

BHAGWAN: Hello, Supriya! When did you arrive?

SUPRIYA: A week ago.

BHAGWAN: Good. And how long will you be here?

SUPRIYA: I don't know.

BHAGWAN: Be here as long as possible.
Something you would like to say to me?

SUPRIYA: Much love!

BHAGWAN: That's good. That I can see it is there, and it will grow more and more every day.

She begins to say something
but is interrupted by a ripple of laughter
and looks around surprised,
till she is laughed through again,
and finding from whom
the laughter comes,
claps a hand over her mouth.

BHAGWAN: Yes, you can be crazy — nothing to be worried about. Just come close . . . come closer to me.

What was laughter
becomes a quivering in her face.

BHAGWAN: Come closer — don't be afraid! And if something starts happening, allow it.

A young and ancient hand
on her young and ancient forehead. . . .
The trembling ceases.
Everything is good, He says,
then they talk groups
and she settles for three to
start with.

BHAGWAN: Anything to say to me?

Laughter bubbles up in her again.

SUPRIYA: Much love!

BHAGWAN: That's good, Supriya . . . good!

He chuckles chubby-cheeked
and fondly.

Kaveesha has been gone long.
She was the leader of the Tantra group
but returned to the West last year
to finish family "karma"!
There is a centering, an at-homeness,
in the way she holds herself,
then sits and looks at her Master's face.

BHAGWAN: When did you arrive?

KAVEESHA: On Monday.

BHAGWAN: Now how long are you going to be here . . . or forever?

KAVEESHA: Forever, yes.

BHAGWAN: That's good, Kaveesha. That's what I wanted — for you to be here forever. Something to say to me?

KAVEESHA: I uh . . .

BHAGWAN: Mm mm.

KAVEESHA: . . . I feel just possessed by you.

BHAGWAN: That's true!

KAVEESHA: I mean, really *possessed* . . . like, everything.

Her hand moves to her heart.

BHAGWAN: That's true! That's how it has to be. Disappear completely.

KAVEESHA: I am yours.

BHAGWAN: Mm! That's true, so just forget all about yourself — your work is done. Now let me do my work!

He calls her close. . . .

BHAGWAN: Things are perfectly good. You are ready to disappear. Start working!

The Encounter group is here
and from it, Christo Prem is called
because he's leaving.

BHAGWAN: Something to say to me?

CHRISTO PREM: Yes. I feel mixed up. One side of me is that I feel at home here and the other side is that I'm still enjoying my games in the West.

BHAGWAN: Then you have to be in the West a little time more, because to be here will be beneficial only when your total heart is here. So just a little time more; those games will be soon finished. They cannot keep you interested for long, and it is better to finish them rather than suppressing. If you decide to be here right now you will be suppressing something, and then sooner or later you will have to go, so it is better to finish those games. Just go and get involved in those games. Let them go through experiencing them. And it is not going to take a long time — soon you will be finished with the West and then it is good to be here.

Even if a little part in you wants to be there then I

will suggest you be there. I don't want you to be here half-heartedly, because then I cannot work on you; then it is better to be here for a few months and then go again. But this is just a transitory period. I have put the time bomb in you . . . so it will take a little time and then it will explode! Nothing to be worried about.

I think one time more or at the most, two times more, you will have to go, that's all. Then the whole idea of going will disappear. And when the whole idea of going disappears, you will be really here, totally here. Then being here will have significance, a spiritual significance, because my work can be done on you only if you are totally available to me. If even a small part is not available to me, work cannot go as deep as it should go.

So this time go and have those games. They are games and you know they are games, so they cannot keep you long. But a certain maturity is needed, and that is coming.

When will it be possible for you to come?

CHRISTO PREM: May . . . June.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. Come in May or June, then we will see. It is going to disappear soon!

Friday, September 29th

Pratima, in darshan. . . .

Yoganidra and Yasha —
Yasha's my little friend —
called forward.
She grins at Bhagwan —
a contrast with
the adult behind her
full of the pain
of love relationship
innocence
experience
and back to innocence again.

BHAGWAN: Hello, Yasha! *(chuckling)* Come here! When did you arrive, Nidra?

YOGANIDRA: Five days ago.

BHAGWAN: Good. How long will you be staying?

YOGANIDRA: Six weeks.

BHAGWAN: That is perfectly good. Something you would like to say to me?

YOGANIDRA: What to do while I am here? And . . . I had a lot of trouble in. . . .

BHAGWAN: Mm? What is happening in your relationship?

YOGANIDRA: It's horrible.

BHAGWAN: Horrible?

YOGANIDRA: Mm. So much misunderstanding and . . . ugliness from myself and him.

BHAGWAN: Love has to grow through misunderstanding. Understanding is not easy — it is very rare to arrive at understanding; because you are confused, he is confused, you don't know who you are, he does not know who he is. Then two confusions collide and two confused persons start manipulating each other, dominating, possessing. Nobody wants to be dominated and everybody wants to dominate. Nobody wants to be possessed and everybody wants to possess, hence the problem. And it is through these misunderstandings that slowly slowly you will come to see what you are doing: you are destroying the freedom of the other and the same is being done to you.

Stop destroying the freedom of the other, be non-possessive, and immediately things start changing. If you are non-possessive you will make the other look at the whole thing again, and if you are *really* non-possessive you will become so happy that the other will start following you and wondering what has happened to you, why you are so happy, because he is so miserable. Possessiveness makes you miserable and possessiveness destroys and poisons all love.

So from your side try to understand what you are doing to the relationship. Ordinarily we always think about what the other is doing to us and how to stop him from doing it. That is not possible — you cannot

stop the other. The more you try to, the more the other will try to manipulate you, because he is afraid for his freedom, you are afraid for your freedom. And nobody has the understanding that there is no need to be afraid — your freedom cannot be taken away. Nobody can take it. Yes, it is possible to kill you, but is impossible to take away your freedom. Freedom is our intrinsic nature. Nobody is capable of taking it . . . unless you want to give it. And that's what happens: we go on trying not to be dominated by the other and yet deep down we want to be dominated too, because we cannot be alone; because we cannot stand on our own feet we want somebody to lean on. When you lean on somebody, you will be dominated. And still we don't want to be dominated.

These contradictions are carried by everybody in his being. These conflicts are there inside. The problem is not outside — the problem only *appears* on the outside; the problem is deep down in you. That is the meaning of the word problem. It comes from a root "pro-emblema"; from "emblema" comes "emblem." It means symbol. Problem means just a symptom, an appearance on the surface — it is not the true cause, it is not the real disease. So when problems arise in a relationship, they are only *emblema*, just symbols. They are not real problems. Real problems are deep down in you — a relationship simply helps them to surface.

My feeling is that you continue in this relationship.

YOGANIDRA: I don't want to.

BHAGWAN: If you don't want to then why should you

ask me? You could have dropped it. When a person asks me, that simply means that the person himself is not ready to drop it. Whenever a person wants to drop a relationship, they drop it! You never asked me when you started; you would never ask me if you really wanted to drop it. You simply want to show that you want to drop it. You want to see how Alok feels; you would like him to cling around you. Otherwise you never asked me when you started — why should you ask me when you want to stop? There is no problem at all! It is simply your decision. Drop it! Why make a problem out of it?

When you want to make a problem out of it that means deep down you would like to *show* that you want to drop it and yet you are so compassionate, that's why you are not dropping it. On the surface you show you are not interested — that too is a trick of the mind. That's also a way of being possessive. On the surface show indifference — as if this is not your need — you are free, you can drop it any moment. But then why don't you drop it? Who can prevent you from dropping it? At least *I* am not going to prevent you. If you want to drop it, drop it. If you want to continue, then change yourself.

My suggestion is: dropping it is not going to help much. You will fall into another relationship sooner or later, and one Alok or another, it is always the same. It may be good in the beginning again as this was good in the beginning, but again the same problems will surface.

Rather than dropping a situation it is better to change yourself. That takes . . . needs guts, to change

oneself. It is very easy to change a situation from the outside, but if you are the same you will create the same again.

YOGANIDRA: Yes, I know.

BHAGWAN: So that's for you to decide — if you want to drop it, drop it and let it happen with somebody else. Then use my suggestion. And if you want to try my suggestion with this relationship you can, but the suggestion is the same. With whomsoever you are the same will come, unless *you* change.

But make a decision. Don't linger. If you want to stay in it, then make it beautiful and make it a growing relationship, helping each other; let it be creative. If you don't want to, simply step out of it with gratefulness, friendliness. Don't make much fuss about it.

Yasha, come here!

Yasha close up
reluctant
looks up at Bhagwan
like a little frog
lips pouting
curls up in lap
and won't come.
Come on!
says Bhagwan,
You asked for close-up,
and reaches for her face

BHAGWAN: Close your eyes.

His hands dance

and freeze
and frame . . .
. . . and her face relaxes
suddenly — the magic
of His touch.

BHAGWAN: Good, Yasha! Very good. You did it well. You have started for the kids — now they will be coming!

"Good" I say out loud
and then remember
where I am.
It was so much. . . .

BHAGWAN: You are the first one. You can spread the rumor in the school now!

David
is looking into the face
for the first time
seeing those eyes and hands
and feeling his mind turn
upside down
and float away
leaving only the wonder
of realizing
that this man is here.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Swami Veet Astho.

Veet means beyond, astho means belief — beyond belief. Truth is beyond belief and also beyond

disbelief. You cannot know it by believing in it, you cannot know it by disbelieving in it, because either way you become prejudiced, and to be prejudiced is to be closed. Truth is known only when you are open, utterly open; there is not even a shadow of prejudice. Truth is known in a state of pure ignorance. Whenever you are knowledgeable, you are creating a hindrance. All beliefs create knowledge but not knowing — only knowledge. One can believe or disbelieve, but those are the ways to protect oneself against truth. Those are defense mechanisms.

The person who says, "I believe in God," is saying, "I need not inquire into God because I already believe. And what is there to inquire about?" When you have already concluded, decided, inquiry is closed. And so is the case with the other person who says, "I don't believe in God," or, "I disbelieve"; he has also taken a standpoint. These are very arrogant approaches towards truth. Without knowing anything about it, without experiencing anything of it, you have already decided. This is very unscientific.

I teach a scientific approach. The mind should remain uncluttered by belief and disbelief. The mind should remain available to all the possibilities. It should not have a like or a dislike. The moment you choose, you are no more a seeker; the seeker remains constantly in the state of choicelessness. And then one day one knows, but that knowing never becomes belief. Because you know, now there is no need to believe. First there is no need to believe because you don't know; finally there is no need to believe because you know. So belief is irrelevant, utterly irrelevant.

In the beginning, in the middle, in the end, it is always irrelevant.

Drop all beliefs, all disbeliefs. Let the mind become less cluttered. Remove all unnecessary luggage, become more unburdened. The more unburdened you are, the closer to truth. When you are absolutely unburdened, empty, when you are just there, with no idea surrounding you, truth happens. That is what Zen people call *satori*. It happens in a state of no-mind. And the beginning of no-mind is the dropping, slowly slowly, of all kinds of prejudices — Christian, Hindu, Mohammedan; these are all prejudices. Communist, Catholic . . . these are all prejudices. And to cling to these prejudices is a very very irreverent act, very egoistic, because these beliefs are claims, and claims without any validity. You don't have any existential validity for them — you simply believe because you have been told to believe. You believe out of fear or you believe out of a certain conditioning; because it was a coincidence that you were born a Buddhist or a Christian and you were taught Christianity or Buddhism. And your mind has been fed with information from the Bible or the Koran and now you are repeating it.

When a Christian says, "I believe in God," what is he saying? He is simply repeating the program that has been put into the bio-computer of his mind. If he had been brought up by Buddhists he would have never talked about believing in Christ: he would have believed in Buddha. Hence the Zen masters say, "If you meet the Buddha on the way, kill him." No Christian can say it, no Hindu can say it, no Moham-

medan can dare to say it, hence Zen has something beautiful. It is the religion beyond religions — it is the quintessence, the purest possibility of religion. That's what I am saying: go beyond belief, go beyond Buddhas and Christs and Mohammeds. . . .

This place is a lab, an alchemical lab. We are doing experiments here. Just as a scientist decides only by experimentation, you have to decide by experimentation. When you have come to a valid experience of your own, when you are a witness to truth, only then is something achieved. When you are simply repeating borrowed knowledge you are deceiving yourself. Drop all that is borrowed so that your natural consciousness can be redeemed, so that your own wisdom is freed — freed from knowledge.

Knowledge and wisdom are opposite polarities. Knowledge is never wisdom, cannot be. Knowledge is mechanical; it is not rooted in experience. Wisdom is existential; it is rooted in experience. One can learn much about love through a library without knowing anything of love, without ever having been in love; this is knowledge. And when you fall in love and you suffer its agonies and its ecstasies, then it is existential wisdom. Then it is not only a memory in the head — it spreads all over your being. Then nobody can take it; you cannot forget it. Wisdom can never be forgotten. Knowledge has to be remembered, kept continuously in the memory. and one is always afraid that one may forget about it. Wisdom becomes your nature; there is no possibility to forget it.

Jesus says, "Truth liberates," and he is right, but one's *own* truth liberates, not somebody else's

truth. Jesus' truth cannot liberate you, *my* truth cannot liberate you, only your truth. My sannyas believes, trusts, in inquiry, not in any doctrine, dogma, system of thought, ideology. I trust inquiry. One has to go to the very end of it and one has to suffer a long journey. It is a dark night of the soul but one has to seek and search for the morning and then one finds it on one's own. Then it is a blessing. Then it redeems you . . . it brings freedom.

An Italian lady
round brown
orange
black hair
and rosy
juicy life.

Three old sannyasins
came to discourse
this morning,
surprisingly women,
and very old and dusty
almost drowning
in this life that's here
that flowed
across their parchment skin
and turned their heads
around . . .

Divine wisdom
she becomes —

nothing to do with scriptures
we make a different word
more of the rain
and the earth and the wetness
the green dark night
the wet soil . . .

He's showering her
with roses,
the luxury of sannyas

BHAGWAN *(to Anna)*: This will be your new name: Ma Deva Pragyano.

Deva means divine, pragyano means wisdom. Knowledge is human, wisdom is divine. Knowledge can be acquired by effort, by will. Wisdom cannot be acquired, it cannot be accumulated: wisdom descends. You cannot snatch it away from existence — you can only be open and waiting for it. It comes in a kind of let-go. Knowledge is male effort: it is aggressive. Wisdom is a feminine phenomenon: it is passive.

The feminine love is never aggressive. That's why a woman cannot take the initiative; she has to wait. She has to pray, she has to keep her love throbbing in her heart. She creates a situation by her waiting, by her prayerfulness, by her heart full of love, overflowing, but she never utters a word. The initiative has to come from the man. From the man it is perfectly okay; from the woman it is ugly. It is ungraceful from the woman, it is unwomanly, because in the deepest core the woman is passivity, rest, relaxation. That's why the feminine body has a beauty of its own, a

kind of roundness, a softness, a warmth. . . . Man's mind, his whole energy, is always aggressive. He wants to snatch things. He wants to penetrate into nature and know its mystery. His effort is almost like a rape.

Science is male energy: religion is female energy. In science you acquire more and more knowledge: in religion you allow more and more wisdom to happen. These are totally different approaches. God cannot be attacked and cannot be conquered. You have to allow God to conquer you and to possess you . . . you have to become a womb. Knowledge has to be brought, wisdom comes. It descends like a falling leaf from the tree, slowly, silently, with no effort. And if one is open, if one's doors are not closed, if one's heart is in a waiting, then the miracle happens.

Hence wisdom is always divine. It is God's gift, not man's achievement. And meditation is the way to receive that gift.

Here's Alok
back again.
I enjoy him,
he's a troublemaker.

Tears are coming down
and he's put to work
this time —
to work for Him
to break us down.

BHAGWAN: Hello, Alok! When did you arrive?

ALOK: Five days ago with Yoganidra.

BHAGWAN: Good! And how long will you be staying?

ALOK: Forever.

BHAGWAN: That's good, Alok! Be here forever. Something to say to me?

ALOK: Oh, I'm just really happy!

BHAGWAN: That I know — you are happy. I was waiting for you to come.

ALOK: Thanks for working on me!

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. Now start translating something into Chinese.

ALOK: Yes?

BHAGWAN: Mm mm, it has to be done now.

ALOK: My Chinese is not so good.

BHAGWAN: Not so good?

ALOK: No.

BHAGWAN: But then we can find somebody to improve upon it — you just start something. You have some friends who can work upon it?

ALOK: I have one friend, named Gia Fu who did a translation of Lao Tzu and Chuang Tzu. He's in the United States. He almost came once.

BHAGWAN: Then write to him and if he comes. . . . But you can start a little bit of work.

ALOK: Okay, but it will be really hard.

BHAGWAN: No, no, it will not be hard. I will help you!

ALOK *(laughing)*: Okay!

BHAGWAN: Start, mm? because something has to be done in Chinese now. Now a few books have come in Japanese and a few more are coming. China cannot be left, mm?

Anything else you would like to do here?

ALOK: The only thought I had was when I was the director of Paras the thing I enjoyed the most was leading the Let Go weekend. Sometimes I was able to get out of the way and you just came through.

BHAGWAN: That's good.

ALOK: That was the only thought I had — maybe just develop those skills more. But whatever you say — you want me to translate, I translate.

BHAGWAN: You work on translation first, then we will see.

ALOK: Okay, good.

BHAGWAN: Good, Alok!

ALOK: Thank you, Bhagwan! So glad to see you!

Prem Hamido asks,
What does my name mean?
A name of God
praiseworthy

hallelujah
jikr
remember him
always
hallelujah
in the caves of darkness
to echo against the walls
of the heart
until all is gone
but the love. . . .

BHAGWAN: Prem means love, Hamido is a Sufi name for God — it means the praiseworthy. Sufis continuously praise God. They call it *jikr* — remembrance. They are continuously bowing inside to God. That is a way of effacing yourself. That is a way of destroying the ego, the way to destroy the person. When the person is completely effaced, dropped, he becomes a presence, and that presence is love.

Love is known only when you are no more a person and you have become a presence. Love is a shadow of presence. If you are a person then in the name of love a thousand and one other things go on masquerading *as* love: possessiveness, jealousy, domination, politics, power. A thousand and one are the games of the mind. If you are a person — and by "person" I mean if you have the ego, the "I"; that's what person means — if you are living in a kind of separation from existence, then you are constantly in conflict. Even with those you love there will be conflict; your very style of life is of conflict. Then people love, but the love brings only misery . . . gives great

hope, but never fulfills, promises much but the goods are never delivered.

There is another kind of love — the real love — that never happens to a person; it happens only when you have become a presence. The way to love, the method to create love energy in you, is to negate the ego. And to negate the ego the Sufis use the continuous prayer, praising God in every possible way. They never miss a single opportunity to praise God. If they see a rose flower, the Sufi will immediately say, "God be praised!" Why? Because in this moment he has given this beautiful rose flower to him. If he sees a star in the sky, "God be praised!" If he sees a beautiful person passing by, "God be praised!"

He continuously uses all occasions to praise God. Hence one of the names of God is Hamido, the praiseworthy, one who has to be praised continuously. It is a technical device to efface oneself, to forget oneself, to drown one's person into oblivion. And then one day you are not there. Something is, but you are not there. There is no feeling of "I" — a pure presence. That presence showers love. That presence becomes a blessing to existence.

So your name means: attain to love, a love that becomes a blessing to existence. Attain to that love which is synonymous with God, the praiseworthy one. Love be praised.

Love is the only alchemy that transforms a man into something superhuman. And my work is nothing but creating a situation in which your love can start flowing. It is there, frozen; it needs a little warmth, a

provocation, and then it starts flowing. It needs to be called forth, and that is the function of the Master: to call forth the intrinsic in you, the potential in you, and to help it become actual.

God is everybody's potentiality; it has to become everybody's actuality too. Unless it happens we remain in misery. And when it happens there is ecstasy, unbounded ecstasy. And once it starts happening it goes on happening; then there is no end to it. Yes, it begins but it never ends . . . it has a beginning but no end.

Samvida . . .
a porcelain lady
red hair
white fair,
just arrived.

BHAGWAN: Hello, Samvida. When did you arrive?

SAMVIDA: Monday.

BHAGWAN: Good. Be here as long as possible. Something to say to me?

SAMVIDA: Just that I'm feeling very insecure.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. What groups have you done before?

SAMVIDA: Um, a lot!

BHAGWAN: What groups? — just tell me.

SAMVIDA: Centering, Enlightenment Intensive, Primal, Urja, Leela, and a "No Limits" with Poonam.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm, very good. But you are still feeling scared?

SAMVIDA: Yes.

BHAGWAN: What is the cause that you find?

SAMVIDA: At the moment not knowing what to do with myself, wanting to be looked after.

BHAGWAN: Mm mm. Do one group and then things will settle. You do Encounter, 4th to 10th October, and then we will see. *(laughter)* If you can survive, then we will do something. Good!

Saturday, September 30th

Radha whispers her translation
of Bhagwan's message to
Enzo from Italy . . .
in Italian it sounds fruity
and as passionate as
a declaration of love . . .

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Swami Deva Samarpo.

Deva means god, samarpo means surrendered — surrendered to God. And that is the very secret of religion, the most fundamental secret, the secret of the secrets. All that is needed is a total surrender — relaxing oneself into the totality of existence, dissolving, merging, melting, not keeping oneself separate. The whole misery of man consists in keeping oneself separate. And then we suffer, because existence no more nourishes us. We shrink and slowly slowly we die because we lose roots in existence.

A tree has to be surrendered to the earth, to the sun, to the wind; only in that surrender can a tree bloom. If it shrinks back from the earth, is afraid of merging into the earth, then it will not grow. If it is afraid of the sky and the sun and the moon, then it will start committing suicide. It has to be available, vulnerable. It has only to be in communion with the whole. The whole is an orchestra; we have to be in harmony with it. To be disharmonious with it is to be

in misery — to be in harmony with it is to be in joy.

So slowly slowly disappear as a separate being. Let the whole take possession of you. Let the whole sing its song through you. Just be a hollow bamboo so that God can make a flute out of you.

Geetika comes forward,
curly-haired, with her husband, Keith,
and son, Julian; he's nine, and he and
his dad are taking sannyas together.
Keith is motioned forward first,
and sits strained, leaning forward,
his eyes trained on Bhagwan.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Swami Veet Asmito.

Veet means beyond, asmito means the ego — beyond the ego. Man lives in the ego, nature is below ego, God is beyond ego. Man is just in between; hence he has missed the joy of nature. He cannot be as happy as a tree in the rain. He cannot be as rejoicing as a bird on the wing, because that is possible only when you are either below the ego or beyond the ego.

Man has lost his natural being. The ego is an artifact; it is a false, imposed phenomenon. It is a social byproduct. It is given to you by others. It is needed, it is useful, but it is a kind of necessary evil. It is difficult to be without it from the very beginning — every child has to gain it, otherwise he will not be able to survive; it gives a kind of protection. The child starts defending himself, and life is a struggle. And the ego

helps — it becomes an umbrella, an armor around you, but it is an artifact. It helps you to be protected from others and their assaults, but by and by it starts becoming an imprisonment too. It starts crippling your freedom, it starts closing your doors, it starts separating you from existence. So one day, sooner or later, it turns out to be the enemy. In the beginning it is a friend, in the end it is an enemy. It has to be dropped at the final stage of maturity.

Use it as a boat from this shore to the other shore, but then don't carry it on your head forever. The boat has to be left once you have reached the other shore. Once a person has become mature the ego is no more needed. The ego is needed for the immature person as a protection; it is a device. And if somebody goes on living in the ego he remains immature. So when one matures, the ego has to be dropped, or, vice versa is also true: if you drop the ego you start maturing.

God is beyond the ego. Buddha is beyond the ego, so is Jesus and so everyone has to be. The difference between a bird on the wing and a Buddha sitting silently under the Bodhi tree is only of one thing: the bird is unconscious of his bliss, Buddha is conscious of his bliss, but both are blissful. The bird cannot be self-conscious — he has no idea of his self; the Buddha is aware of his blissfulness. But both are blissful. So bliss has two possibilities: either become part of nature and you will be blissful. . . . And that's why, when you go to the mountains a certain kind of bliss starts happening of its own accord, or sitting on the beach under the sun, listening to the roar of the ocean, suddenly you are transported into another

world . . . or with the trees and flowers or sometimes with children, just playing, you lose track of your ego and again something opens up in you; you are no more enclosed.

So one way to be blissful is to go back to nature. That's where the artists go — the painter, the poet, the musician, the sculptor, they all go back to nature. For moments they again become part of the uncivilized existence, the uneducated existence, and from there they bring back great joy. Mm? that joy overflows in their songs, in their paintings. . . .

It is not just an accident that all the artists become interested in alcohol, in drugs, and things like that, because those things help them to fall back, to slip out of the ego. But that is *not* evolution — that is regression, and you have to come back again and again. Hence the artist becomes more and more schizophrenic. Almost all artists suffer from a split personality. They want to go back to nature and that is possible only for a few moments or for a few hours at the most, and then they are thrown back into human reality. Now human reality looks so pale compared to the natural world. That nature is so psychedelic and the human reality is so faint, so ordinary, colorless. The artist becomes divided — he wants to remain in nature more and more, forever, and that is not possible. You can fall back only for a few moments, and that too either under the impact of drugs, alcohol or love. Love is a natural drug, a biological drug, built in your chemistry. But you will have to come back unless you go beyond — then there is no need to come back.

One who goes beyond evolves higher than human beings. That is what is called Christ-consciousness or Buddhahood, or whatsoever you like to call it. That beyond is the goal. In that beyond we again become natural and yet we don't fall back into nature; we become supranatural . . . a higher plane of being natural. And for that no drug can help; *except* meditation there is no way. All other ways lead backwards — only meditation takes you forward. That is the only door to transcend yourself, to surpass yourself, and the beauty of man consists in surpassing, in transcending.

It is possible — one just has to accept the challenge and start working. And the work consists of a single thing: the work consists of unloading your mind of thoughts, unburdening your mind of thinking. Slowly slowly let thoughts disappear; don't cooperate with them, don't go on feeding, nourishing them. Don't cling to them. They cannot survive without your cooperation. They will flutter for a while but if you don't cooperate, if they become uninvited guests, sooner or later they disappear of their own accord. Then you are left alone in utter simplicity, in utter ordinariness, in utter silence. That silence will give you the first taste of the transcendental and that is the first insight beyond the ego. That liberates . . . it *is* liberation. Nobody else can liberate you. No Jesus, no Buddha, *I* cannot liberate you. Liberation has to happen through you, in you, by you.

And this is the process: become content-less consciousness, thoughtless awareness, and you will be able to go beyond yourself. And unless you go

beyond, there is no heaven, no benediction. So your name will remind you again and again of the ultimate goal.

The small mala has to be coerced a little
to slide over Julian's bushy hair,
and we laugh with Bhagwan's chuckle
as He manfully pushes it over His
sannyasin's head.

BHAGWAN: This will be your name: Swami Veet Nakaro.

Veet means beyond, nakaro means negative, no-saying. Drop saying no and learn saying yes.

I wonder how a nine-year-old
feels about that *message!*

BHAGWAN: As far as possible, as far as humanly possible, say yes, and you will be surprised: through the yes one starts growing. The more you say no, the more you remain un-grownup. No is a kind of poison — yes is nectar. Say yes to life, yes to friends, yes to the moon, yes to the trees and the birds. Keep alert that saying yes is your meditation, and you will be surprised: life slowly slowly becomes less and less angry. Troubles don't arise, conflicts disappear, friendships grow, and everybody loves a person who has yes in his heart.

The person who has no in his heart is never loved, cannot be loved. Even if you love him he will say no.

There are people who have become addicted to saying no, and because of that no they never attain to love. They cannot love, they cannot be loved, and because of that no-saying for their whole life they always look for the wrong thing everywhere. If you take them to a rose bush they will count the thorns, they will not look at the roses. The yes-saying person looks at the roses and is not worried about the thorns. The yes-saying person always looks at the white, bright, side of life. And his life becomes a bright life, because whatsoever you carry in your heart will become your life.

It may be difficult to understand right now, but keep it in the heart: slowly slowly try saying yes. Even when your mind tends to say no, experiment with yes, and you will be surprised again and again at how beautiful life becomes.

To say yes is to be religious.

Warrick is a musican from Australia,
and as Bhagwan explains his new name
— Deva Anutosho (divine contentment)
— his in-tuneness is almost
throbbing in his eyes and playing
on his lips, parted slightly and
smiling with the yesness of it all.

Bat or bird noisy in the
backdrop sprinkles the
surface of the night with music.

BHAGWAN: To be contented means: don't expect anything from life, just live it moment to moment, and whatsoever it gives is just fantastic.

Life goes on pouring infinite treasures on us. And because of this mind asking for more, we remain blind to those treasures. Once this constant noise for more stops, then this chirping of the bird is enough. There is nothing in it and all in it. . . . It is enough to turn one on; nothing else is needed. Just listening to this chirping of the bird one can fall into infinite meditation, one can disappear from the circumference, can become centered. One can simply forget the whole existence in this small music. And *this* moment can become so precious that the past becomes irrelevant, the future becomes irrelevant; they simply disappear. One is now and one is here. The lost paradise is regained and Adam is back home.

Contentment is a key: it opens the door of paradise. And paradise is not there — paradise is here, and paradise is not there above in the sky; it is just underneath your feet. You are standing on it, you are standing in it, you have never left it; your mind has just started wandering, dreaming.

Having a heart-to-heart dialogue
with the moment is contentment —
not asking for anything else
than what already is. . . .

BHAGWAN: And once you have tasted a few moments of such blissfulness the whole life is a celebration, nothing but celebration. There is no birth, no death — only celebration that goes on and on forever. But

only those who know the art of being contented are capable of entering into that eternal life.

Initiation into sannyas is nothing but initiation into this art. I have no techniques to teach but only a few devices to impart. I have no philosophy, I have no belief system to give to you, but I can give you a little bit of experience of the present. All that goes on here in this commune is different aspects of the same strategy, so that somehow you are pulled out of your dreams — even if only for a few moments — and existence explodes on you in all of its presentness. Once you have tasted those few moments you will know how to enter into them on your own.

I persuade people, seduce people, to live the present moment, because that is God.

Having played about on the periphery
of the involvement here,
Per from Norway, moved —
perhaps in spite of himself
as many of us do —
closer and a little closer still
till he was irrevocably caught.
And happy to be so, it would seem,
as, malaed now, he smiles warmly
in response to a Bhagwan beam.

BHAGWAN: This will be your new name: Swami Deva Urdhwa.

Deva means divine, urdhwa means upward-going — a divine upward-going. Science knows one law,

the law of gravitation — that everything falls downwards, that the earth functions like a magnet and pulls things towards itself. Religion knows another kind of law — the law that things can fall upwards too. Religion calls it "the law of grace."

There is a Sufi story. . . . A Sufi mystic who was thought to be mad — as all mystics have always been thought to be — was staying with a friend. The family was a little worried because the man was unpredictable. Not to create any scene in the neighborhood they arranged for his stay in the basement of the house so nobody would know; it was underground. In the night the family was suddenly awakened by great laughter that was coming from the terrace. They rushed out — they suspected the mystic and they were right. He was rolling on the terrace and laughing madly.

They asked, "What happened? Why are you laughing like a madman and why are you rolling about?" He said, "Suddenly I started falling *upwards!* I was in the basement and I started falling upwards — that's why I am laughing, because this has never happened to me — and suddenly I found myself on the terrace!"

The story is symbolic: one day one finds oneself falling upwards. The ordinary human being lives in the basement; his life is underground, unconscious is his life. He lives in a kind of darkness. But if a few things can be arranged, one starts falling upwards. One day one finds oneself on the terrace of life, under the open sky, full of stars, and the miracle has happened. Then there is no end to the laughter . . . then life and laughter are synonymous.

How can one stop laughing when one starts feeling that one is falling upwards? It looks so ridiculous, but it has been found to be so again and again, although not many people have learned the secret of it, only some thousands. Down the ages a Zarathustra, a Lao Tzu, a Mahavira, and so on, so forth. A few people have found themselves falling upwards.

That dimension is called "urdhwa." And I hope one day you will find yourself falling upwards! It is time to get out of the basement. Enough is enough. You have lived long in darkness and unconsciousness. The time has come to come out of the darkness, out of the tunnel. The sun is just on the horizon . . . it is dawn.

The orange color symbolizes the morning, the sky becoming red, ready, spreading red carpets for the sun. The orange is the color of the morning, the early morning color, symbolic that the night is over, that one need not creep and crawl into a basement, that one can start rising higher, that one can start flying.

Yes, sannyas is the art of flying . . . the art that stops the process of gravitation and starts the process of grace. All that is needed is a state of let-go. All that is needed is a readiness to be possessed by the upward dimension, a readiness to open to the sky.

We are clinging to the earth. The sky is ready to take us, we have the wings — we just need courage. All that we need is to drop the fear of the unknown and the vast and the infinite.

So keep it in your heart that the time is very close by, and prepare for it. The meditations will unburden you and the therapy groups will help you to drop unnecessary luggage, because one who wants to fly can-

not carry all the nonsense-luggage that one has accumulated down the ages. If one wants to fly one has to be utterly nude, one has to drop all kinds of weights. That's what I call the state of let-go: one has to be surrendered to God, and then miracles start happening. We are preventing them, we are hindering them, we are our own enemies.

So just don't stand between yourself and God, that's all. And the first lesson will be: don't stand between me and yourself. Let there be a direct contact between me and you. Put your personality aside, don't let your ego stand in between. This will be the first lesson in let-go. The disciple has to learn the lesson of let-go with the Master and then the same lesson has to be spread over all one's experiences, all over one's life. Then it becomes the state of let-go, and when the time is right and the spring has come, God descends.

It is Mallika, *not* Mallika, *mm?*
Remember it, Bhagwan said to Mukta
softly, as she called forward
the German sannyasin,
just newly arrived.
Yes, nods Mukta,
savoring the unexpected
intimacy of that exchange.
Anyway, Mallika *wants to know*
the meaning of it.

BHAGWAN: Mallik is a name for God, a Sufi name. It means exactly what the English word "lord" means —

the master of all. Love is the god or the goddess, because there is nothing higher than love. Love is the supremeмost experience. Everything else is in the service of love. Love is nobody's servant; love is the master, and whenever people make love a servant to something else they destroy love. Love cannot exist as a servant; it can exist only as a master.

When two persons fall in love they both become servants of love, not servants of each other; and that's where the whole misunderstanding happens. Because they cannot see the love — love is invisible — they start feeling as if they have become a servant of the other, and then the resentment — because nobody wants to lose one's freedom — and the fear that love brings, the fear that one is getting into a kind of bondage, that one is getting fettered. Hence the fear of all love, and out of fear, the effort to dominate the other so that he cannot dominate you. Before he starts dominating or she starts dominating, you have to impose your domination.

That is the conflict of all lovers, and the whole misunderstanding is because they cannot see some invisible phenomenon which is higher than both. They have not fallen in love with each other, they have fallen in *love*. Love is a *third* force. Once this is understood love takes on a totally new dimension. Then there is no conflict, no fear. They both serve something higher, something beyond both.

In real love it is not a duality, it is a triangle. The love god is there, high on top of both lovers, and the lovers are there. This god need not be fought,

because to fight with it is to fight with your own ultimate possibility of flowering . . . because this god of love is your intrinsic core, your ultimate expression.

Surrender to it! Efface yourself completely. Let it descend in you. Become so totally available and empty for it that not a slight hitch, not a slight bit of cleverness, cunningness, remains in you. And if one can be so totally one with the god of love, one becomes love itself; one becomes God itself.

My approach towards life is basically a love approach. It is not of logic — it is of love. It is not of theology but of art. It is closer to a song than to a syllogism. It is closer to the heart than to the head.

Prem Mallika means: become so totally a slave of the goddess or god of love that you become one with it. You disappear, you abandon yourself, and then there is no problem. Then all is good, because all is God. And slowly slowly you will be surprised: the beloved is all over the place. Then all beauty is divine, and from the smallest thing to the greatest, all are his expressions. He is in the drop as much as he is in the ocean; he is as much in the seed as in the blooming tree. Once you have understood, you cannot meet anybody else but God.

A man came to Ramakrishna and asked, "Where is God?" Ramakrishna started laughing and said, "What a stupid question to ask! Tell me where he is *not*? He is everywhere, so I cannot tell you where he is. He is everywhere, hence you cannot find him in any particular place. He is this very space. I ask you," he said, "tell me, where is he not?"

I have never come across a single person where he is not, and I have never come across a single situation where he is not. Wherever you walk, you walk on the holy ground. But this experience, this insight will become possible only when you are utterly surrendered to the god of love. And surrendering to the god of love, you become it.

You have one of the most beautiful names — now let it become your experience too!

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SPANISH

TRANSLATIONS

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TRANSLATION

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